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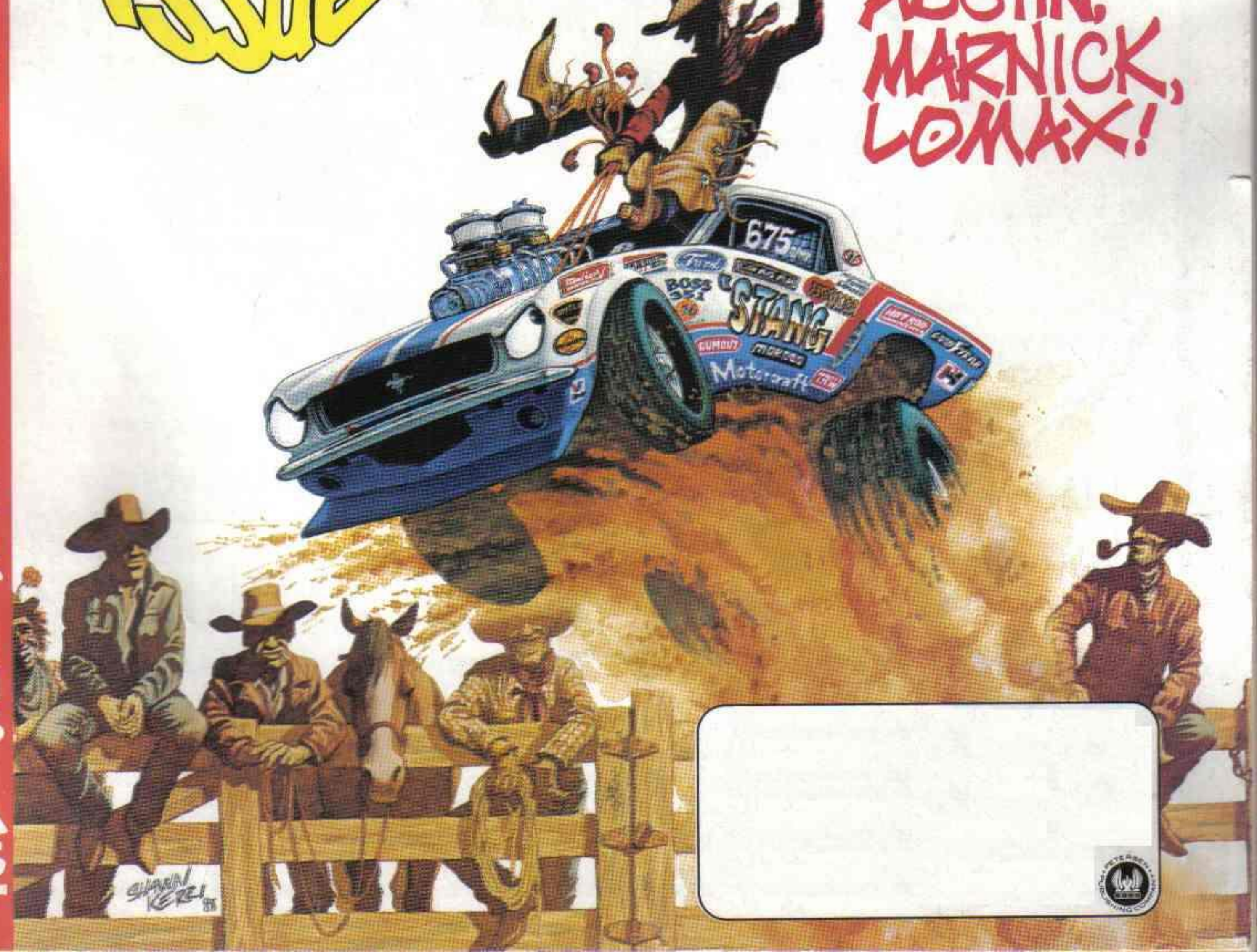
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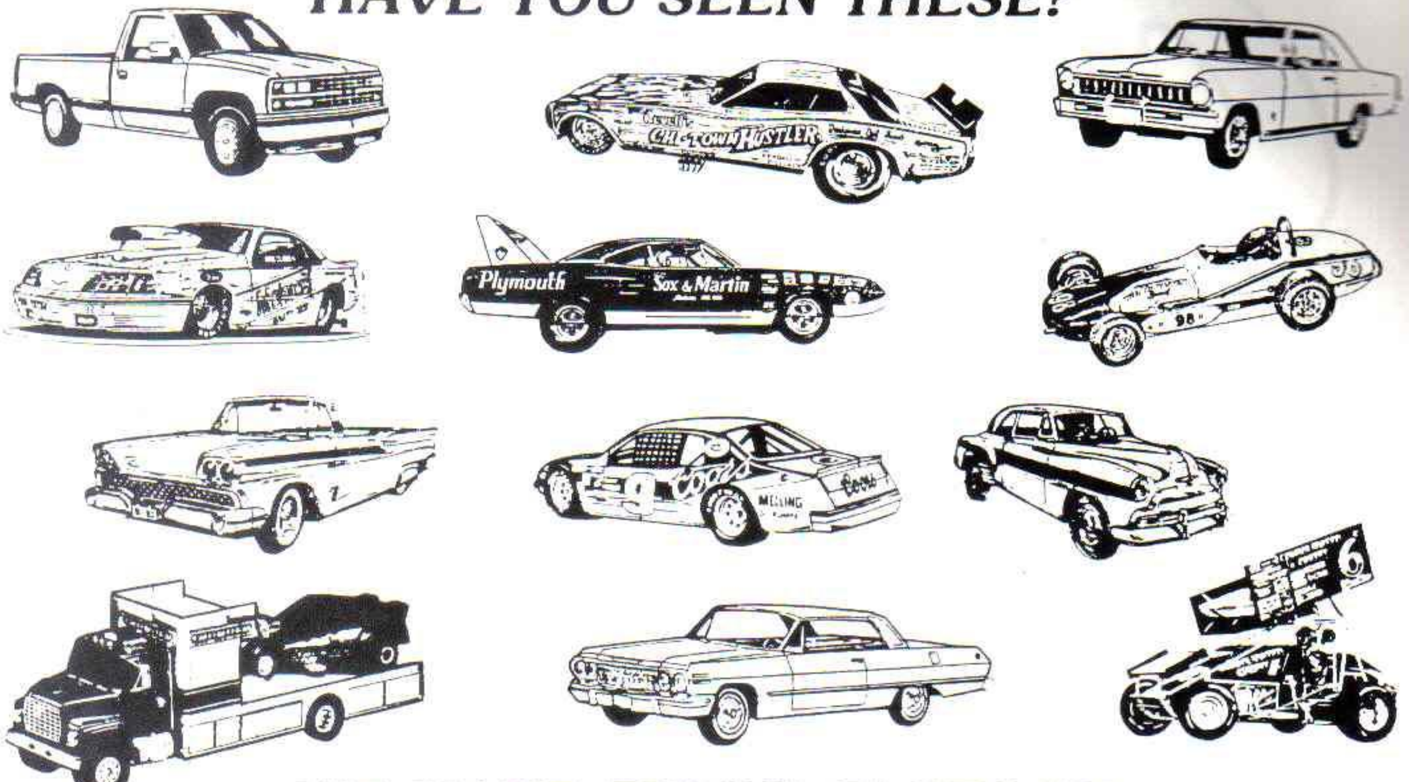

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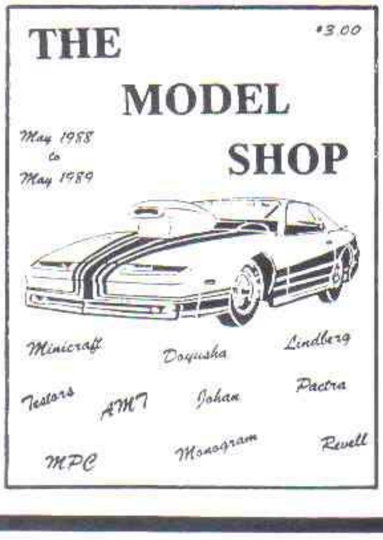

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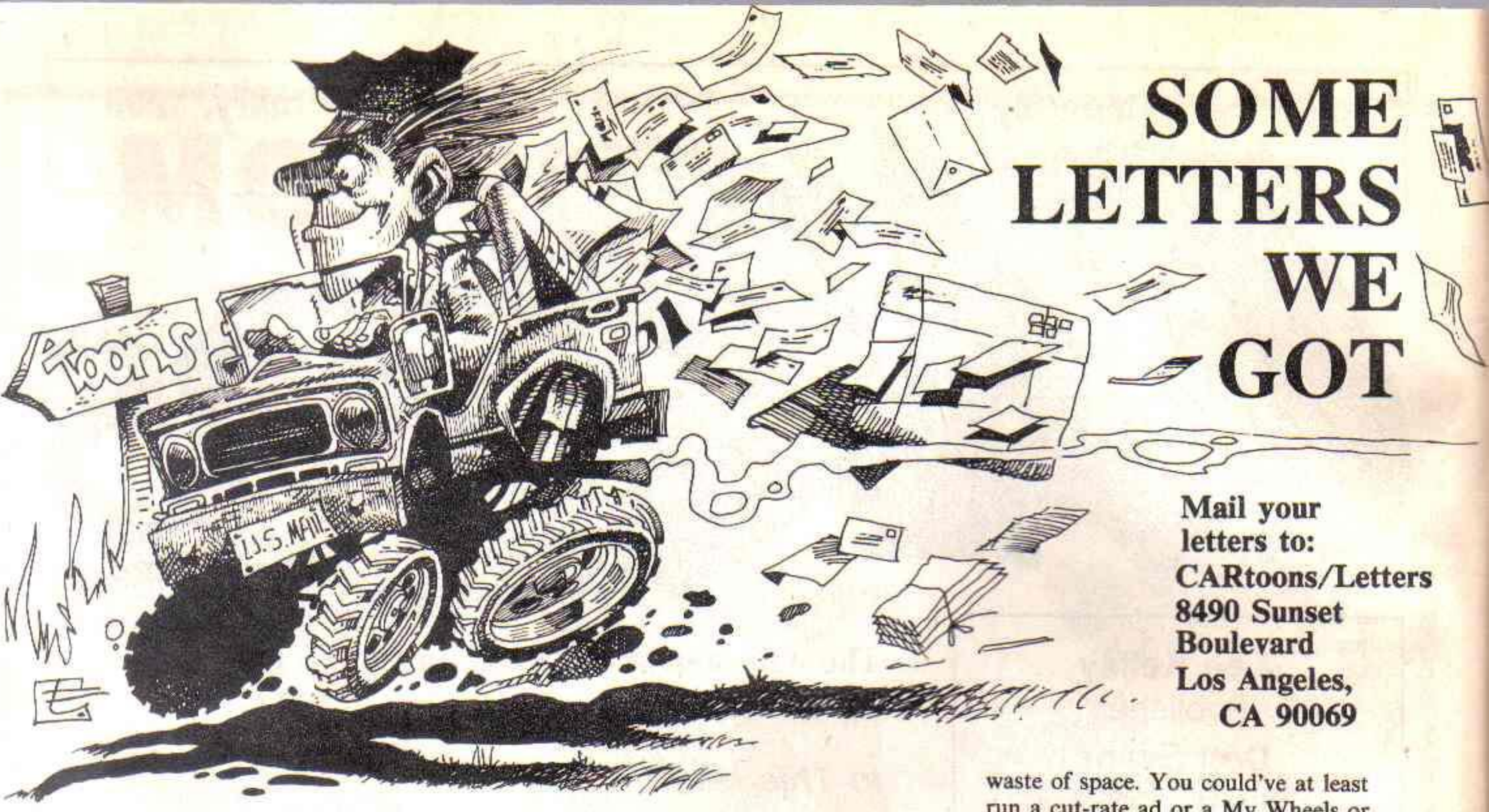

SOME LETTERS WE GOT

Mail your letters to:
CARtoons/Letters
8490 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90069

FIRST PLACE WINNER

Dear tooners and toonettes:

Normally, I am the sort of reader who sits by and lets everyone else do the writing. But, like VW Bug production: NOT ANYMORE. (German-produced, that is.) They're still made in Brazil. I have been a devoted follower since about 83 or 84, and I must congratulate you on a first-rate publication. Like others, I mourn the passing of the T-shirt Iron-Ons (just to collect). But, money is better used elsewhere. I think the ads are great because they help with the costs, and keep the cover price down. Also, a great thanks for finally giving in to SUBS!!! I am sending off a card with this issue, but to Subs Fulfillment—not to Letters. Judging from Irv's little notes, I'll be the first. The contests are wonderful! They really get people involved. I'm going to enter the Vette contest (a first for me) in honor of my neighbor across the street, Larry. He won the 88 Musclecar Nationals Street Stock Class in his red 87 Vette in Atlanta last month (the quarter in 12.53 at 114 mph). Not bad for only a race chip in the computer and switched-out rear gears. (I helped in other minor doo-dads.) He's owned around 25–30 cars, all really nice when he's done beefing and buffing, and about seven of them have been Corvettes.

His current baby is a 71½ Z/28 with a 350, and Larry is the original owner! Check this mileage: 13,257 or thereabouts. (Quarter-mile: 12.40 at 123 mph!) It is all original. This is a prime show/drag Z. Me, I'm into Ford trucks made for sloggin through the Florida Everglades. Hey, when you're miles away from paved roads, up to your Dana 60s in mud, why go for anything but the best?

Well, I'll let you guys get on to another letter now. Oh, the only complaint I have for you is this: that Pepperoni Parade thing was a miserable waste of space. You could've at least run a cut-rate ad or a My Wheels or something. The CARtoons Two on One page is good though, it gives you more page for your money. And, as CCR should've sung: Slick wheels keep on turnin, proud wheels keep on chirpin.
Mark Schran
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

—Well, Mark, we're glad Irv got to you with all his moanin and carrying on. If everybody did it the way you did, our subscription situation would be as smooth-flowing as an oil malted in Smokey Yunick's blender. And thanks for the words, info, suggestions and stuff. It got you first prize in this here first issue of 1989.

Dear CARtoons,

My name is Robin Balla and I am 12 years old. I may be a girl, but I love to draw and I have never won a contest in my life. I love reading your books and I think you are the funniest magazine. If you keep up the good work you could wipe out the other magazines like Mad, and any other ones that have to do

---

QUICK IRV SEZ: We cannot personally reply to all the requests we receive. We always try to run as many letters as we can of general interest in the letters column, and try to provide answers with the greatest appeal to the greatest number of readers. But . . . if you are writing for a specific purpose or a specific reply or favor, we cannot guarantee that we will be able to honor your request. In the meantime, we are looking for intelligent, pointed and topical letters for use in the column.

The letters address is:
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ALSO: On the **CONTENTS page** of this and every issue (from now on) there is, and will be, a **phone number** you can call with inquiries about **subscriptions.** The number is: **(213) 854-2470.** If you'll look at the contents page, you'll see it there. **DO NOT SEND YOUR GRIPES AND INQUIRIES ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EDITORIAL OFFICES** or to the Letters address. This simply delays things and leaves you frustrated.

The address to use for inquiries about your subscription or to enter or renew a subscription is:
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Los Angeles, CA 90028

If you are sending stuff to My Wheels, please be sure to put your name and address on the back of each and every piece that you submit. We cannot be responsible for drawings that get lost if not properly identified. We always work issues ahead, so what you send on Tuesday, will not necessarily appear in the book on Thursday. So, hang in there, and keep the good stuff comin. The address for My Wheels is:
CARtoons/My Wheels
8490 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90069

DO NOT send your My Wheels stuff to the Letters address or include it with your letters. It gets lost too easily.

Til next time . . .

Irv

SECOND PLACE WINNER

with cars. I liked your Mustang issue, it was kind of neat. Well, keep up the good work and I hope you will pick my picture to be one of the winners. Bye.
Robin Balla
Leusk, Saskatchewan, Canada
—Well, Robin, we thought we were running a Corvette of the Future contest, but your entry to "Draw That Trucker" certainly did capture our attention. It also captured second prize for you in this issue. Maybe you're planning to grow up and be Shawn Kerri, she's pretty clever, too.

THIRD PLACE WINNER

Yo tooners,

I'm one troubled dude. I love to draw, but personally I don't think I'm that great. Everyone tells me I'm one of the best they know. Should I believe what they say or go with my own feelings? I've been wanting to send in a drawing, but I can't decide on which car. I mean, I love with a passion the turbos, dual turbos, Carreras, Cabrios, Targas and Speedsters of Porsche. The Ford Stangs, T-Birds and trucks are great, too. Got any suggestions?

I'll tell you something you guys probably know: CARtoons is a radical magazine. I've been getting it since October's Then and Now issue in 1987. Trosley, I love your How-To Section, but could you put a few Porsches in? You guys asked for an opinion on your CARtoons 2090 story in the October 88 issue. Well, here it is: I loved it! Hey Austin, I can't believe you showed a bunch of girls salivating over a Vette instead of the Porsche behind it. I'm sorry, but that's very unlikely, dude. Kerri, I loved the dude in the story, Muscle Mutt, and the doc in Talking Headers in the February 88 issue.

I was wondering if you tooners could toon a mag in the theme of Porsche, the ultimate vehicle! If you can't, I'll still buy your mag, don't worry. I'm sending a drawing for the Future Vette Contest. You guys decide whether I should go pro or not.
Chris McAlpine
Waterville, Maine
—As you probably picked up on elsewhere in this issue, we are doing a special on drag racing as our next effort. However, we've had a lot of requests for the exotic cars: Porsches, Lamborghinis and Ferraris and such. We are planning a special issue on all that stuff, most likely right after the drag racing extravaganza. So, stay tuned.

Hey CARtoons!

Well, what can I say? I bet I know what you're thinking I'll say—that your mag is really awesome and great and all that mushy stuff—well you were right! I enjoy reading it and I always look forward to reading it every two months. By the way—why don't you publish monthly? Ha, ha, just kidding! I bet you're really getting tired of hearing that. Personally, I don't mind—it's worth it. The waiting, that is. Well, just today my mind recalled a very fond memory, I remember one day a long time ago, I brought a friend's CARtoons home from school and in it was a story called "Werecar"—about a werewolf car—obviously! Well, I was just wondering if you could tell me what issue that was and the year. Not that it's of any great importance, I just want to know. Now what's this I hear in the letters from people who say Fords and Chevys, etc. are the fastest. Why doesn't anybody give credit to the King of Cars—yes, that right! The Lamborghini Countach! Now that's a real car! Some day I plan on owning one, but as Aerosmith would say "Dream On", Right? Well, I think I'll put the cap on the ol pen and say goodbye. Keep on toonin and don't even think about going out of business!

Whatever happened to that little buck-toothed Ghandi lookalike that pops up here and there? He wasn't in the latest issue! Did my wish come true? Did he get lost in a pile of drawings or something?
Patrick Madsen
Cheyenne, Wyoming
—We're probably guessing that the cars people rave about are the ones they can afford. Lamborghinis are nice, but they are really exotic spaceships and cost about as much and get about the same mileage as the Space Shuttle. We're not sure in which issue the Werecar story ran—as we don't have a complete collection of toons, either. However, if you're really hot to find out the exact issue you might try writing to our point of reference, Jane Barrett, the Petersen Librarian. Simply address her letter to 8490 Sunset Boulevard.

Dear tooners,

Just a few friendly words to tell you I love every single word in your magazine. I really enoyed one particular letter reply in the October issue to a Pat Whatley. Could you guys run a How-To-Draw on a 1965 A.C. Shelby Cobra 427? I was also wondering if Marble Eizze could do a Celebrity Cruiser on Hulk Hogan? I'm sure it would be very funny. I really liked one cartoon in the June 88 issue called Outa Control Freak by Dennis Ellefson. I'd like to see a lot more of that stuff. Could you guys dedicate an issue to Lamborghinis and Ferraris? I love both of them. The, again, I love all sports cars. By the way, I loved the CARtoons 2090. I'd like to see a few more of those. Tell Shawn Kerri that I loved her Back Seat Big Brother story in the June 88 issue. I also like the Marnick/Ellefson interview. Do you think Julie Bortzoil could interview Shawn Kerri?
Clayton Berg
Medicine Hat, Alberta Canada

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—If you saw our December 88 issue, you would have discovered that Julie did . . . sort of . . . interview Shawn Kerri. Also, we are planning an exotic car issue in the near future.

Yo guys,

I'll start off by saying that I am not a very old fan but a very big one. I got my very first issue at Christmas time and haven't missed an issue yet, and I'm sure my fellow tooners can see why and agree with me when I say you have one of the best, if not the best, magazine in all of Petersen Publishing Company. I am into Muscle Cars and have one lined up for next summer. In fact, it is a 1973 Javelin with a 360 Chrysler motor with a blower, BF Goodrich Radial TA tires and leather interior. My father owns a 1970 Ford Econoline 2000 van with a 351 Cleveland engine, automatic tranny, chrome Tracker mags inside Mach Seventy and Mach Sixty radials. Speaking of my dad, he was the one who got me started with CARtoons. My first issue was the Muscle Car Issue, February 88. My dad said that he used to read CARtoons and TRUCKtoons. Do you still publish TRUCKtoons? If not, I wish you would. I would be a full time reader, as I am with CARTOONS. I would like to thank all of the artists, editors and publishers of CARtoons for putting together the best magazine in the galaxy. I salute you people. Could you people put together an issue about the Ford Mustang or another great Ford product, as I am a big Ford fan as well as Chrysler, Dodge and Plymouth fan.

A tooner forever.
Jordan Becic
Gilford, Ontario, Canada

—We did put together a Mustang issue, Jordan, you're holding it right now. We don't recall that there ever was a TRUCKtoons magazine. We did, however, do a lot of big rig stuff in CARtoons a few years ago, and that might be what your dad is thinking of. If there was a TRUCKtoons, it didn't come from us.

Hello there!

You people did it again! As usual! At least as far as I'm concerned. I've only been reading CARtoons since October 87 because that's the first time I'd ever heard of you! Since I saw your magazine on the mag stand at Albertson's I've been a devoted reader! You're probably saying: Allright another one!

We welcome letters to the editor. They should be brief and brilliant. The letters must include name and address and/or telephone number so that the signature or name of the sender can be verified. Once verified, names can be withheld at your request. We continue to reserve the right to edit and/or condense letters for clarity and other purposes, such as space considerations.

I wanna ask you people where I can write to get Trosley's How-To book on cars and stuff. Oh, on your contests for My Wheels and stuff, can I make an original copy of something and send a Xerox copy to you? Because I always keep the originals, if it is at all possible. Thanks for your trouble, time and page.

C U Later.
Clint Sperl
Boise, Idaho

—You can send any type of Xerox, stat, copy or whatever to My Wheels as long as it is suitable for reproduction in the magazine. A lot of the people who submit to My Wheels do just that. You can get a copy of George Trosley's How-To book by sending him a check for nine dollars to: George Trosley, P.O. Box 37, Woodlyn, PA 19094, and he will send you a copy, we're sure.

Dear CARtoons,

Hey guys, how is it going? Hopefully everything is going just fine. I have just got to tell you that you have one of the best magazine ever. I have collected CARtoons for at least three years and have loved every issue. I have to tell you guys that you have a winner in CARtoons 2090. The script was just excellent. I found it totally hilarious! Hopefully you will have a lot more CARtoons 2090 in future issues.

Although your magazine has some great stuff in it, I wish you would have more stories of exotic, high-performance foreign cars. I know you already present a lot of these kinds of cars, but, you see, I totally crave cars which lose their paint jobs when driven by speed-o-maniacs. You know, Lamborghinis, Ferraris, special BMWs and of course, high-performance Porsches and Mercedes.

To end my letter I am going to try a technique which I have noticed has worked a lot in a lot of letters that you see in your magazine. It is the "I bet you won't run my letter" technique! I bet my life savings ($2.95) which I am starting a College Fund with against the chances of this letter being run in the award-winning, acclaimed CARtoons magazine!

Al Patel
Houston, Texas

—Actually, Al, we're not running your letter. We're running one almost exactly like it from some guy in Houston Texas who happens to have the same name as you. Anyway, it worked, didn't it? It was the "acclaimed" that got to us.

Dear CARtoons,

I have been collecting your magazine for a few years now. The other day while looking through some old issues of your magazine, I started to think "WOW" what if CARtoons could have an issue completely devoted to Krass and Bernie! I mean, to have an issue full of new Krass and Bernie adventures, but also with a few of their old stories so those of us who have been collecting for a short time could see what Krass and Bernie were like in the old days. I am sure it would be a big hit. What do you guys at toons think? Well, that's about it. I would just like to say: Keep up the good work.

If you wish to respond to our advertisers and do not wish to cut up your magazine, you can make a Xerox copy of the particular ad or coupon and send that to them. When responding to advertisers, write to them, not to us. We have no control over their policies and/or method of fulfillment.

Eric Bassett
Peppereli, Massachusetts

—Well, Eric, before we planned something like that, we'd be interested in hearing what a majority of the readers would have to say about it. Many of our readers are fans of other things which appear in the magazine, and . . . since there's only six issues a year . . .

Dear CARtoons,

This is my first write to your wonderful magazine. Krass and Bernie is done beautifully by Trosley. CARtoons 2090 was spaced aged comedy. I laughed all the way through it. I love the way you draw Corvettes. I used to like Cracked until I saw this wonderful magazine. Sav-On Foods is a wonderful supplier of CARtoons. Sav-On Foods usually has about five issues. That's why there's always a riot at the store, as you would say. Lucky me, I only need one. Sometimes this wonderful mag costs a lot, but when you're doing as great as you are, it doesn't matter. This is the best mag since the Stone Age and it will still be gog strong in the Space Age. Llano, Texas is pretty boring, so if it wasn't for CARtoons it would be a total bore, so keep up the good work.

Brian Grogan
Llano, Texas

—You gotta watch out for those riots at the Sav-On. You ought to tell the manager there to order more copies of CARtoons. Our circulation department loves to hear things like that.

Dear CARtoons,

I just wanted you to know that I think I mean I know that your mag is the best. It's even better than watching TV. I can't wait until the next issue. I just want you to know that I love cars

and Monster Trucks. Tell Steve Austin that his posters are cool like him. I just want you to know that I think you should put Monster cars or trucks in the How-To-Draw. I would like to enter some of your contests, but I am not as good at My Wheels as some of your artists. Could you tell me where are the bookstores that have old CARtoons?
Sean Vesey
Olathe, Kansas
—Now, that's a tough one. If we knew where all the bookstores were that had old copies of the magazine, we could simply publish a list and then our readers wouldn't have to write in and ask us where they could get copies of old CARtoons magazines. All we can say is you've got to keep looking around and beating the bushes for the stores that have them.

Dear CARtoons,

I really enjoy reading your cool magazine. Your automotive humor is really well . . . uh . . . humorous. Yeah, that's it! Shawn Kerri's toons are awesome. I mean they're terrific. The're so good, in fact, that she, and any other artist in CARtoons magazine, could draw circles around me! I've been considered very good by friends and family, who are all mentally ill.

I would like to say that the editor, writers and the rest of the artists are doing a stupendously outstanding job. Keep up the good work! Guys, if you think I'm kissing up to you to get the $25.00, well, you're right! Just kidding—I really think you're doing a great job and keep putting out this great magazine. Oh yeah, just to show you how good an artist I really am, here's one of my classic drawings. Thanks.
Brent Schmidt
Brighton, Colorado
—We got to tell you right now, Brent, there is no way to kiss up to us to get the twenty-five dollars.

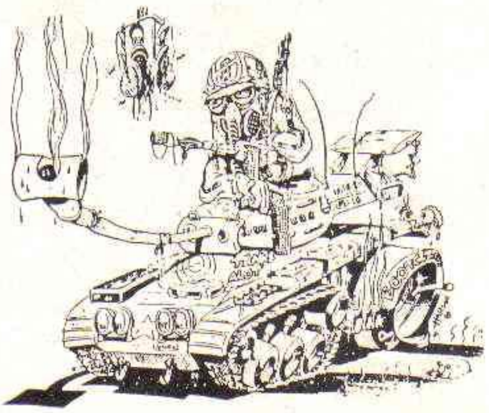
Dear CARtoons,

I am 12 years old and I love your magazine. It is funny, informative and educational. I started reading your mag June 87 and I was hooked. I have every issue except your June 88 issue. Well, I had it, but I forgot it at a friend's house. When I went to get it, their dog chewed it up. I was wondering if you could please, please, please and thousand times more pleases send me the June 88 issue. If you can't I'll have to live without it. But, in case you can I'm enclosing $2.00.

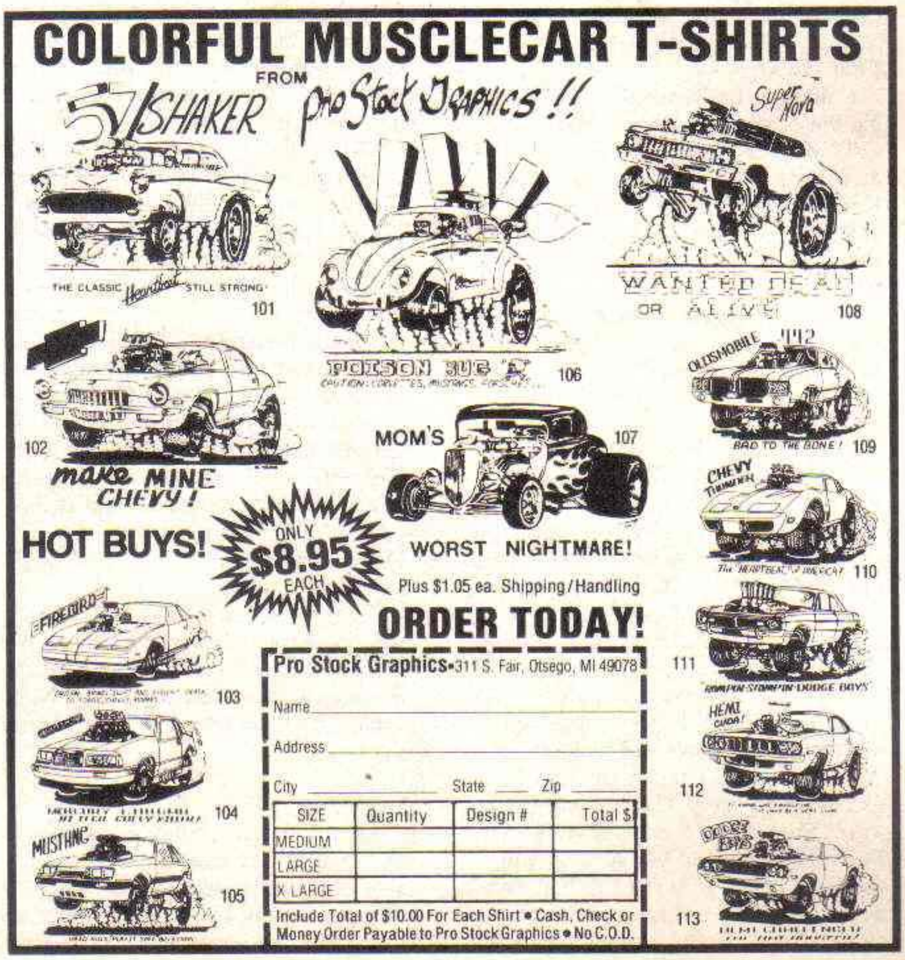
You've done specials on everything from Mini-trucks, Porsches to Corvettes and never (unless I missed it) have you done anything on convertibles. Now I'm not asking you to drop whatever you're doing and plan a new issue just for me. I'm just asking you to take it into consideration, because maybe there are other kids just like me who would love to see all the convertibles—past, present and future. Thank you in advance. Keep drawing cars—over an out!
Alex Marcopolos
Stanford, Connecticut
—We didn't find any two dollars enclosed with your letter, but it's just as well that you didn't send it, as we no longer supply back issues of the magazine. We're not sure whether we've ever done a convertible issue or not, but we do have an exotic car issue in the planning stages and there'll probably be a few convertibles in there. As to whether or not we'll actually do an all-convertible issue—that's pretty far down the road.

Dear CARtoons,

How's it going? Everything is fine here in the Show-Me state. I have truly enjoyed reading your magazine over the years. I have a question I would like answered if at all possible. In the Sept/Oct 1981 issue on page twenty-one in the My Wheels secton, is the Bob Hardin who drew the tank in the top right hand corner the same Bob Hardin that does work for your magazine? Is that drawing what got him with your magazine? If it ain't then this letter has no meaning, if it was meant to have a meaning, if you know what I mean. And one more thing tell Shawn Kerri that she is a total knockout. You all keep pushing out a super magazine and I will keep on reading it. Until next time, keep on toonin.
Tony T. Bollinger
Perryville, Missouri



—Well, it sure looks like Bob Hardin's stuff to us. But it wasn't that drawing that got Bob Hardin with the magaine. What got Bob Hardin with the magazine was talent, persistence, hard work and the ability to meet deadlines, among other things. Although, sometimes My Wheels is a good place to start.



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Dear toons,

First of all, salute the artists of CARtoons for making the mag what it is. Also, a very special honorable mention to Petersen Publishing Company for sending it all around the globe. I've read all 14 of my mags over and over again and I'll never get bored of reading them. I just got the October 88 issue last week. I just moved onto a new base. (My dad is in the Army.) I was afraid I might not find it. But I did! CARtoons practically grows on trees here, whereas I used to have trouble finding it in Vancouver. The Vette special was a good idea, and I for one would't mind seeing more of Cruise Night 2090. I can't wait to see the results of the Future Vette Contest!

In an older issue I've got, there's a Reader's Gallery. Is that still in operation? Your 25th Anniversary Issue was great! The posters are a cool idea. I love the My Wheels section and the How-To-Draw section. And, last but not least, I am indebted to Bob Hardin for portraying my favorite band, AC/DC, in the Maximum Overdrivel article in the October 87 issue.
Chris Hunt
Pettawawa, Ontario, Canada

—Well, Chris, your letter there was starting to sound like a rerun of the history of CARtoons. The Reader's Gallery section eventually worked its way into becoming the My Wheels section. They were basically the same thing. My Wheels just became the new name for the stuff the readers send in to us.

Dear CARtoons,

I am only ten years old, but I'm a big fan of yours. I got my first CARtoons in April 87. I love Krass and Bernie. Can I have a letter from Krass and Bernie? Now my parents yell at me to put down CARtoons.
James Michau
Anchorage, Alaska

—Would your parents yell at you if they knew that we printed your letter in CARtoons magazine?

Yo tooners,

Steven Pickles here writing to you from South Australia here in down under Australia. Well, so much for my patriotic intro. I've only been collecting your mag full of rad drawings for about four months now. Unfortunately it takes quite a while to get your magazine over here. Since first reading your mag, I always draw cars with rad blowers and oversized wheels in my spare time. Using Trosley's technique I can get a normal car and make it "musclebound". Thanks, Trosley! I also like modeling cars. The last one I did was a Firebird T/A crossed with a Formula 1. I would like to send you guys and gals a picture of it, but that would bring the postage up too much. I almost forgot. Could Trosley please put a Lamborghini 5000 quatravalve or Countach on his How-To list?
Steven Pickles
Ingle Farm, South Australia

—Trosley hasn't done any How-Tos lately, as we felt he had simply exhausted the possiblities and had been doing them for years. The original idea in the How-To was to simply be a guide and give the readers a starting point to do what you said you did when you took a normal car and made it musclebound.

Dear CARtoons,

I love monster trucks and old cars, and CARtoons is the book for me. But I'm worried about old cars and trucks. Like old (meaning 1949 to 79) autos people put behind a shed or in the woods behind the house. And put the thought of fixing them in the backs of their minds. My dad had two Malibus and a Corvette Sting Ray. I go looking through photo albums looking for a picture of one of them. And I say people who stick Chevy engines under their hoods are people who care about the word car.
Eric Little
Pelham, New Hampshire

—Those people stick those cars out behind the house or in the woods so the people with the Chevys that need hoods to stick them under can find them there. Anyway, it sounds like you're a real enthusiast.

Yo, tooners,

Back in December of 87 I got my first issue of your AWESOME mag. Ever since then I been gettin it every time I see it in the stores. Shawn Kerri has got to be one of the best CARtoonists I've ever seen. (No offense to Austin, Hardin, Marnick or Trosley). There is only one little mistake that I saw on the cover of the October 88 issue. The two girls in the Vette (the one with the wheels) never got their tops inked in.

I really loved Tales From The Pit, and I would also like to be seeing more of the CARtoons 2090. My friends aren't into cars that much, but we all love CARtoons. Well, that's about it. Keep on sailing, Shawn, and the rest of you keep on doing whatever it is that you do to have fun.
David Quakenbush
Loveland, Colorado

—The girls did have their tops inked, you just have to look very closely to see the ink, which is pink. Anyway, we could pronounce your name and so, probably, could Mrs. Teasdale, if you know what we mean.

Hey toons,

I just finished reading your August 88 issue. It was excellent as always. Just one little disappointment. Trosley didn't have any How-To. He made up for it with his Krass and Bernie. I wish Trosley could do a How-To on a 51 Ford truck. I really like Richard Todd's idea to let Shawn Kerri do a How-To on characters. The My Wheels section is also very cool. I am fourteen years old and have been reading your magazine for a little over three years now. I enjoy it so much I can picture myself 50 years from now still waiting for the next issue of CARtoons to come out. I didn't subscribe to CARtoons but I never missed a single issue. Thank God my corner store sells them. Anyway, keep up the good work; you're doing a great job.
Eric Benoit
Haileybury, Ontario, Canada

—We've been trying to decide what to do with the How-To. Trosley had done it for so long that it had started to become repititious, almost a gallery for various types of cars. A reference library, if you will, rather than teaching any new drawing skills. A How-To on characters by Shawn is a good idea, but so far nothing's in the works. She's very busy. We had also considered rerunning some of the old How-Tos for people that had missed the ones previously done.

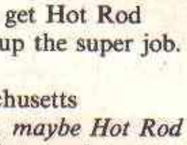
Dear CARtoons,

I'll start off saying I loved your October 88 magazine, especially your "Krass and Bernie". They made me laugh for hours, really the whole magazine made me laugh for hours! This is my first time buying CARtoons magazine, and I'll be buying more. At first, I hated cars. (no hard feelings?) But, thanks to you, I love them! Thanks to you I'm going to buy a Revell funny car. I just have to ask one question. I don't get Hot Rod Romance. Keep up the super job.
Jessica Hagge
Franklin, Massachusetts

—We don't know, maybe Hot Rod Romance is tough to explain. Maybe you have to be a teenybopper to understand it. Are you a teenybopper, Jessica?

Dear toons,

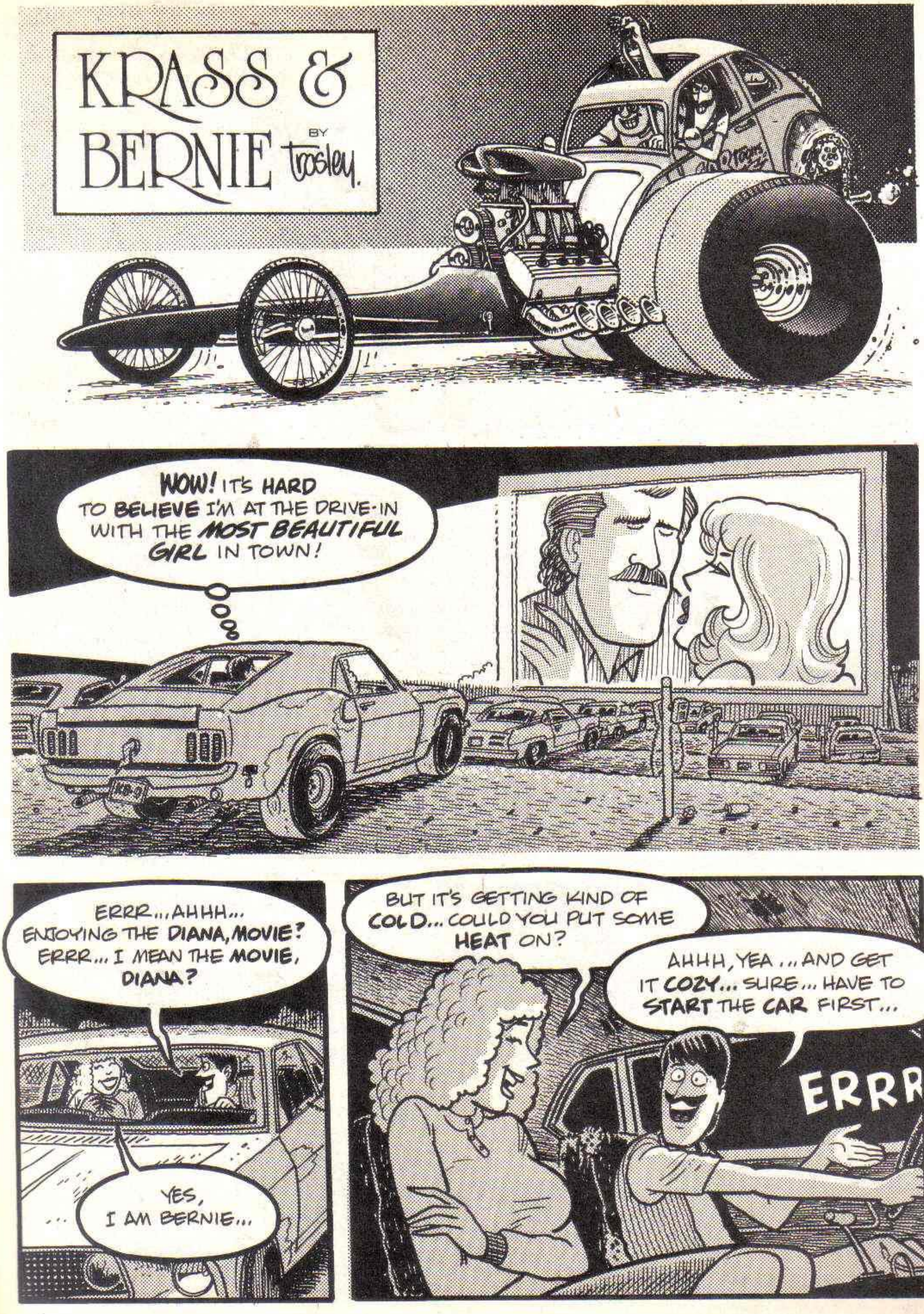
You guys and gals are the best artists I have ever seen. I love Trosley and Kerri. I also love the posters. I love everything about you people. I hope Trosley puts some 57 Chevys in his How-To. I was wondering who draws this little dude.
Ben Rodriguez
Lubbock, Texas

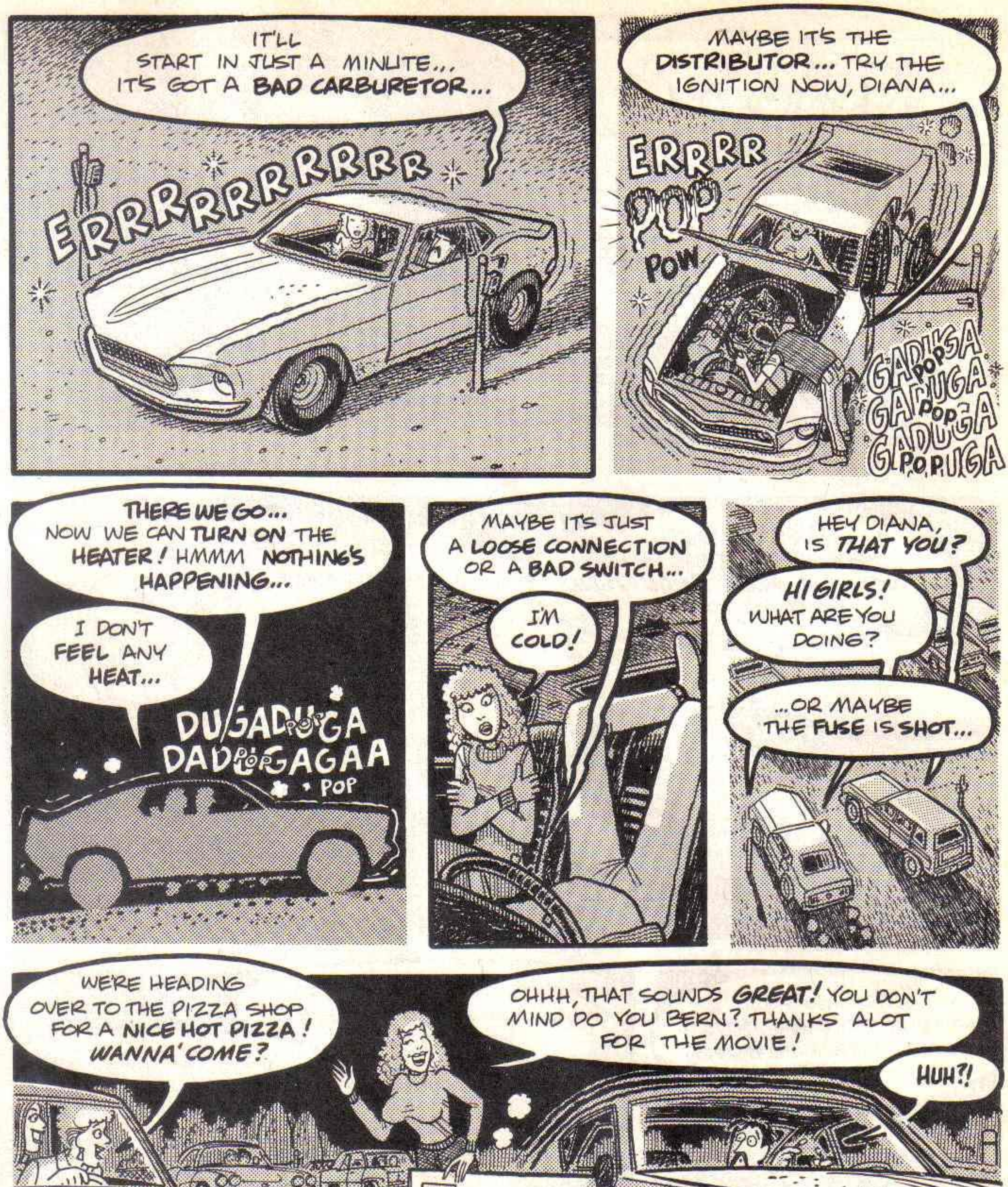


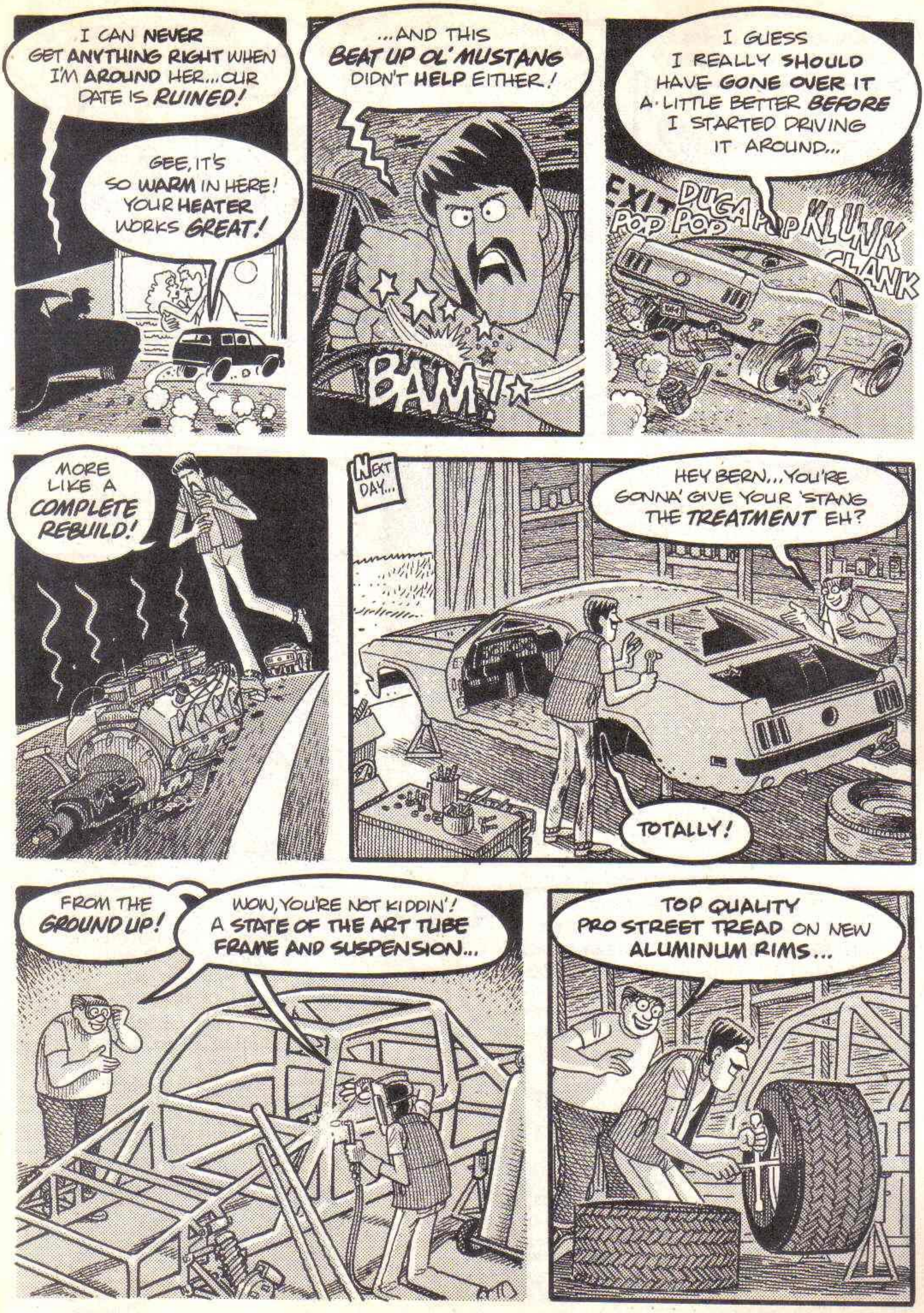
—Actually Trosley had already done 57 Chevys in the How-To, once upon a time, which is why we were considering rerunning the most popular ones, since he no longer does them on a regular basis. Nobody actually draws that little dude. He just sort of pops up, every now and then, every once in a while.

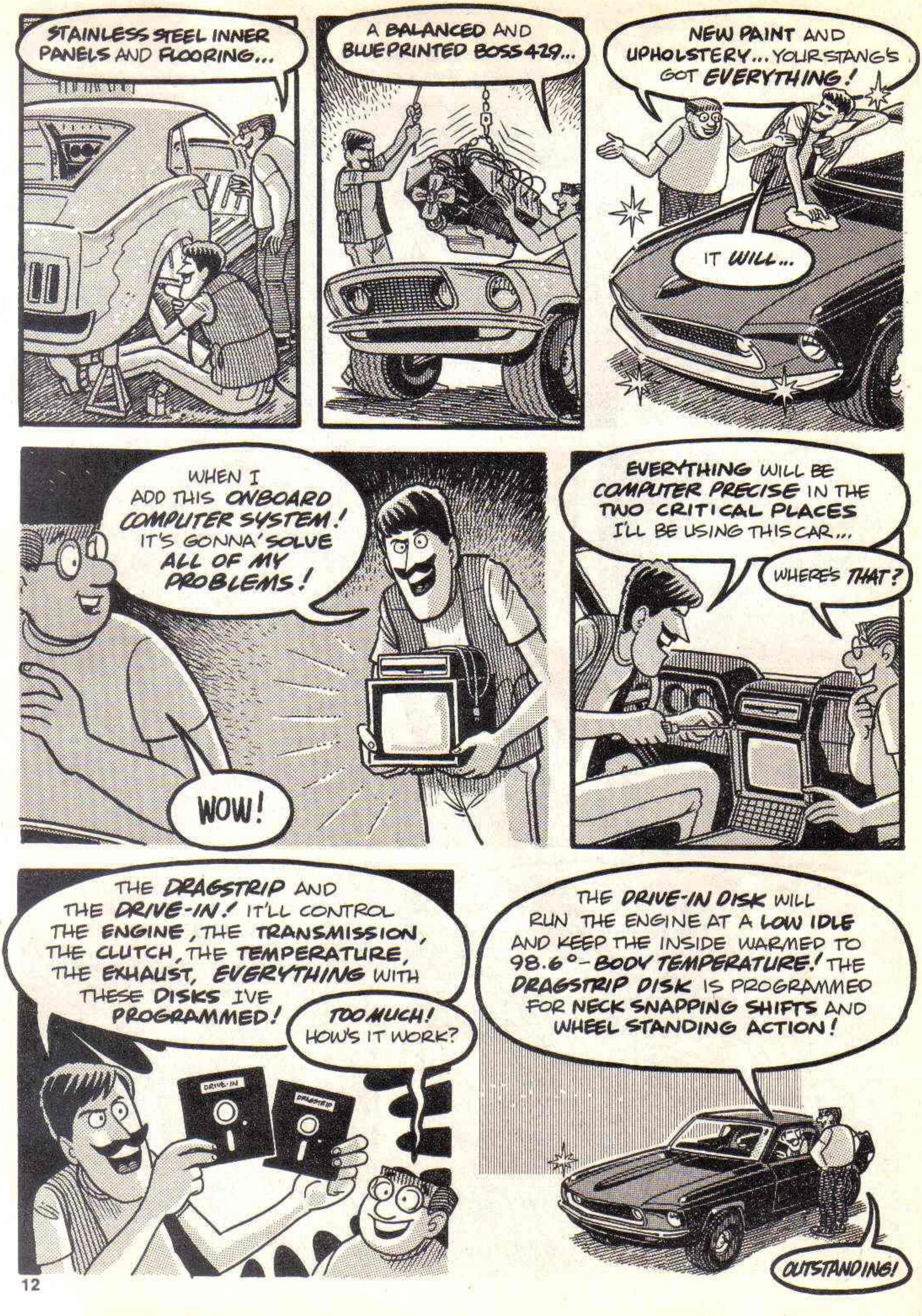
KRASS & BERNIE

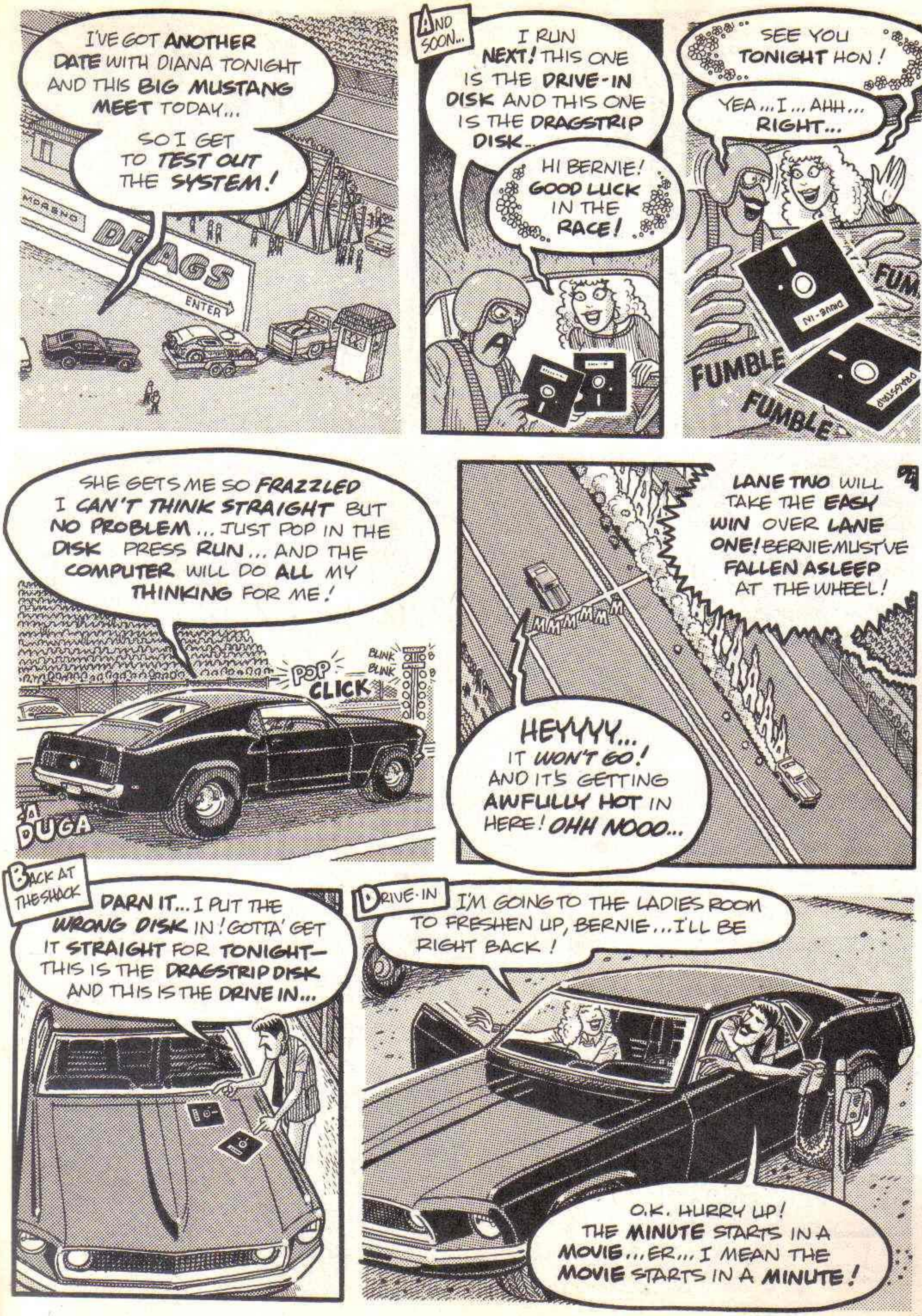
BY trosley.

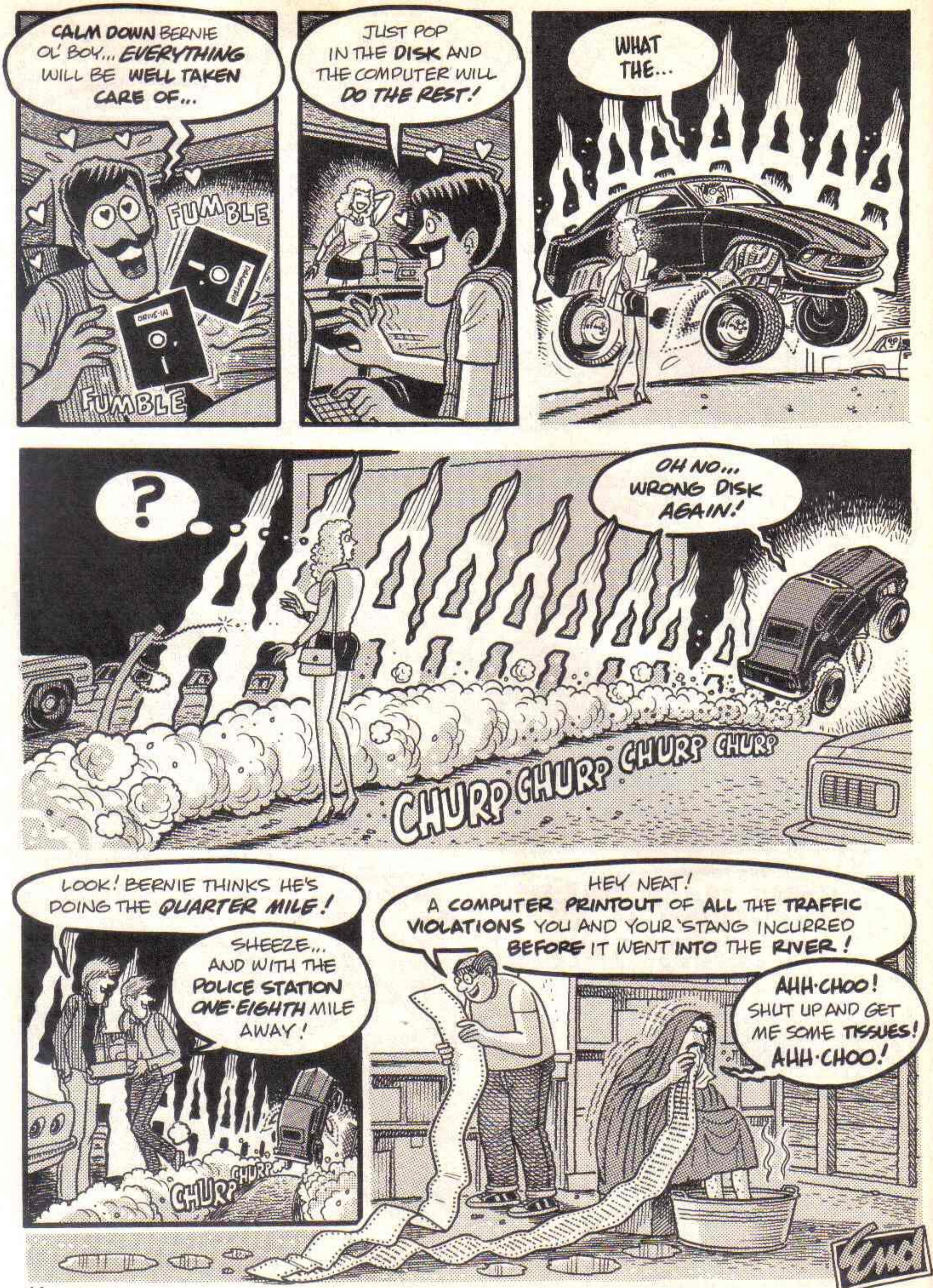

WOW! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'M AT THE DRIVE-IN WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN TOWN!
ERRR... AHHH... ENJOYING THE DIANA, MOVIE? ERRR... I MEAN THE MOVIE, DIANA?
... YES, I AM BERNIE...
BUT IT'S GETTING KIND OF COLD... COULD YOU PUT SOME HEAT ON?
AHHH, YEA ... AND GET IT COZY... SURE... HAVE TO START THE CAR FIRST...
ERRR

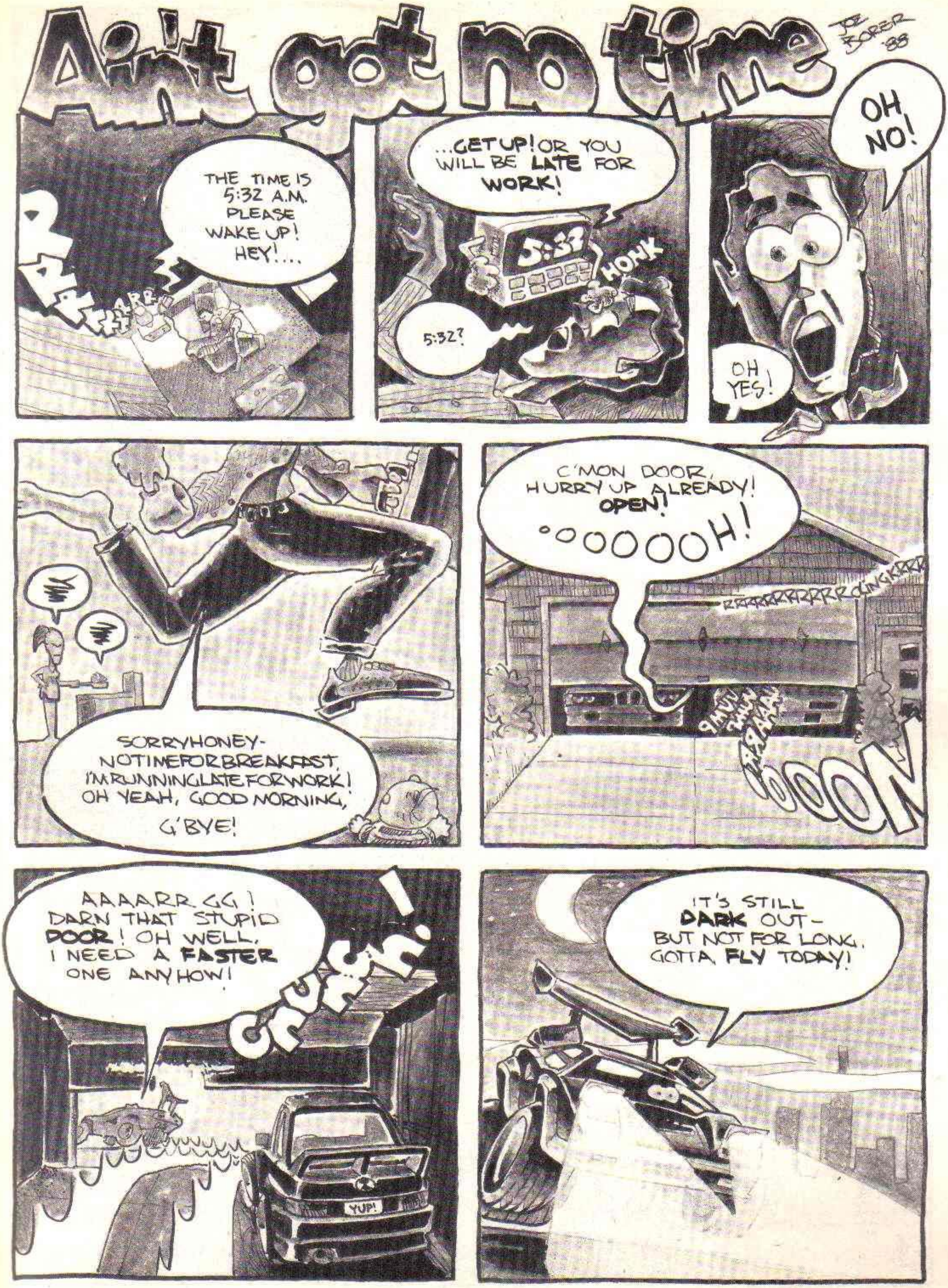

IT'LL START IN JUST A MINUTE... IT'S GOT A **BAD CARBURETOR**...
ERRRRRRRRRR
MAYBE IT'S THE **DISTRIBUTOR**... TRY THE IGNITION NOW, DIANA...
ERRRR
POP
POW
GADUGA POP GADUGA POP GADUGA GADUGA P.O.P.UGA
THERE WE GO... NOW WE CAN **TURN ON** THE **HEATER**! HMMM **NOTHING'S HAPPENING...**
I DON'T **FEEL** ANY **HEAT...**
DUGADUGA POP DADUGAGAA POP POP
MAYBE IT'S JUST A **LOOSE CONNECTION** OR A **BAD SWITCH...**
I'M **COLD!**
HEY DIANA, IS ***THAT YOU?***
HI GIRLS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
...OR MAYBE THE **FUSE** IS **SHOT...**
WE'RE HEADING OVER TO THE PIZZA SHOP FOR A **NICE HOT PIZZA!** ***WANNA' COME?***
OHHH, THAT SOUNDS ***GREAT!*** YOU DON'T MIND DO YOU BERN? THANKS ALOT FOR THE MOVIE!
HUH?!
GADUGA POP GADUGA

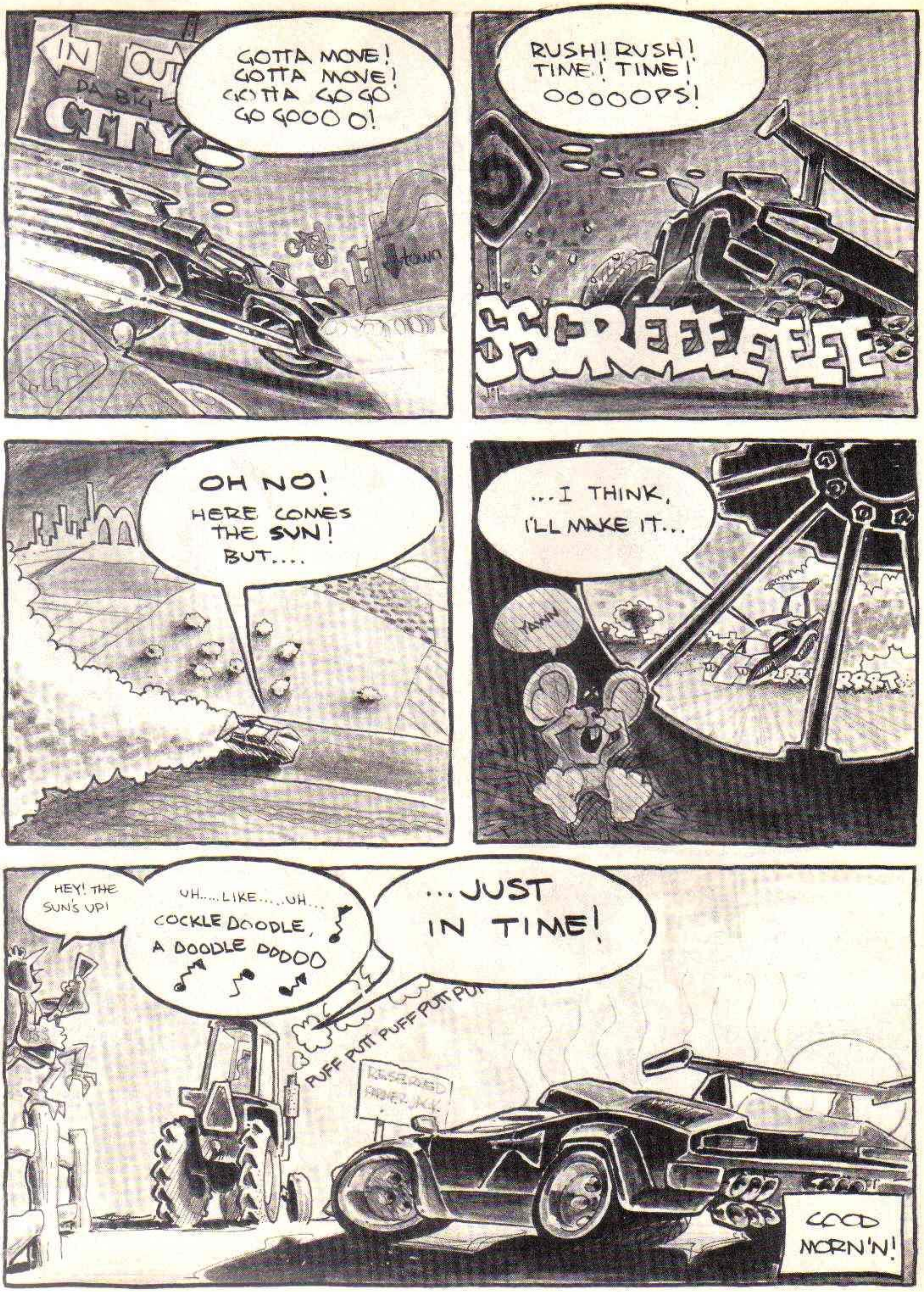

I CAN NEVER GET ANYTHING RIGHT WHEN I'M AROUND HER...OUR DATE IS RUINED!
GEE, IT'S SO WARM IN HERE! YOUR HEATER WORKS GREAT!
...AND THIS BEAT UP OL' MUSTANG DIDN'T HELP EITHER!
BAM!!
I GUESS I REALLY SHOULD HAVE GONE OVER IT A LITTLE BETTER BEFORE I STARTED DRIVING IT AROUND...
EXIT
DUGA POP
POP POP
KLUNK
CLANK
MORE LIKE A COMPLETE REBUILD!
NEXT DAY...
HEY BERN...YOU'RE GONNA' GIVE YOUR 'STANG THE TREATMENT EH?
TOTALLY!
FROM THE GROUND UP!
WOW, YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN'! A STATE OF THE ART TUBE FRAME AND SUSPENSION...
TOP QUALITY PRO STREET TREAD ON NEW ALUMINUM RIMS...


STAINLESS STEEL INNER PANELS AND FLOORING...
A BALANCED AND BLUEPRINTED BOSS 429...
NEW PAINT AND UPHOLSTERY... YOUR STANG'S GOT EVERYTHING!
IT WILL...
WHEN I ADD THIS ONBOARD COMPUTER SYSTEM! IT'S GONNA' SOLVE ALL OF MY PROBLEMS!
WOW!
EVERYTHING WILL BE COMPUTER PRECISE IN THE TWO CRITICAL PLACES I'LL BE USING THIS CAR...
WHERE'S THAT?
THE DRAGSTRIP AND THE DRIVE-IN! IT'LL CONTROL THE ENGINE, THE TRANSMISSION, THE CLUTCH, THE TEMPERATURE, THE EXHAUST, EVERYTHING WITH THESE DISKS IVE PROGRAMMED!
TOO MUCH! HOW'S IT WORK?
DRIVE-IN
DRAGSTRIP
THE DRIVE-IN DISK WILL RUN THE ENGINE AT A LOW IDLE AND KEEP THE INSIDE WARMED TO 98.6°-BODY TEMPERATURE! THE DRAGSTRIP DISK IS PROGRAMMED FOR NECK SNAPPING SHIFTS AND WHEEL STANDING ACTION!
OUTSTANDING!


I'VE GOT ANOTHER DATE WITH DIANA TONIGHT AND THIS BIG MUSTANG MEET TODAY...
SO I GET TO TEST OUT THE SYSTEM!
MORENO
DRAGS
ENTER
AND SOON...
I RUN NEXT! THIS ONE IS THE DRIVE-IN DISK AND THIS ONE IS THE DRAGSTRIP DISK...
HI BERNIE! GOOD LUCK IN THE RACE!
SEE YOU TONIGHT HON!
YEA...I...AHH... RIGHT...
FUMBLE
FUMBLE
FUM
SHE GETS ME SO FRAZZLED I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT BUT NO PROBLEM... JUST POP IN THE DISK PRESS RUN... AND THE COMPUTER WILL DO ALL MY THINKING FOR ME!
POP
CLICK
BLINK
BLINK
LA DUGA
LANE TWO WILL TAKE THE EASY WIN OVER LANE ONE! BERNIE MUST'VE FALLEN ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL!
MMMMMM
HEYYYY... IT WON'T GO! AND IT'S GETTING AWFULLY HOT IN HERE! OHH NOOO...
BACK AT THE SHACK
DARN IT... I PUT THE WRONG DISK IN! GOTTA' GET IT STRAIGHT FOR TONIGHT— THIS IS THE DRAGSTRIP DISK AND THIS IS THE DRIVE IN...
DRIVE-IN
I'M GOING TO THE LADIES ROOM TO FRESHEN UP, BERNIE... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
O.K. HURRY UP! THE MINUTE STARTS IN A MOVIE...ER... I MEAN THE MOVIE STARTS IN A MINUTE!

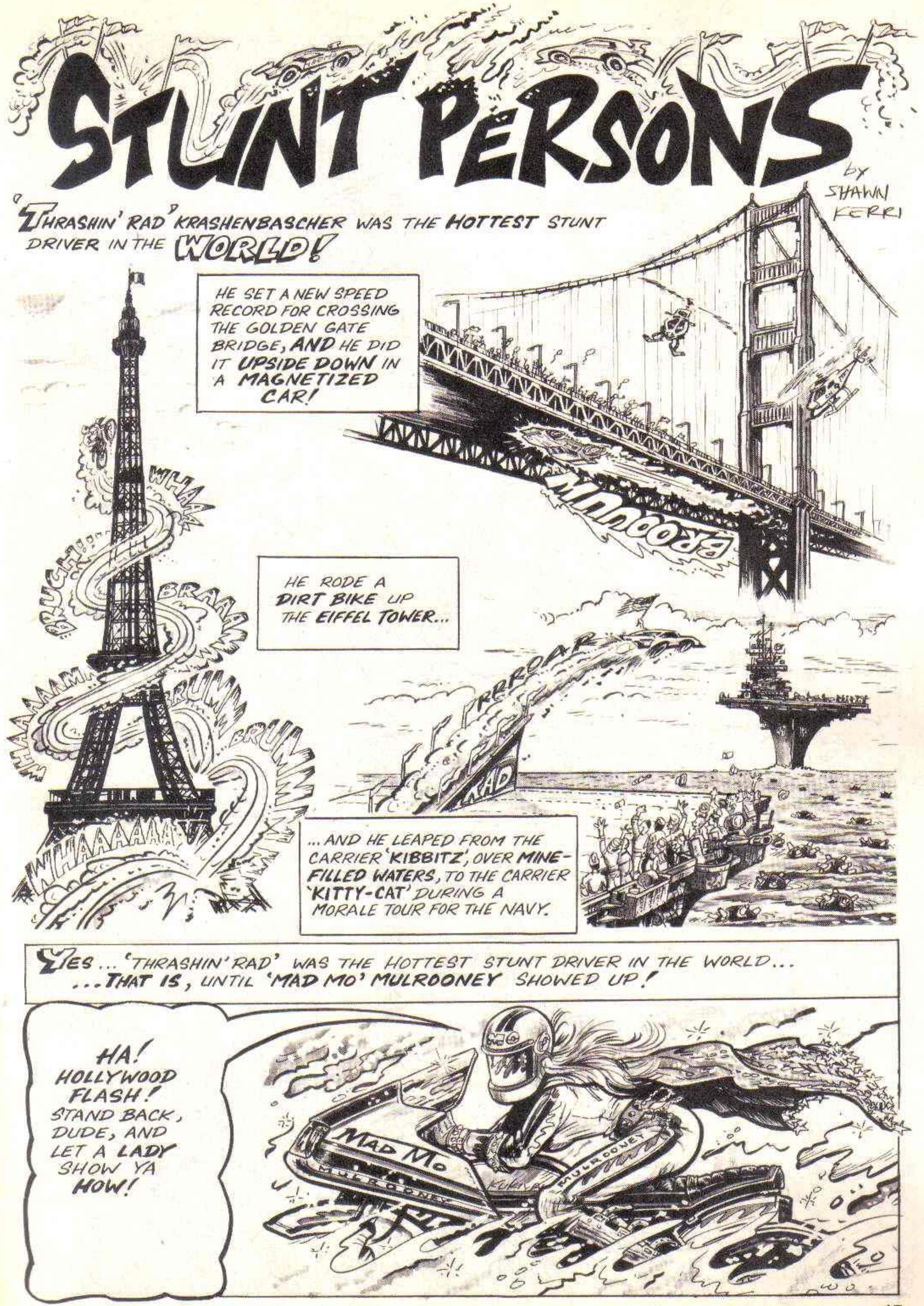

CALM DOWN BERNIE OL' BOY... EVERYTHING WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF...
FUMBLE
DRIVE-IN
FUMBLE
JUST POP IN THE DISK AND THE COMPUTER WILL DO THE REST!
WHAT THE...
?
OH NO... WRONG DISK AGAIN!
CHURP CHURP CHURP CHURP
LOOK! BERNIE THINKS HE'S DOING THE QUARTER MILE!
SHEEZE... AND WITH THE POLICE STATION ONE-EIGHTH MILE AWAY!
CHURP CHURP
HEY NEAT! A COMPUTER PRINTOUT OF ALL THE TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS YOU AND YOUR 'STANG INCURRED BEFORE IT WENT INTO THE RIVER!
AHH-CHOO! SHUT UP AND GET ME SOME TISSUES! AHH-CHOO!

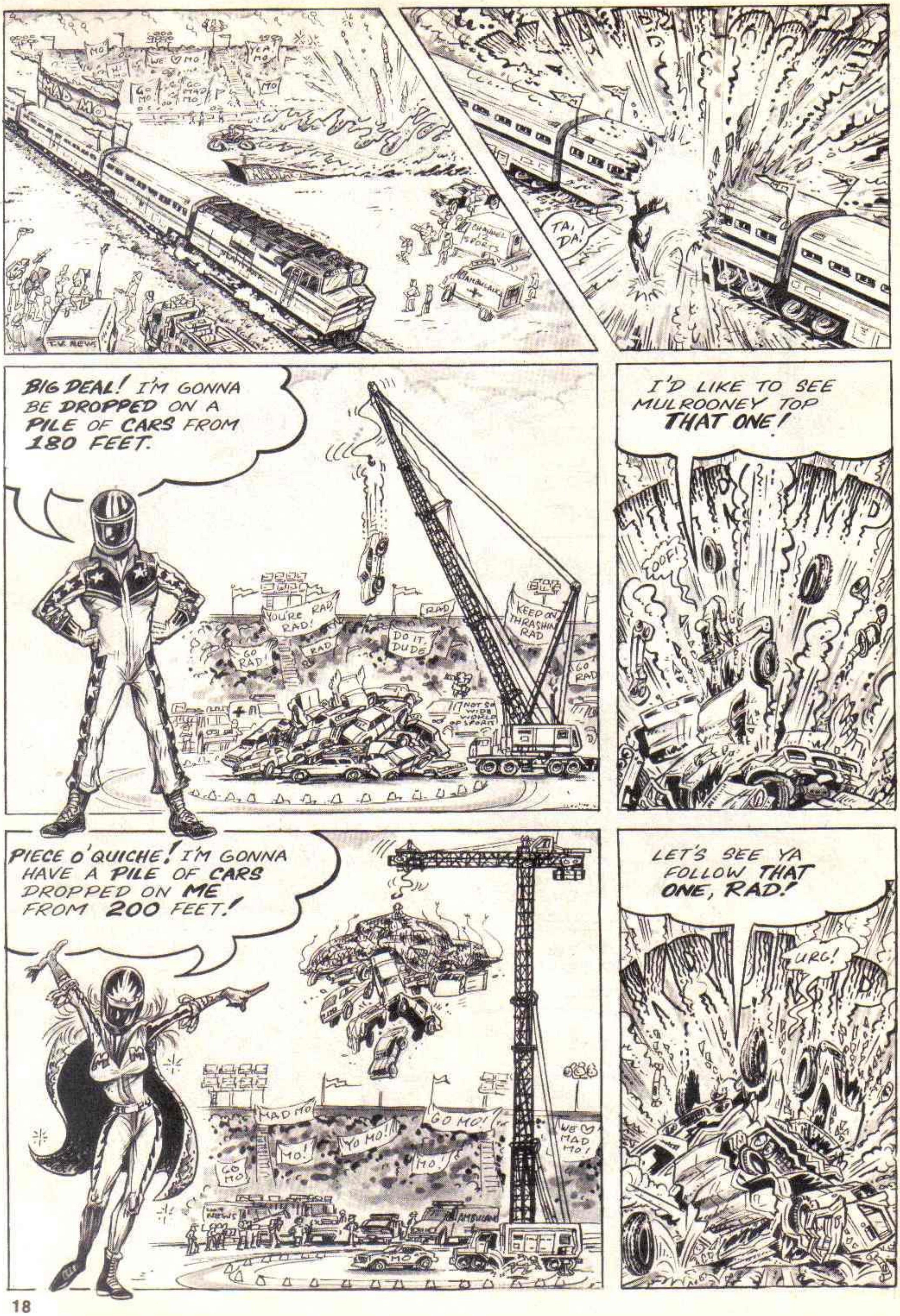

Ain't got no time
JOE BORER '88
THE TIME IS 5:32 A.M. PLEASE WAKE UP! HEY!....
...GET UP! OR YOU WILL BE LATE FOR WORK!
5:32?
HONK
5:32
OH NO!
OH YES!
SORRYHONEY-NOTIMEFORBREAKFAST. I'MRUNNINGLATEFORWORK! OH YEAH, GOOD MORNING, G'BYE!
C'MON DOOR, HURRY UP ALREADY! OPEN! °OOOOOH!
RRRRRRRRRRRRROINGKRRR
VROOOOM
AAAARRGG! DARN THAT STUPID DOOR! OH WELL, I NEED A FASTER ONE ANYHOW!
CRUNCH!
YUP!
IT'S STILL DARK OUT- BUT NOT FOR LONG. GOTTA FLY TODAY!

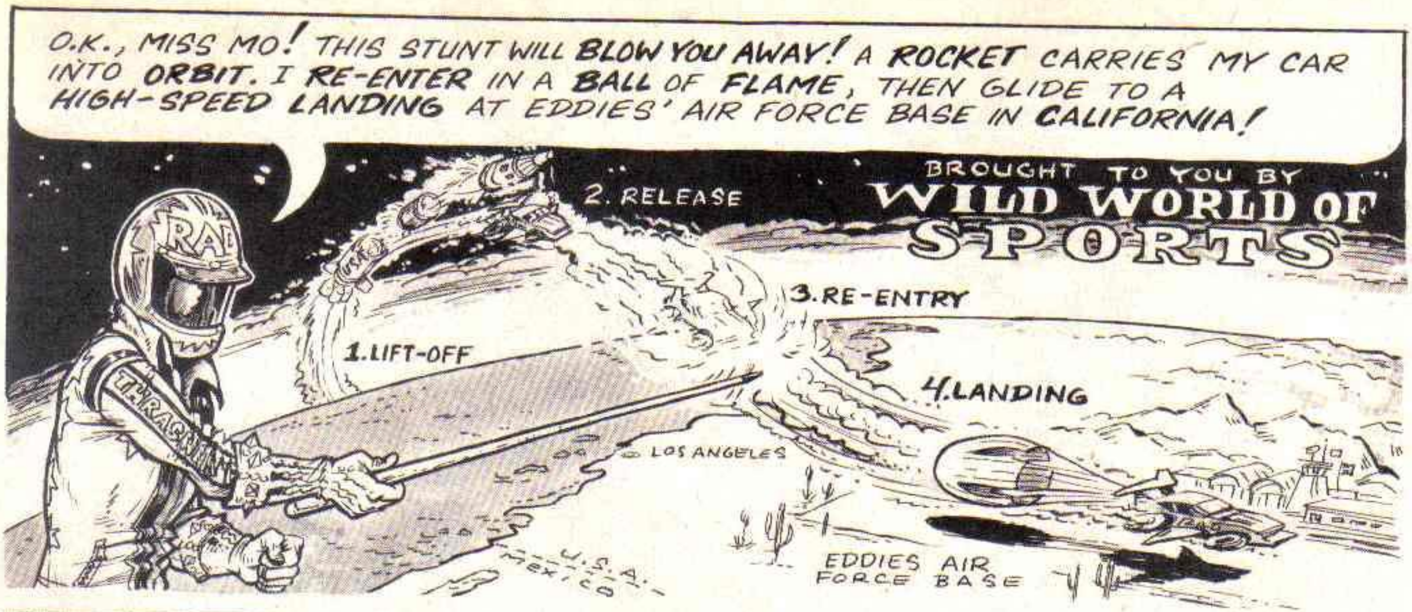

IN
OUT
DA BIG CITY
GOTTA MOVE! GOTTA MOVE! GOTTA GO GO GO GOOO O!
town
RUSH! RUSH! TIME! TIME! OOOOOPS!
SSCREEEEEEE
OH NO! HERE COMES THE SUN! BUT....
...I THINK, I'LL MAKE IT...
YAWN
RRR RRRT
HEY! THE SUN'S UP!
UH.....LIKE.....UH... COCKLE DOODLE, A DOODLE DODOO
...JUST IN TIME!
PUFF PUTT PUFF PUTT PU
RESERVED FARMER JACK
GOOD MORN'N!

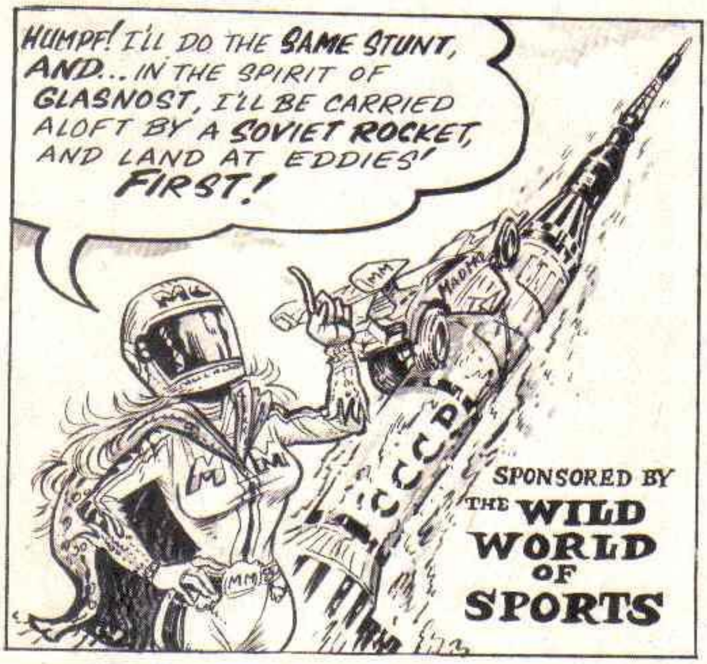
STUNT PERSONS

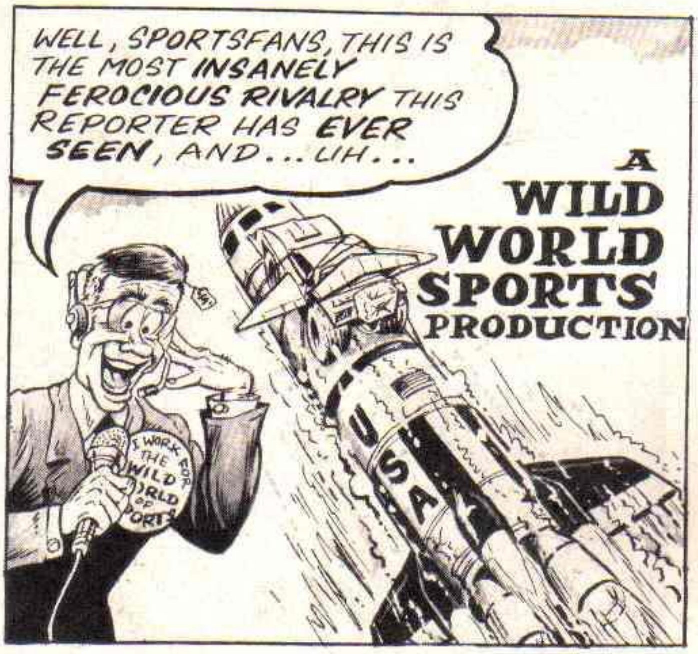
by
SHAWN
KERRI

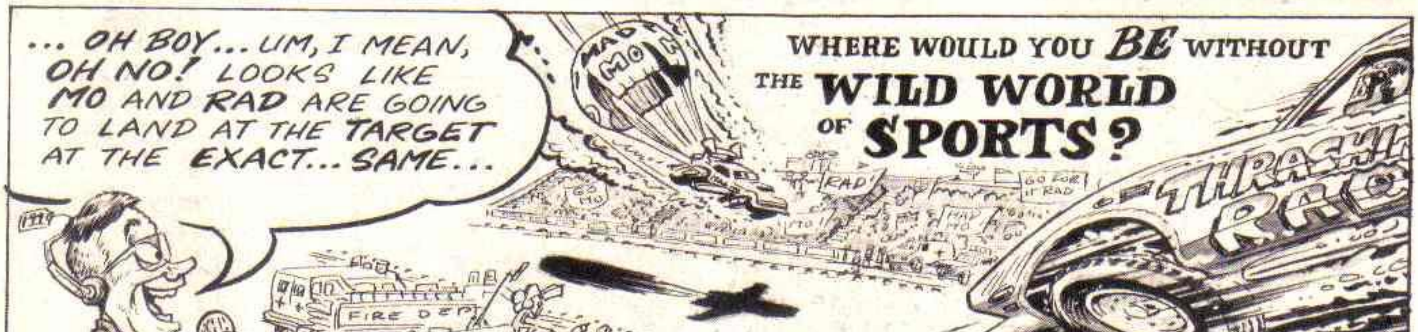

'THRASHIN' RAD' KRASHENBASCHER WAS THE HOTTEST STUNT DRIVER IN THE WORLD!
HE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD FOR CROSSING THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, AND HE DID IT UPSIDE DOWN IN A MAGNETIZED CAR!
BROOOUUM
HE RODE A DIRT BIKE UP THE EIFFEL TOWER...
WHAA
BRUGH!!
BRAAAM
WHAAAAAM
BRUMM
BRUMMM
WHAAAAAA
RRROAR
RAD
... AND HE LEAPED FROM THE CARRIER 'KIBBITZ', OVER MINE-FILLED WATERS, TO THE CARRIER 'KITTY-CAT' DURING A MORALE TOUR FOR THE NAVY.
YES... 'THRASHIN' RAD' WAS THE HOTTEST STUNT DRIVER IN THE WORLD... ...THAT IS, UNTIL 'MAD MO' MULROONEY SHOWED UP!
HA! HOLLYWOOD FLASH! STAND BACK, DUDE, AND LET A LADY SHOW YA HOW!
MAD MO
MULROONEY
MULROONEY

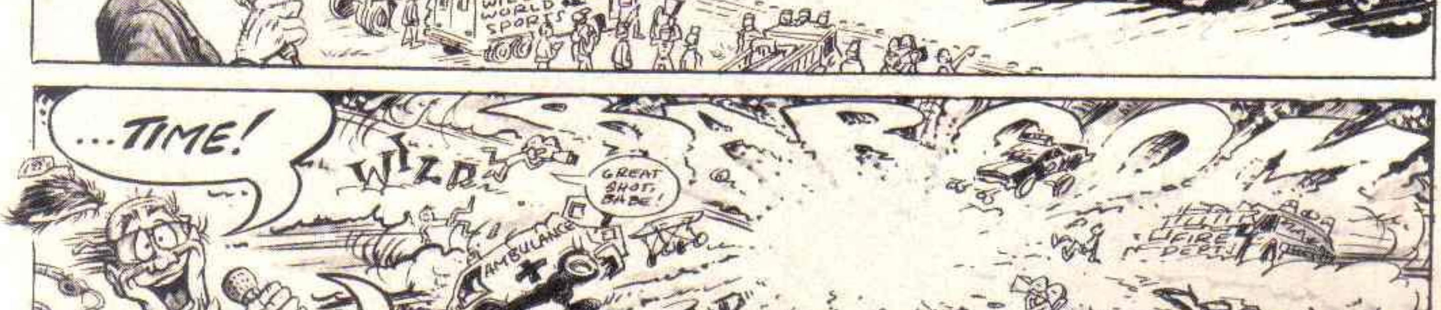

MAD MO
WE ♡ MO
YEA MO
GO MO
GO MAD MO
CHANNEL 12 SPORTS
AMBULANCE
T.V. NEWS
TA, DA!
BIG DEAL! I'M GONNA BE DROPPED ON A PILE OF CARS FROM 180 FEET.
YOU'RE RAD!
RAD
DO IT, DUDE
GO RAD!
KEEP ON THRASHIN' RAD
GO RAD
NOT SO WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS
I'D LIKE TO SEE MULROONEY TOP THAT ONE!
OOF!
PIECE O' QUICHE! I'M GONNA HAVE A PILE OF CARS DROPPED ON ME FROM 200 FEET!
MAD MO
GO MO!
YO MO!
MO!
GO MO
WE ♡ MAD MO!
NEWS
AMBULANCE
MO
LET'S SEE YA FOLLOW THAT ONE, RAD!
URG!

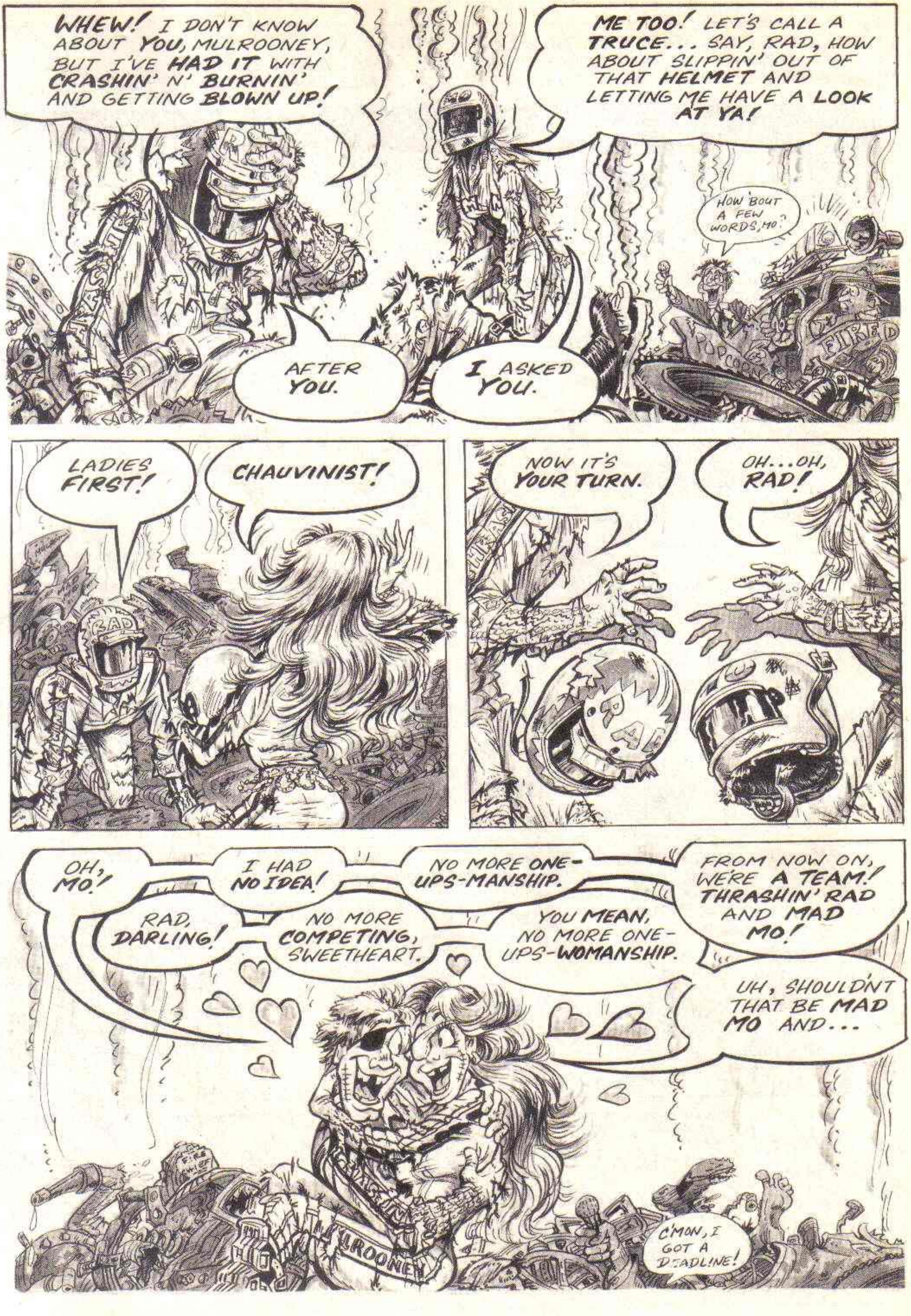

O.K., MISS MO! THIS STUNT WILL BLOW YOU AWAY! A ROCKET CARRIES MY CAR INTO ORBIT. I RE-ENTER IN A BALL OF FLAME, THEN GLIDE TO A HIGH-SPEED LANDING AT EDDIES' AIR FORCE BASE IN CALIFORNIA!
BROUGHT TO YOU BY WILD WORLD OF SPORTS
RAD
THRASHIN
1. LIFT-OFF
2. RELEASE
3. RE-ENTRY
4. LANDING
LOS ANGELES
U.S.A.
MEXICO
EDDIES AIR FORCE BASE


HUMPF! I'LL DO THE SAME STUNT, AND... IN THE SPIRIT OF GLASNOST, I'LL BE CARRIED ALOFT BY A SOVIET ROCKET, AND LAND AT EDDIES' FIRST!
CCCP
MM
SPONSORED BY THE WILD WORLD OF SPORTS


WELL, SPORTSFANS, THIS IS THE MOST INSANELY FEROCIOUS RIVALRY THIS REPORTER HAS EVER SEEN, AND... UH...
A WILD WORLD SPORTS PRODUCTION
I WORK FOR THE WILD WORLD OF SPORTS
USA

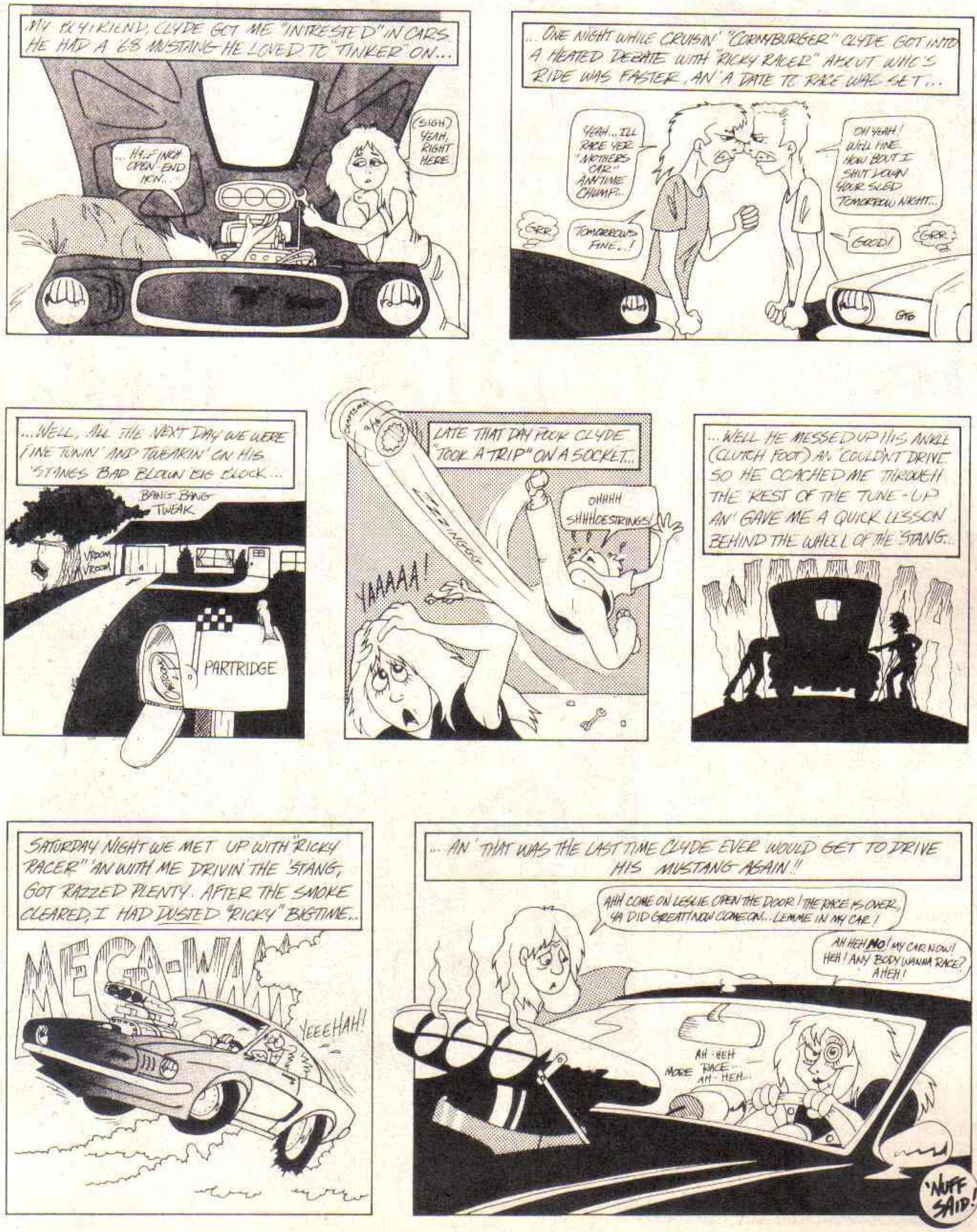

... OH BOY... UM, I MEAN, OH NO! LOOKS LIKE MO AND RAD ARE GOING TO LAND AT THE TARGET AT THE EXACT... SAME...
WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT THE WILD WORLD OF SPORTS?
MAD MO
RAD
GO FOR IT RAD
FIRE DEPT
WILD WORLD SPORTS
THRASHIN RAD


...TIME!
WILD
GREAT SHOT, BABE!
AMBULANCE
FIRE DEPT
WOW!
WORLD
MO, COULD I GET A QUOTE?
OF
SPORTS

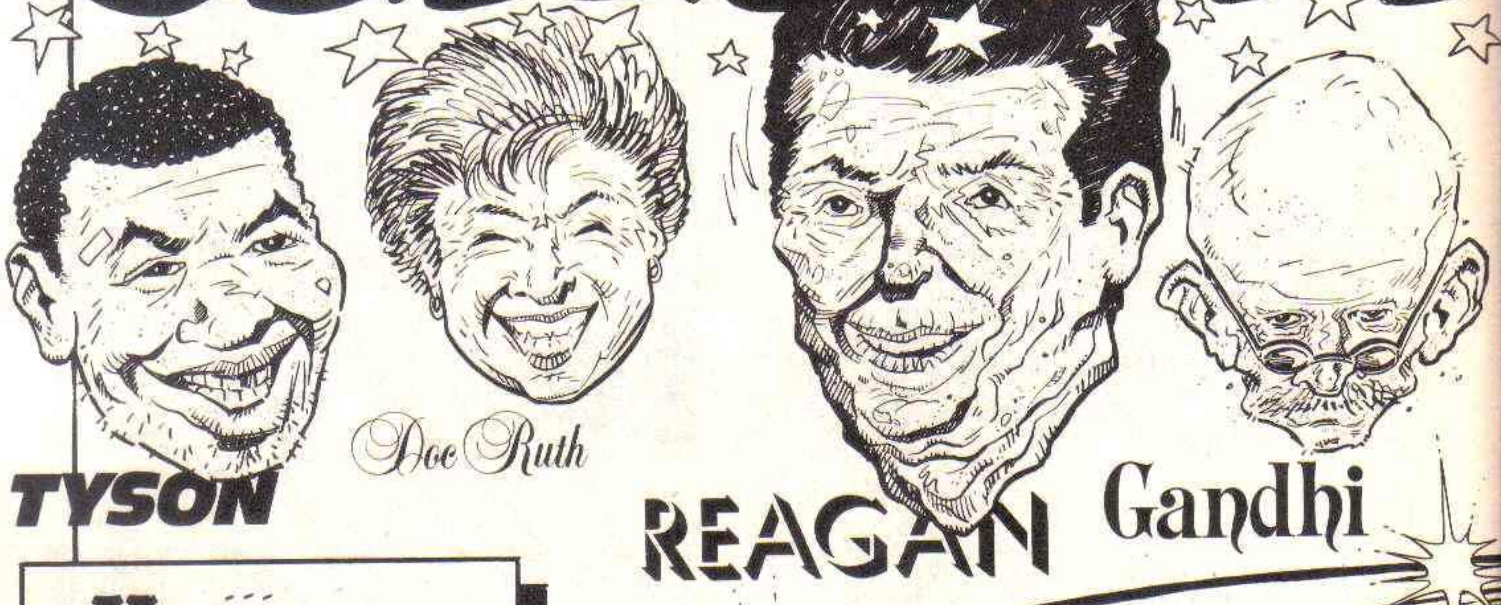

WHEW! I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, MULROONEY, BUT I'VE HAD IT WITH CRASHIN' N' BURNIN' AND GETTING BLOWN UP!
ME TOO! LET'S CALL A TRUCE... SAY, RAD, HOW ABOUT SLIPPIN' OUT OF THAT HELMET AND LETTING ME HAVE A LOOK AT YA!
HOW 'BOUT A FEW WORDS, MO?
AFTER YOU.
I ASKED YOU.
POPCORN
FIRED
LADIES FIRST!
CHAUVINIST!
RAD
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
OH...OH, RAD!
RAD
OH, MO!
I HAD NO IDEA!
NO MORE ONE-UPS-MANSHIP.
FROM NOW ON, WE'RE A TEAM! THRASHIN' RAD AND MAD MO!
RAD, DARLING!
NO MORE COMPETING, SWEETHEART.
YOU MEAN, NO MORE ONE-UPS-WOMANSHIP.
UH, SHOULDN'T THAT BE MAD MO AND...
MULROONEY
C'MON, I GOT A DEADLINE!

LESLIE

BY LESLIE REYNOLDS '88


MY BOYFRIEND, CLYDE GOT ME "INTRESTED" IN CARS. HE HAD A '68 MUSTANG HE LOVED TO "TINKER" ON...
... HALF INCH OPEN-END WRN...
(SIGH) YEAH, RIGHT HERE
... ONE NIGHT WHILE CRUISIN' "CORNYBURGER" CLYDE GOT INTO A HEATED DEBATE WITH "RICKY RACER" ABOUT WHO'S RIDE WAS FASTER, AN' A DATE TO RACE WAS SET...
YEAH... I'LL RACE YER "MOTHERS CAR" ANYTIME CHUMP..
OH YEAH! WELL FINE HOW BOUT I SHUT DOWN YOUR SLED TOMORROW NIGHT...
GRR
TOMORROWS FINE..!
GOOD!
GRR
GTO
... WELL, ALL THE NEXT DAY WE WERE FINE TUNIN' AND TWEAKIN' ON HIS 'STANGS BAD BLOWN BIG BLOCK...
BANG BANG TWEAK
VROOM VROOM
PARTRIDGE
LATE THAT DAY POOR CLYDE "TOOK A TRIP" ON A SOCKET...
9/16
ZZZINGGG
OHHHH SHHHOESTRINGS!
YAAAAA!
... WELL HE MESSED UP HIS ANKLE (CLUTCH FOOT) AN' COULDN'T DRIVE SO HE COACHED ME THROUGH THE REST OF THE TUNE-UP AN' GAVE ME A QUICK LESSON BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE 'STANG...
SATURDAY NIGHT WE MET UP WITH "RICKY RACER" AN WITH ME DRIVIN' THE 'STANG, GOT RAZZED PLENTY. AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARED, I HAD DUSTED "RICKY" BIGTIME...
MEGA-WAA
YEEEHAH!
... AN' THAT WAS THE LAST TIME CLYDE EVER WOULD GET TO DRIVE HIS MUSTANG AGAIN!!
AHH COME ON LESLIE OPEN THE DOOR! THE RACE IS OVER, YA DID GREAT! NOW COME ON... LEMME IN MY CAR!
AH HEH NO! MY CAR NOW! HEH! ANY BODY WANNA RACE? AHEH!
AH-HEH MORE RACE... AH-HEH...
'NUFF SAID!

ALL STAR CELEBRITY

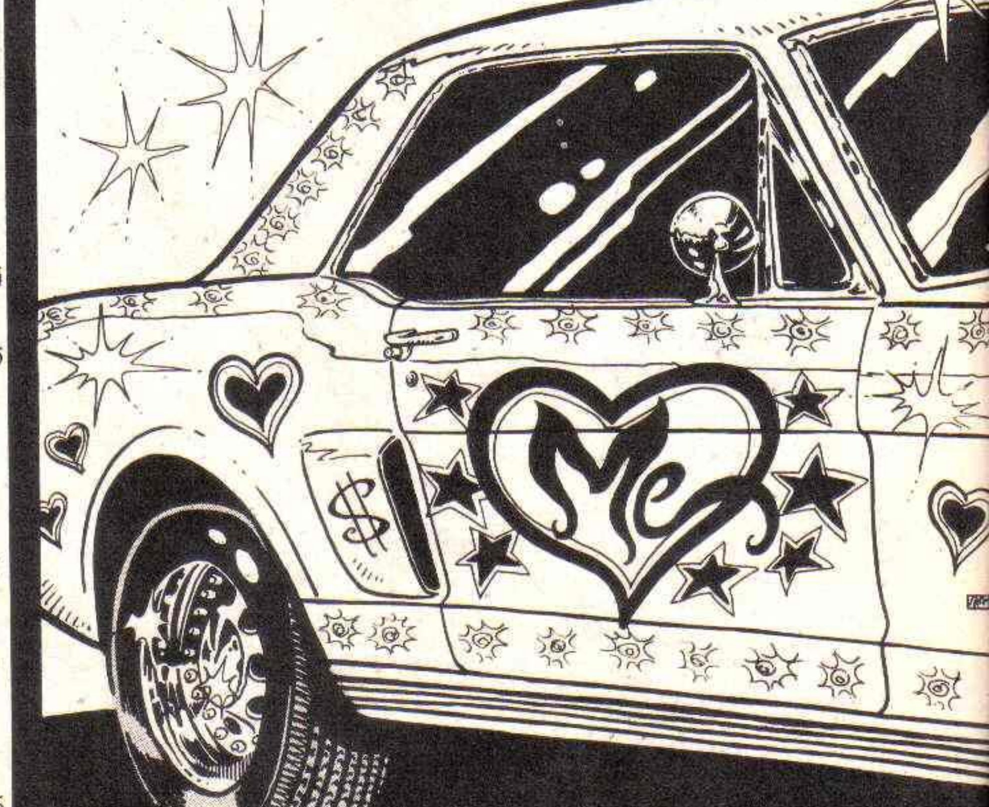


HERE YOU GO FOLKS, THE VERY LAST CELEBRITY CRUISER! WE'VE MILKED THIS LAME ROUTINE FOR ALL IT'S WORTH (AND LESS!) AND IT'S TIME TO LAY IT TO REST (BESIDES, WE WERE RUNNING OUT OF FAMOUS PEOPLE TO INSULT!)

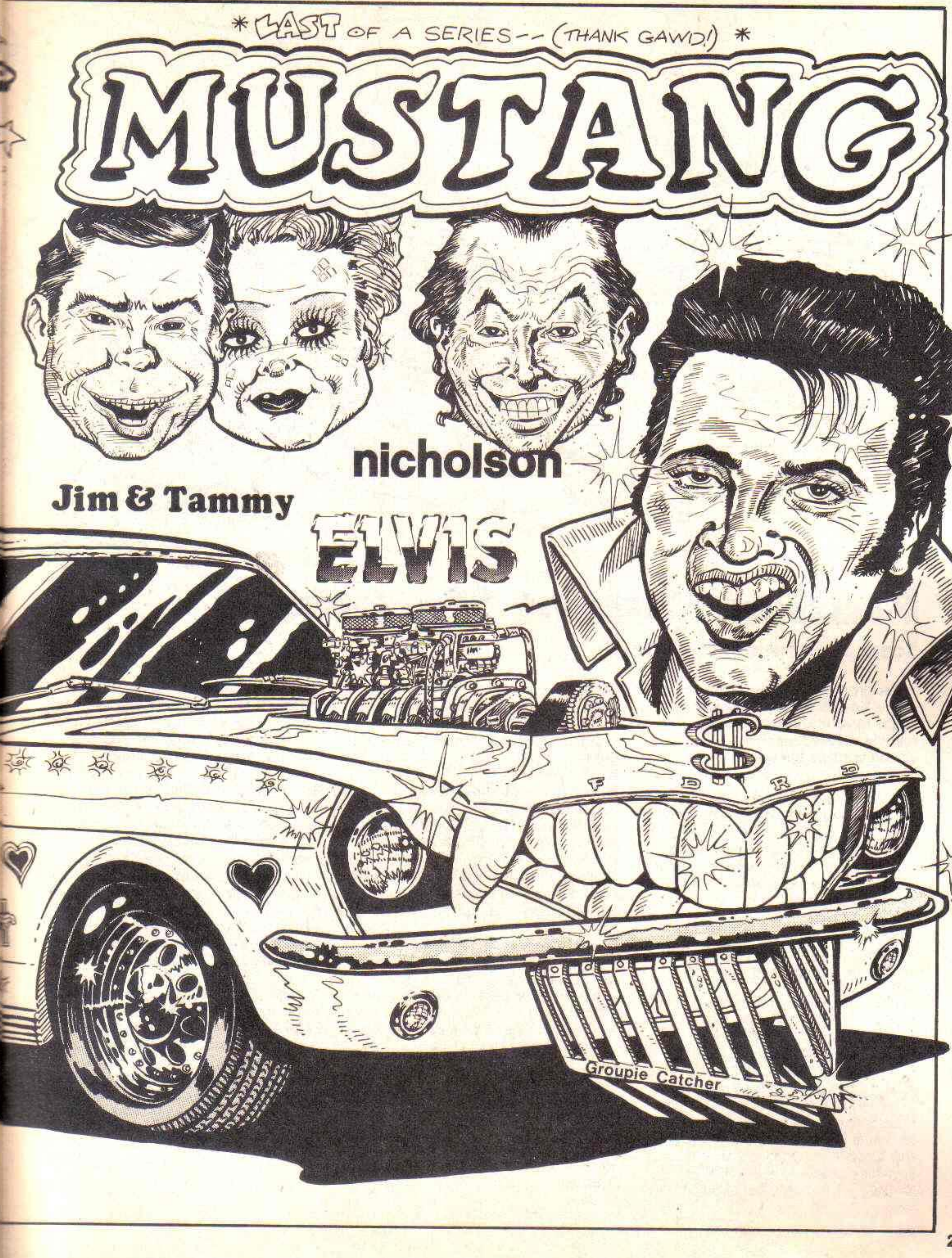
IN KEEPING WITH OUR THEME THIS ISSUE, WE CHOSE A CHERRY, '65 MUSTANG COUP WITH MIKE TYSON INFLUENCED 289 HIPO MOTOR FOR THAT UNBEATABLE, KNOCK-OUT POWER. THE UPHOLSTERY WAS INSPIRED BY THAT IMPISH SEXOLOGIST DR. RUTH, THICK, FIRM, STOCK BLACK PONY LEATHER WORKED ITS WAY LOVINGLY OVER THE SLEEK, VELVETY PLUSH CARPET. FORMER PRES. RONNIE RAY-GUN HAD ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS BUT WE THOUGHT WE'D GIVE THE OL' GIPPER ONE LAST APPEARANCE IN OUR MAG!

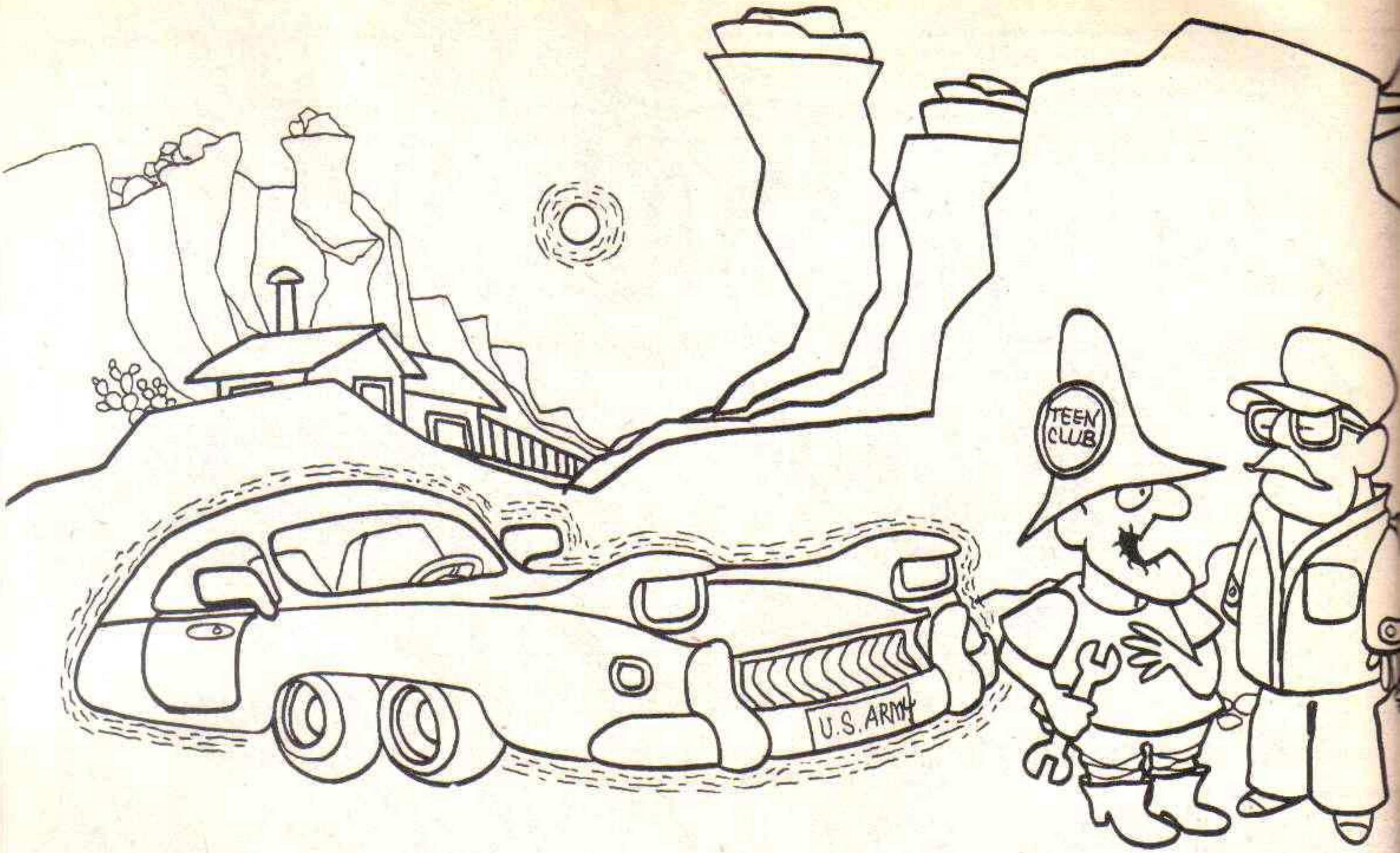
THE SPEED/WEIGHT RATIO TO FUEL ECONOMY TEACHINGS OF MARTYRED INDIAN LEADER MAHATMA GANDHI HELPED US OUT IN DESIGNING THE ECONOMICAL FUEL LINE SYSTEM WHILE HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE RASCAL JACK NICHOLSON GAVE THE FRONT END STYLING A DEVILISH TOUCH! THE REST OF THE BODYWORK WAS WORKED OUT WITH THE OBSCENE DECADENCE OF THE THREE FLASHIEST KOOKS WE KNOW OF... JIM AND TAMMY FAE BAKER AND ***ELVIS!***

ENJOY THIS LAST CELEBRITY CRUISER BECAUSE THERE WILL NEVER, EVER BE ANOTHER. THIS IS IT! LE FIN! NO MORE!! KA-PUT!!! (UNLESS WE CHANGE OUR MINDS... ***NYAHHH!***)



TOM MARNICK


*LAST OF A SERIES-- (THANK GAWD!) *
MUSTANG
nicholson
Jim & Tammy
ELVIS
$
Groupie Catcher

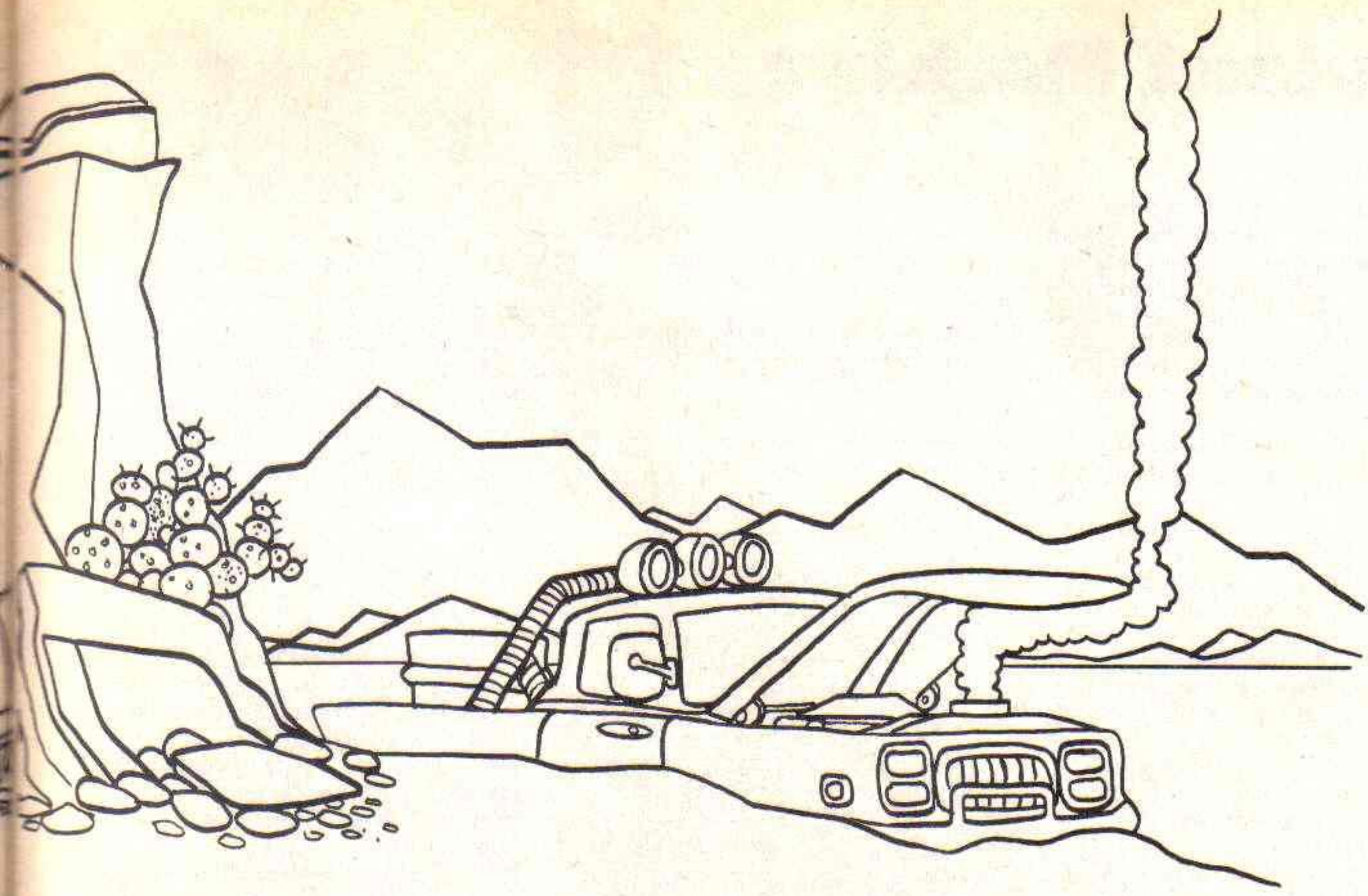


Profile: Mutant Machine

Scam & Scrawls: Kohler

Had *your* offroader lunched-out in the Nevada bleaklands, *you,* too, might have met Rachit Rench, world's oldest teenager, surrounded by his desert boneyard . . .

Kohler: What's *happening*, here, sir?
Rench: Not a diddly-dang thing, kid. Jist hangin' out, waitin' fer this nutty machine to go through its act again. Crazy vehicle leaves ninety pounds of parts everytime it changes shape!
K: Changes *shape?*
R: You *got* it, bro.
K: Oh, come *on,* sir. Cars can't *change* their own shapes! *That* would be unnatural. UnAmerican. Maybe even illegal.
R: You *asked*, man. It's whut's happenin'. And stop callin' me 'sir.' No teener likes bein called bad names, y'know?
K: *Y-You're a teenager?*
R: Been one *twice* in the past 115-years. Gittin' real good at it, too. Nobody thinks it's possible but what do *adults* know, hey? Teen is the *only* way to go—through Life and anywhere else!
K: Well, you look too *old* to be a teen.
R: Yeh, I probably do. This dumb Mutant caused *that*. Burden a teener with a misfit machine like *this* loser and it's wrinkle city around the clock. But I'll win yet!
K: Win? Win that?
R: Win the dumb contest, bro.
K: Contest?
R: Call it what ya like. Contest. Battle. War of *wills* and all like that, y'know?
K: I don't understand.
R: No miserable Mutant is gonna keep *me* stranded out here in the armpit of nowhere, see?
K: Keep talking.
R: No lousy Mutant that *likes* changin' its identity from one kinda car to another every night is gonna cheat *me* outa gittin' to bigtime Cruise Nights!
K: Cruise Nights? You mean, like *city-type* Cruise Nights?
R: *There* ya go, man! All that *excitement!* All them curvy little *dilly-dolls!* All that status of bein' *seen* toolin' the *right* kinda wheels along the pavement! All that *envy* and admiration from other dudes!
K: Well, why not just move to some town and—
R: Hey, that plan has no *class!* No imagination, either! Besides, it takes *havin'* a car to even *git* to town from this scorchy nightmareland, bro.
K: And a driver's license, too, I suppose.
R: No prob, man. *That* can come later. Along with bucks to splurge, the right clothes and my pantin' choice of foxy little ladies! Minor details, y'know?
K: Listen, how did you get *into* this whole situation?
R: That's a story-and-a-half, y'know?
K: Tell me, anyway. I'm not booking anywhere until my offroader cools down and I can dump fresh water into it.
R: Right. Okay, it's like forty-plus years ago, see? My mom hears the Feds are plannin' to start explodin' nuclear bombs out here. That scene before *yer* time?
K: I remember hearing about it.
R: Cool. So she splits for Lost Wages with a boyfriend. Begged me to git like *gone* from here, too.
K: Why didn't you?



R: Obviously, ya never saw Vegas forty-plus years ago or ya wouldn't ask. Anyway, I stayed put, *pretendin'* to be huntin' gold, silver, buried Spanish jewels and all that looty stuff.

K: Pretending?

R: Yeh. Actually I was lookin' fer a *car*. Never had one. Always *wanted* one. Tried tradin' mom's flea-bitten old burro for a good set of wheels—but even the klutz dealers in the few hick towns wouldn't *go* fer it.

K: Didn't all those test explosions worry you?

R: Nah. They were better'n *fireworks!* I loved'm! Stayed upwind after I learned about *radiation*, naturally. I was real hip to survival by then. Even lived on a preservation-free diet. Genuine health-crazy, y'know?

K: What sort of diet?

R: Lizards. Snakes. Tortoise. Abandoned camper's garbage. Nothin' but the *best* eats, see? Even gained weight where a less savvy dude mighta flat starved.

K: Clean living, eh?

R: Wouldn't say *that* exactly. Had a neat *hobby:* chasin' cute little teen squaws, y'know?

K: Catch any?

R: Jist the *slowest* ones—due to that crip burro and my own obese-type self! Lotta *fun* though! Didn't interfere with car huntin' a bit!

K: I'll bet.

R: Hey, man! I'll give ya *odds* on it!

K: How and where did you find this Mutant vehicle? And what *was* it originally, anyway?

R: An ancient Army truck—totalled in one of those *wild* test explosions. Dragged *all* the pieces and parts home after I figured they had cooled, y'know?

K: Bet *that* took time.

R: Yeh. Twenty-years of waitin' fer them to cool. Another fifteen, gittin' them carried home. Had to lug the last three cartons of small parts back myself.

K: Why?

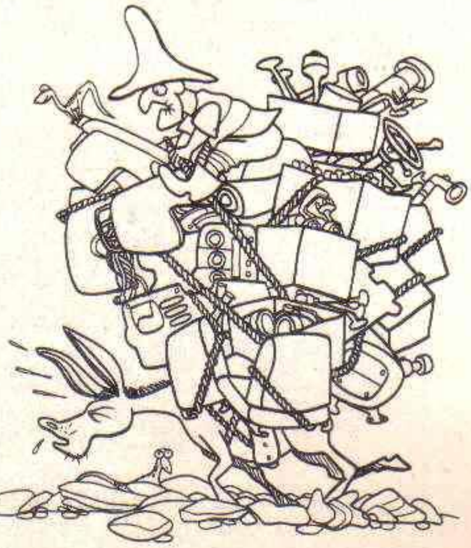
R: Burros only last *so* long. Mine went hooves-up at age-77.

K: And the basket-case truck?

R: Took me a whole year to reassemble it. Even then, it looked basically weird. Didn't *feel* right, neither. That's when it started changin' its shape. *Every* night. Different vehicle every *next* day. Blew

---

"... burros don't *last* too long ..."



Mutant Machine

my mind. Couldn't finish tinkerin' it back to runnin' condition for all them screwy structural changes it was constantly doin', y'know? *That's* kept me sittin' here, stranded and stunned. But I ain't defeated, see? I'll go Cruisin' yet or my name ain't Rachit Rench, retread teener and triple Taurus!

K: A mind-boggling story indeed.

R: It'll never make the eleven o'clock news, bro.

K: How do you explain the vehicles' *ability* to transform itself?

R: Found that answer in the *Marnick Mechanical Theory Manual.* Molecular repositionin' by them ten or fifteen explosions it went through as a truck. The charts were tight logic, y'know?

K: Seems a bit vague. Yet, scientific charting cannot—

R: Not when it's confirmed in the *Kerri/Trosley Almanac Of Machine Fates, Destinies And Socially Unacceptable Futures.* I mean, if experts haven't got the solution—who *does,* man?

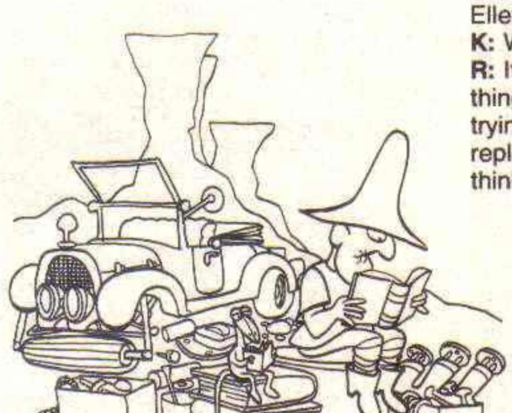
K: True. Probably a rare instance of artificial intelligence and emotional instability spawned by radioactive bombardment.

R: Exactly what I found in the *Lomax Compedium Of Vehicular Variations.* I respect *that* dude, bro. Same guy who wrote *The Magic Of Tappet Engraving* and *The Romance Of Wallpapering Glove Compartment Interiors.*

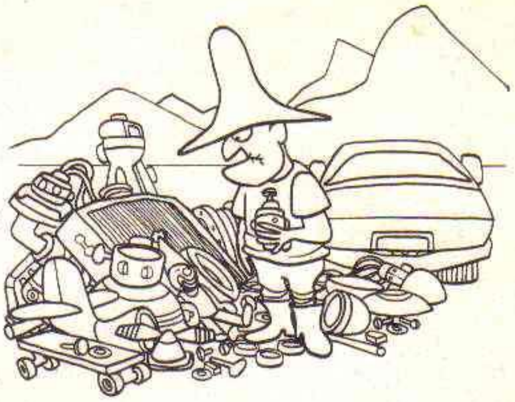
K: Hmmm. I can see TV hasn't ruined you as a deft reader.

R: Whut's TV?

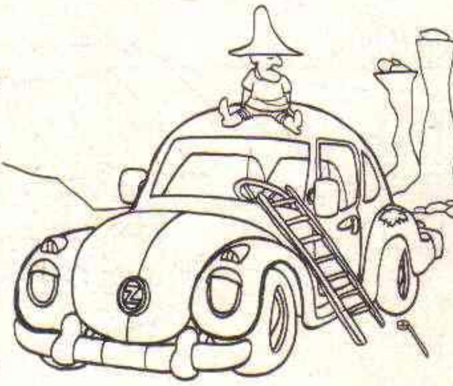
K: Uh . . . never mind. Instead, tell me what *kinds* of shapes, makes, models this Mutant transforms itself into.



". . . studied all the most perceptive car books . . ."



". . . 90-lbs of leftover parts everytime the Mutant changed shapes . . ."



". . . it was either too small or too big . . ."

R: Everything ya ever saw in *Motor Trend, Hot Rod, Car Craft* or the *Austin Gazette Of Unlikely Transportation.*

K: Really incredible.

R: One day, it's *almost* a Chevy Cheyenne Big Block 400 musclecar, the next day it's *almost* a 1933 Pacific Electric Streetcar. From *almost* a Nissan 200X SE to *almost* a spiffy Corvette Indy. Then *almost* an exotic Golf Cart to *almost* a 1989 Ellefson Turbo Quad ATV.

K: Why do you keep saying *'almost?'*

R: It never quite *duplicates* the real thing, y'know. Like it was strainin' and tryin' but couldn't make genuine replica. It's really kinda sad, when I think about it.

K: Gees, a *frustrated* Mutant!

R: Once, it went into a frenzy of *tryin'* to become a VW Bug. Struggled fer a solid week without success. Was either too thin or too fat. Too long or too short. I can almost hear it *whimperin'* and snivelin'. Scout's honor, man.

K: My God . . . a *Nurd* Mutant! *Car History!*

R: Sumpin' like that—if not more so.

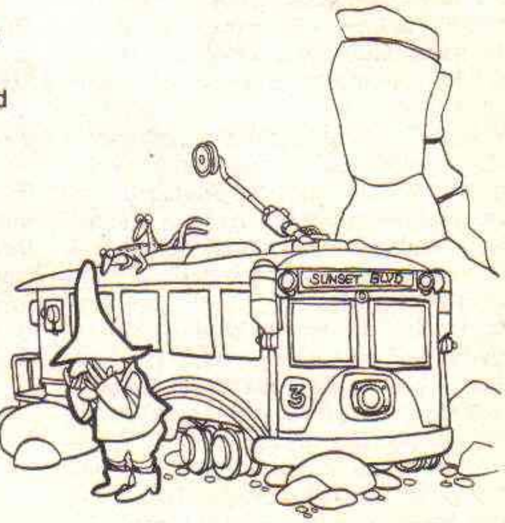
K: So what's your plan for peronal *triumph* in this ghastly automotive horror tale?

R: I'm gonna sit tight. *Wait* fer it to exhaust itself. The moment it stops changin', I'll be *all over it* like measles on a snotsucker—tools in both hands!

K: Until it's wrenched and ready for Cruise Night?

R: *RIGHT!*

K: We'll be *watching* for you on Main Street, U.S.A.

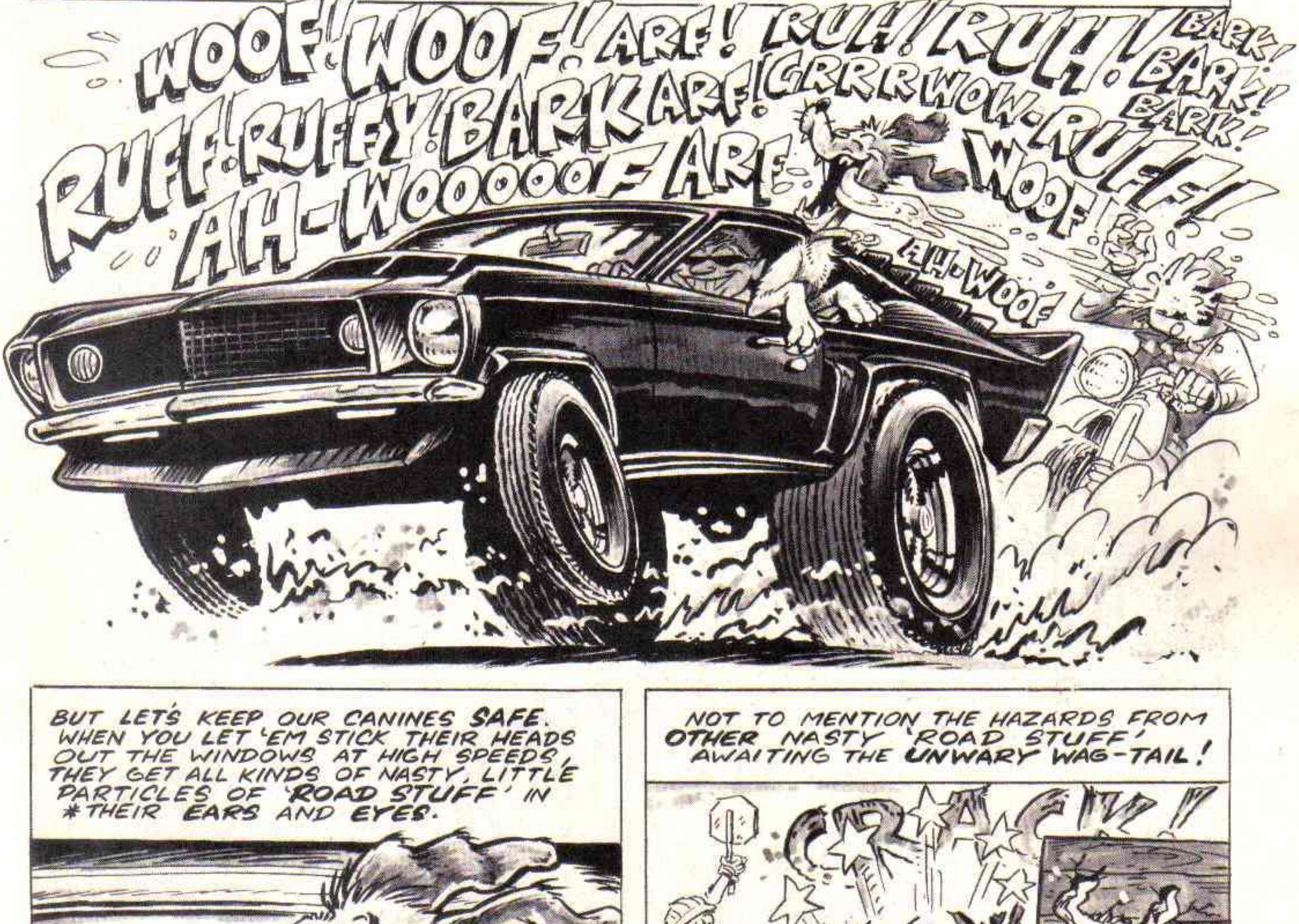


". . . from *almost* a musclecar to *almost* a Pacific Electric streetcar . . ."

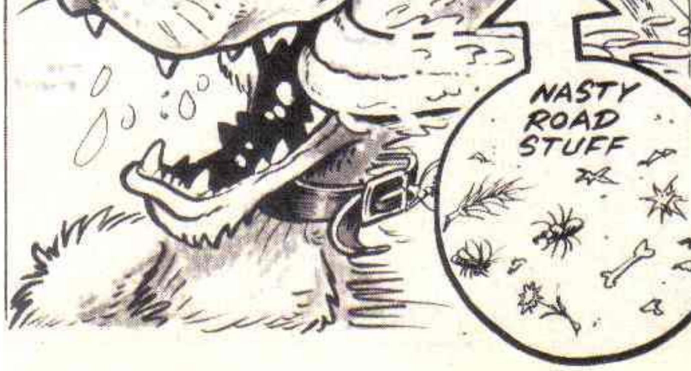
DO'S 'N' DONT'S with DOGS 'N' CARS

WORDS 'N' PICTURES BY
SHAUN FERRI

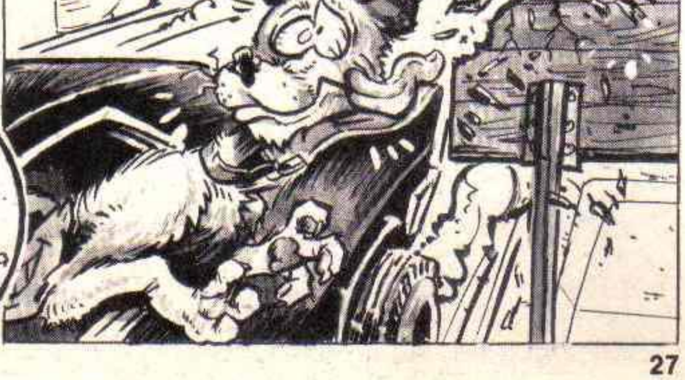
YOUR DOG ENJOYS YOUR WHEELS JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO. CHECK OUT THE WAY HE OR SHE LIKES TO **CRUISE!**

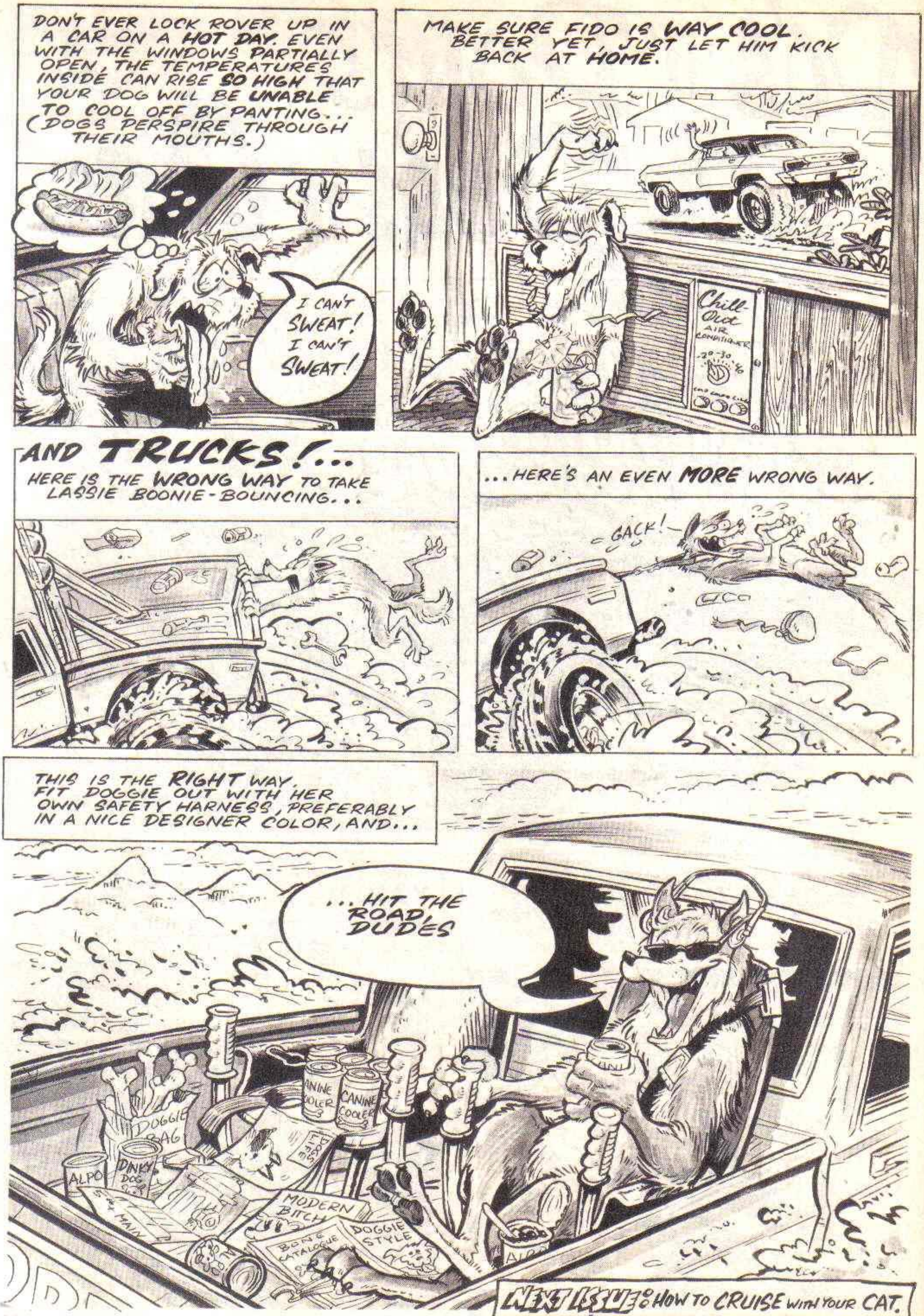

WOOF! WOOF! ARF! RUH! RUH!
BARK! BARK! BARK!
RUFF! RUFFY! BARK ARF! GRRRWOW-RUFF!
AH-WOOOOOF ARF
WOOF!
AH-WOOF

BUT LET'S KEEP OUR CANINES **SAFE**. WHEN YOU LET 'EM STICK THEIR HEADS OUT THE WINDOWS AT HIGH SPEEDS, THEY GET ALL KINDS OF NASTY, LITTLE PARTICLES OF **'ROAD STUFF'** IN * THEIR **EARS** AND **EYES**.

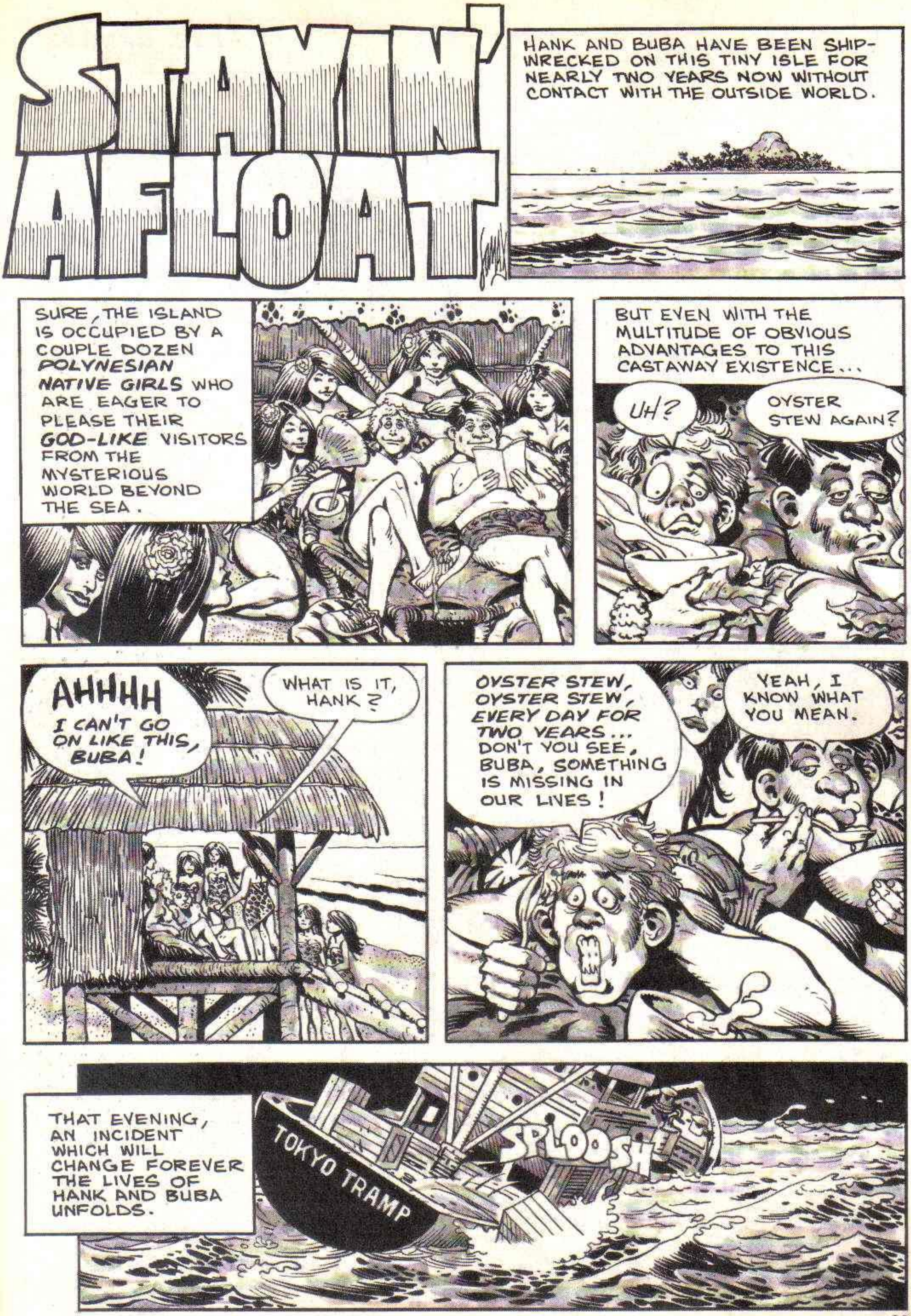

NASTY ROAD STUFF

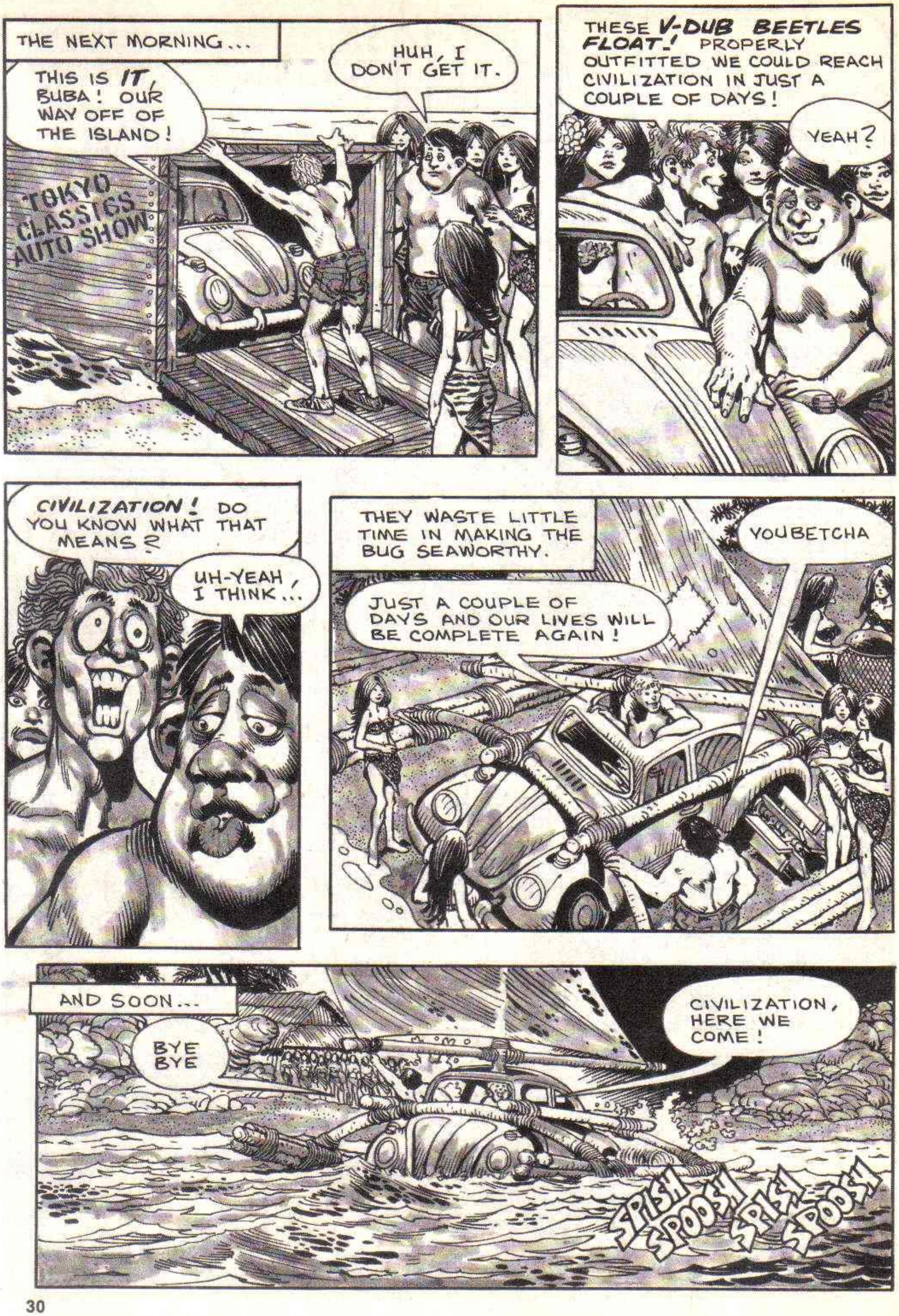
NOT TO MENTION THE HAZARDS FROM **OTHER** NASTY 'ROAD STUFF' AWAITING THE **UNWARY WAG-TAIL!**

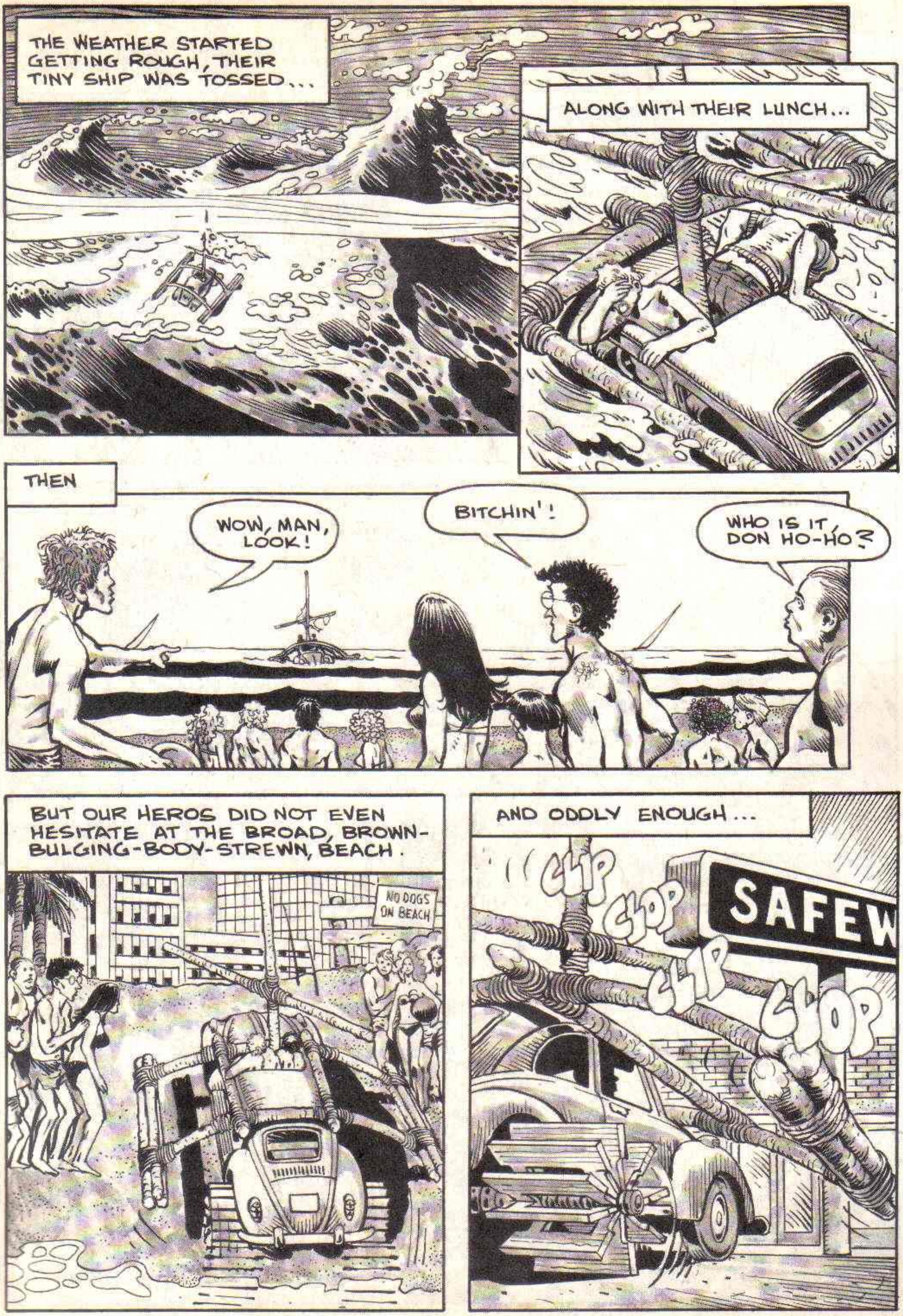


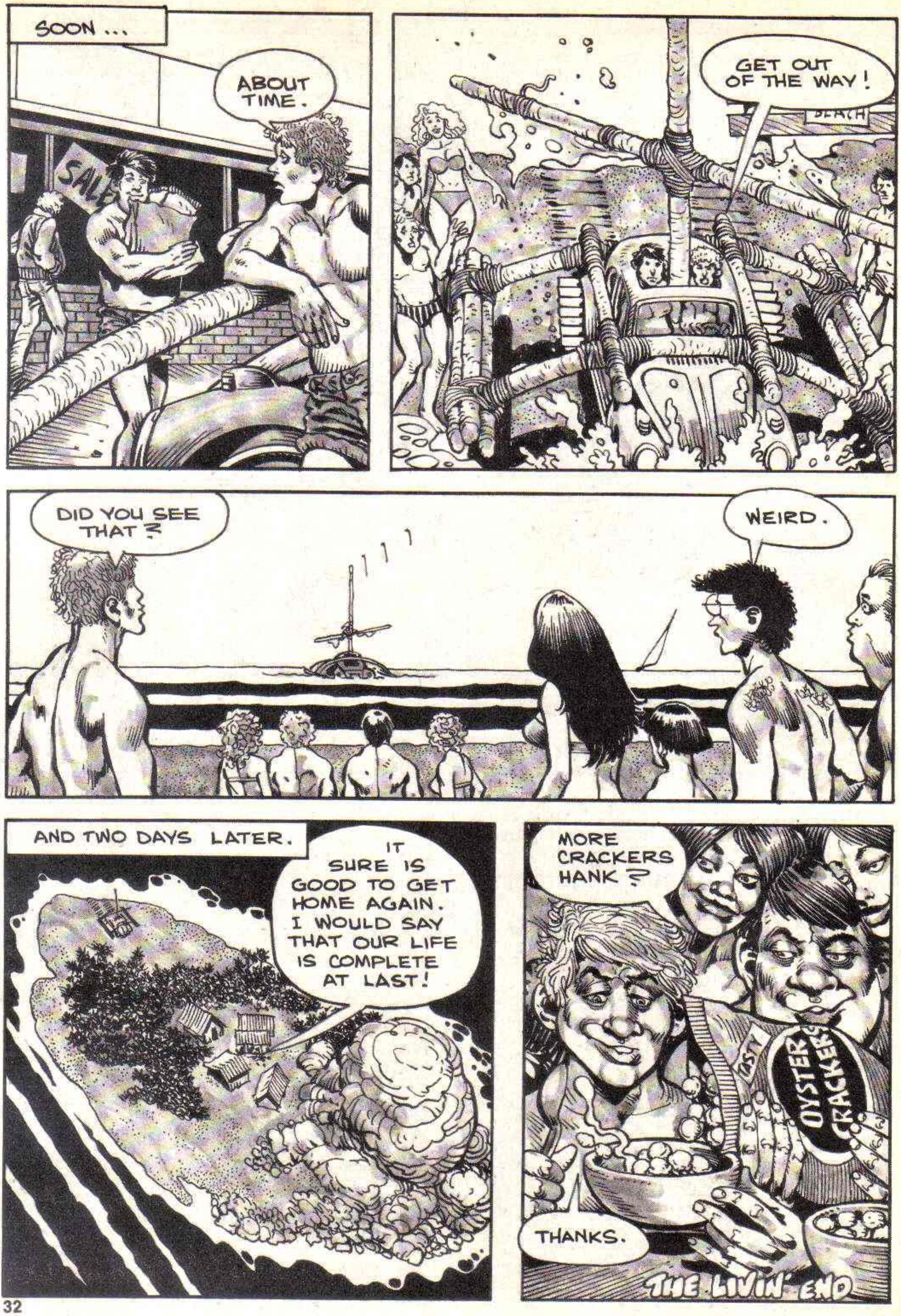

DON'T EVER LOCK ROVER UP IN A CAR ON A HOT DAY. EVEN WITH THE WINDOWS PARTIALLY OPEN, THE TEMPERATURES INSIDE CAN RISE SO HIGH THAT YOUR DOG WILL BE UNABLE TO COOL OFF BY PANTING... (DOGS PERSPIRE THROUGH THEIR MOUTHS.)
I CAN'T SWEAT! I CAN'T SWEAT!
MAKE SURE FIDO IS WAY COOL. BETTER YET, JUST LET HIM KICK BACK AT HOME.
Chill-Out AIR CONDITIONER
20-30 %
AND TRUCKS!... HERE IS THE WRONG WAY TO TAKE LASSIE BOONIE-BOUNCING...
...HERE'S AN EVEN MORE WRONG WAY.
GACK!
THIS IS THE RIGHT WAY. FIT DOGGIE OUT WITH HER OWN SAFETY HARNESS, PREFERABLY IN A NICE DESIGNER COLOR, AND...
...HIT THE ROAD, DUDES
CANINE COOLER
CANINE COOLER
DOGGIE BAG
DOGGIE LIFE
ALPO
DINKY DOG
MODERN BITCH
BONE CATALOGUE
DOGGIE STYLE
ALPO
NEXT ISSUE: HOW TO CRUISE WITH YOUR CAT.

STAYIN' AFLOAT


HANK AND BUBA HAVE BEEN SHIPWRECKED ON THIS TINY ISLE FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS NOW WITHOUT CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
SURE, THE ISLAND IS OCCUPIED BY A COUPLE DOZEN *POLYNESIAN NATIVE GIRLS* WHO ARE EAGER TO PLEASE THEIR *GOD-LIKE* VISITORS FROM THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD BEYOND THE SEA.
BUT EVEN WITH THE MULTITUDE OF OBVIOUS ADVANTAGES TO THIS CASTAWAY EXISTENCE...
UH?
OYSTER STEW AGAIN?
AHHHH *I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, BUBA!*
WHAT IS IT, HANK?
OYSTER STEW, OYSTER STEW, EVERY DAY FOR TWO YEARS... DON'T YOU SEE, BUBA, SOMETHING IS MISSING IN OUR LIVES!
YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
THAT EVENING, AN INCIDENT WHICH WILL CHANGE FOREVER THE LIVES OF HANK AND BUBA UNFOLDS.
TOKYO TRAMP
SPLOOSH


THE NEXT MORNING...
THIS IS *IT*, BUBA! OUR WAY OFF OF THE ISLAND!
HUH, I DON'T GET IT.
TOKYO CLASSICS AUTO SHOW
THESE *V-DUB BEETLES FLOAT!* PROPERLY OUTFITTED WE COULD REACH CIVILIZATION IN JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS!
YEAH?
CIVILIZATION! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
UH-YEAH, I THINK...
THEY WASTE LITTLE TIME IN MAKING THE BUG SEAWORTHY.
YOUBETCHA
JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS AND OUR LIVES WILL BE COMPLETE AGAIN!
AND SOON...
BYE BYE
CIVILIZATION, HERE WE COME!
SPISH SPOOSH SPISH SPOOSH


THE WEATHER STARTED GETTING ROUGH, THEIR TINY SHIP WAS TOSSED...
ALONG WITH THEIR LUNCH...
THEN
WOW, MAN, LOOK!
BITCHIN'!
WHO IS IT, DON HO-HO?
BUT OUR HEROS DID NOT EVEN HESITATE AT THE BROAD, BROWN-BULGING-BODY-STREWN, BEACH.
NO DOGS ON BEACH
AND ODDLY ENOUGH...
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
SAFEW


SOON ...
ABOUT TIME.
SALE
GET OUT OF THE WAY!
BEACH
DID YOU SEE THAT?
WEIRD.
AND TWO DAYS LATER.
IT SURE IS GOOD TO GET HOME AGAIN. I WOULD SAY THAT OUR LIFE IS COMPLETE AT LAST!
MORE CRACKERS HANK?
TASTY
OYSTER CRACKERS
THANKS.
THE LIVIN' END

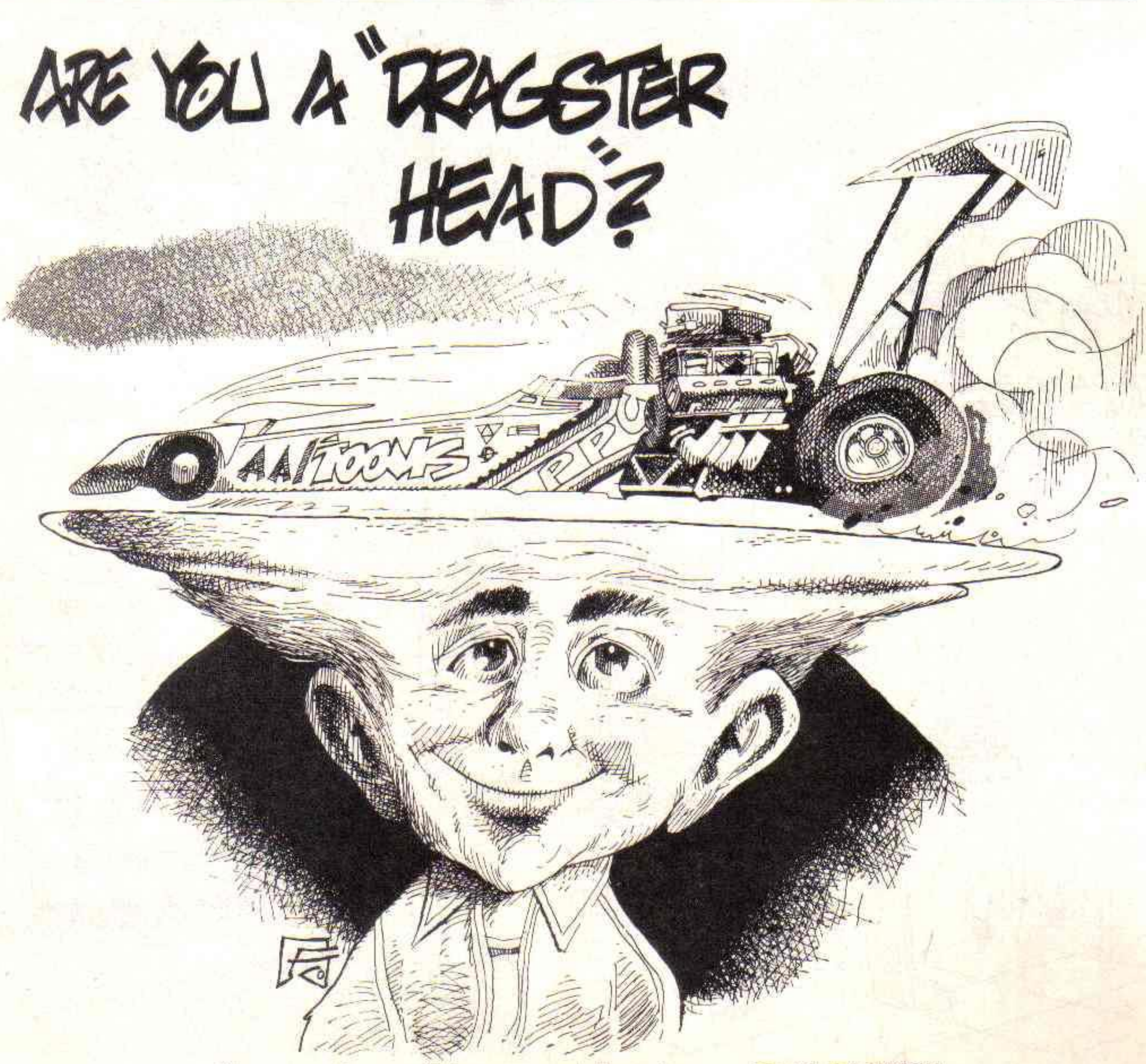
HEY! NEXT ISSUE!

Besides all the other usual neat stuff!

The VETTE of the FUTURE WINNERS!

Yes, again, we were swamped with entries to the contest. We are still sorting, looking and judging. We will be picking some winners which will appear in the next issue . . . AND . . . we will be announcing some fantabulous prizes!

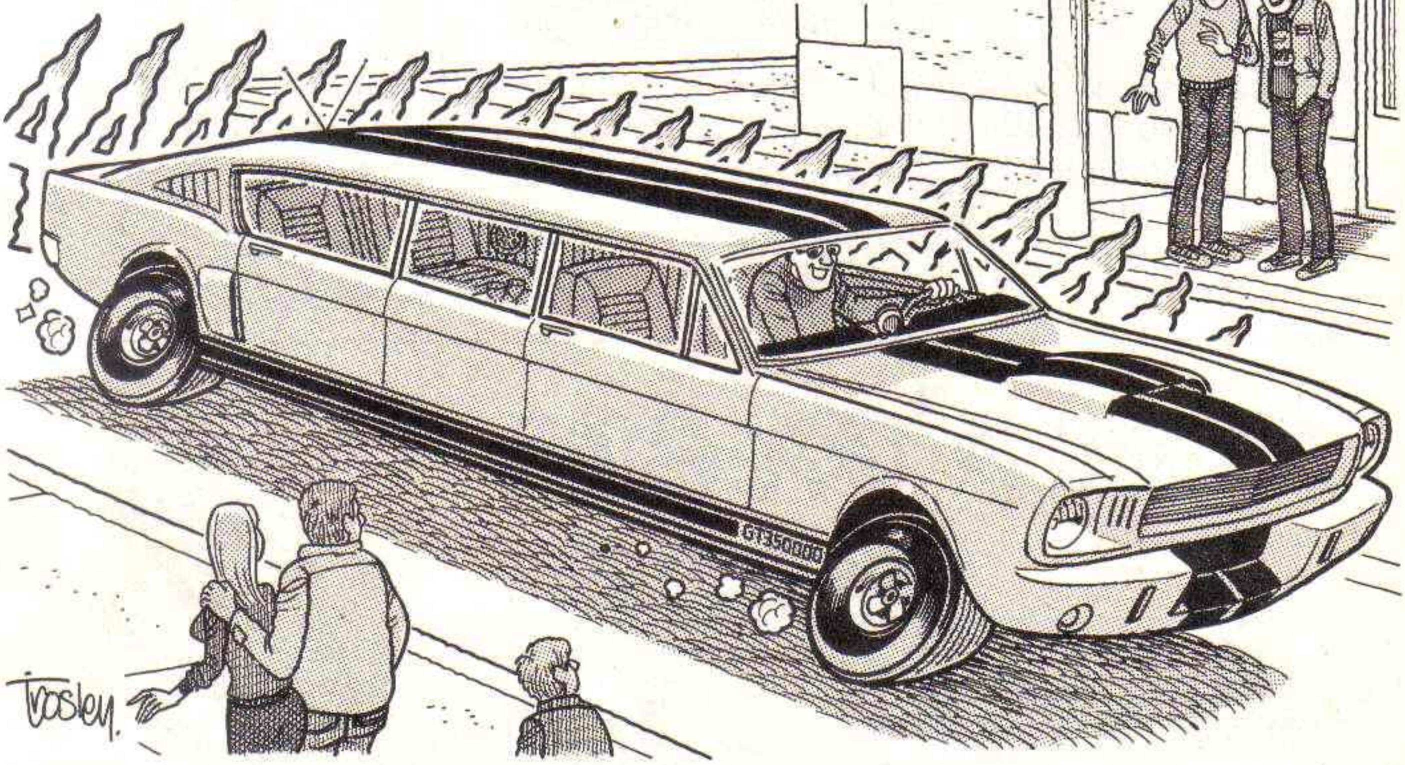
Stay Tuned!


ARE YOU A "DRAGSTER HEAD"?
AA/TOONS
PPC

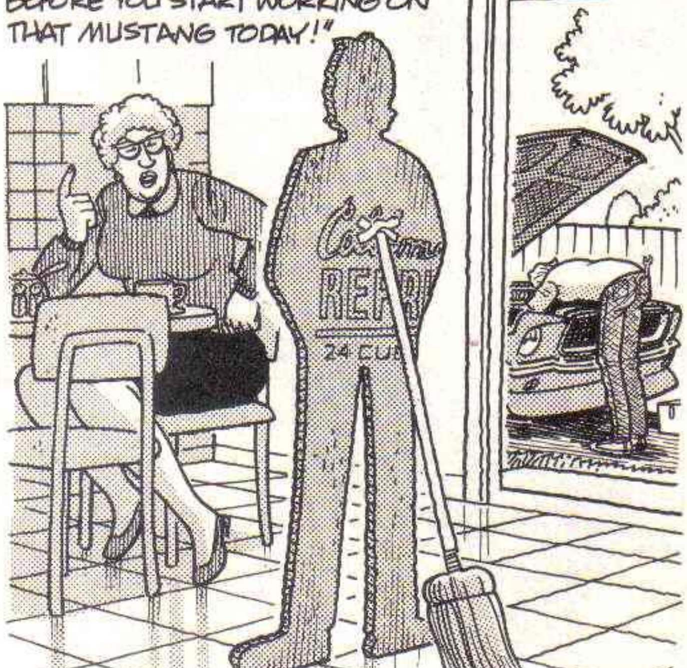
If you are, then you'll love our next theme issue . . . DRAG RACING!!

MUSTANG QUIZ ANSWERS
1:D, 2:E, 3:D, 4:C, 5:D, 6:C, 7:A, 8:C, 9:B, the part may have been manufactured in 65, but it could have been a holdover clear into the 67 model year.

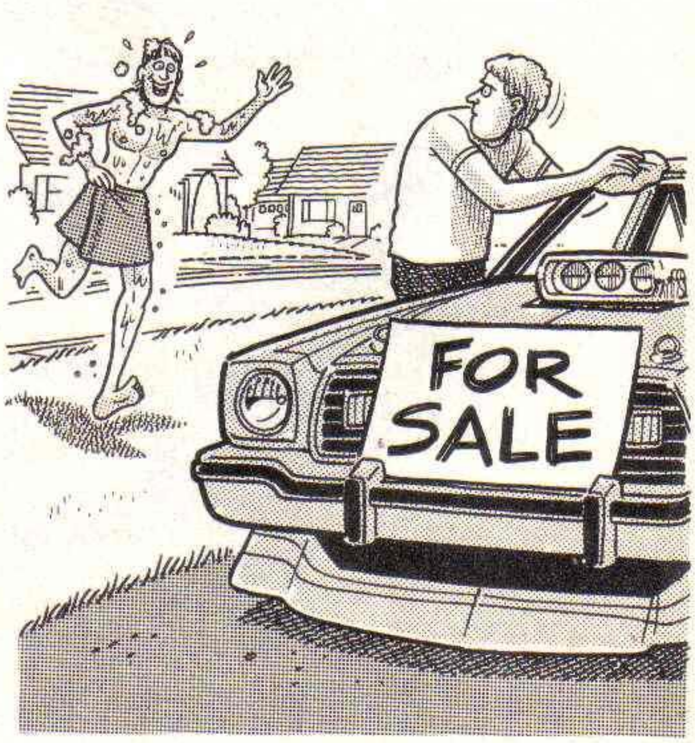
MUSTANG MADNESS



"MONEY HASN'T CHANGED HIM, HE'S STILL INTO **SHELBY MUSTANGS!**

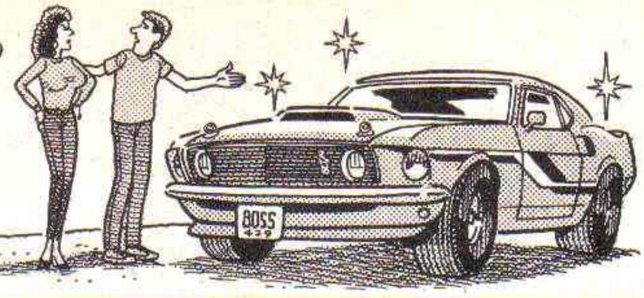


"AND ANOTHER THING YOUNG MAN, I'VE GOT **CHORES** FOR YOU TO DO BEFORE YOU START WORKING ON THAT MUSTANG TODAY!"

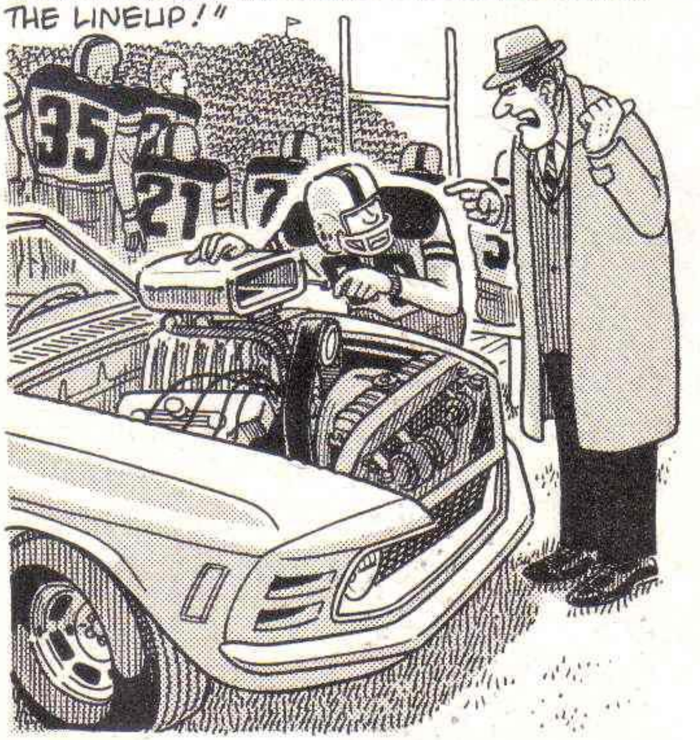


"WHEN I HEARD YOU HAD A MUSTANG FOR SALE I RUSHED RIGHT OVER!"

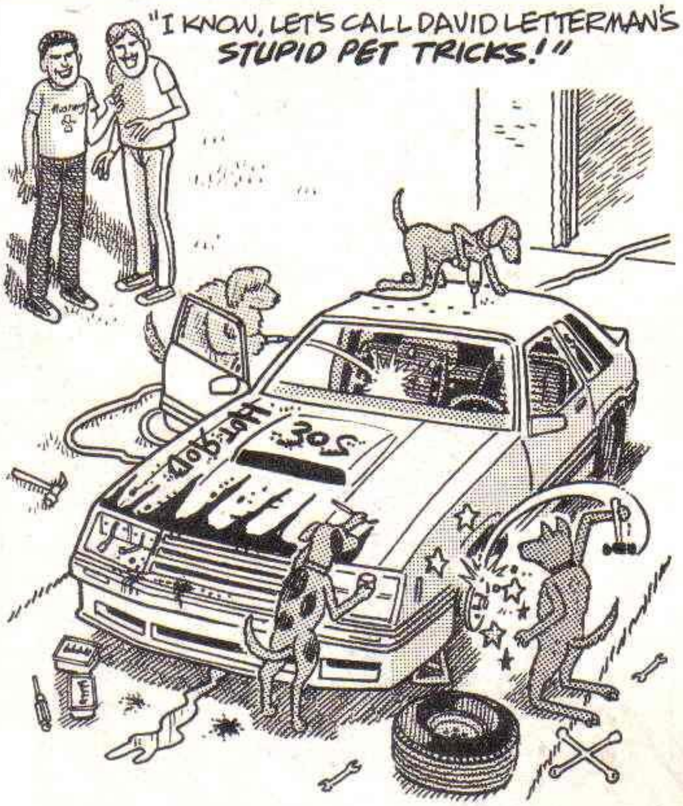
" OF COURSE NOT JENNY... WHEN I INVITED YOU TO SEE '***THE BOSS***' I DID NOT MEAN ***BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN!*** "



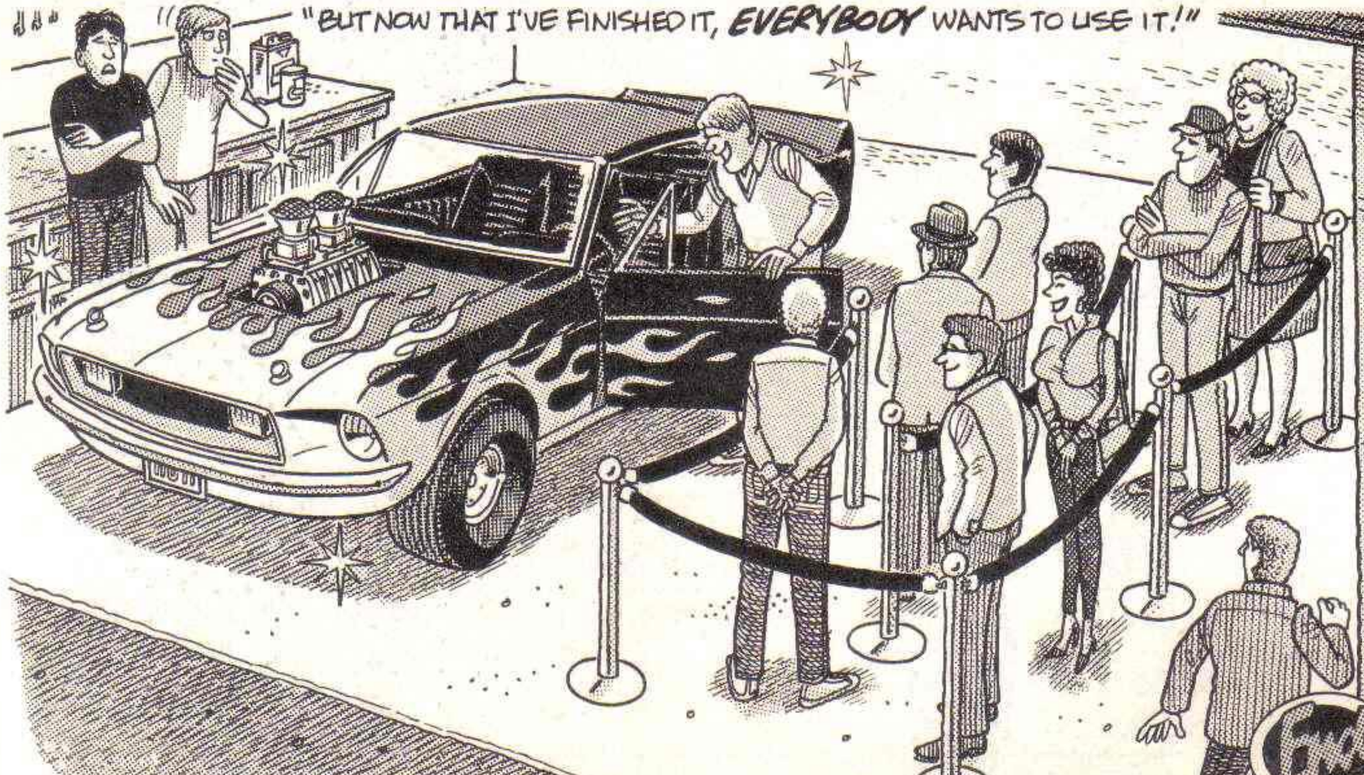
"THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE KID - EITHER GET YOUR MIND ON THE GAME OR YOU'RE OUT OF THE LINEUP!"



"I KNOW, LET'S CALL DAVID LETTERMAN'S ***STUPID PET TRICKS!***"


Hot Stuff
SOS

"BUT NOW THAT I'VE FINISHED IT, ***EVERYBODY*** WANTS TO USE IT!"

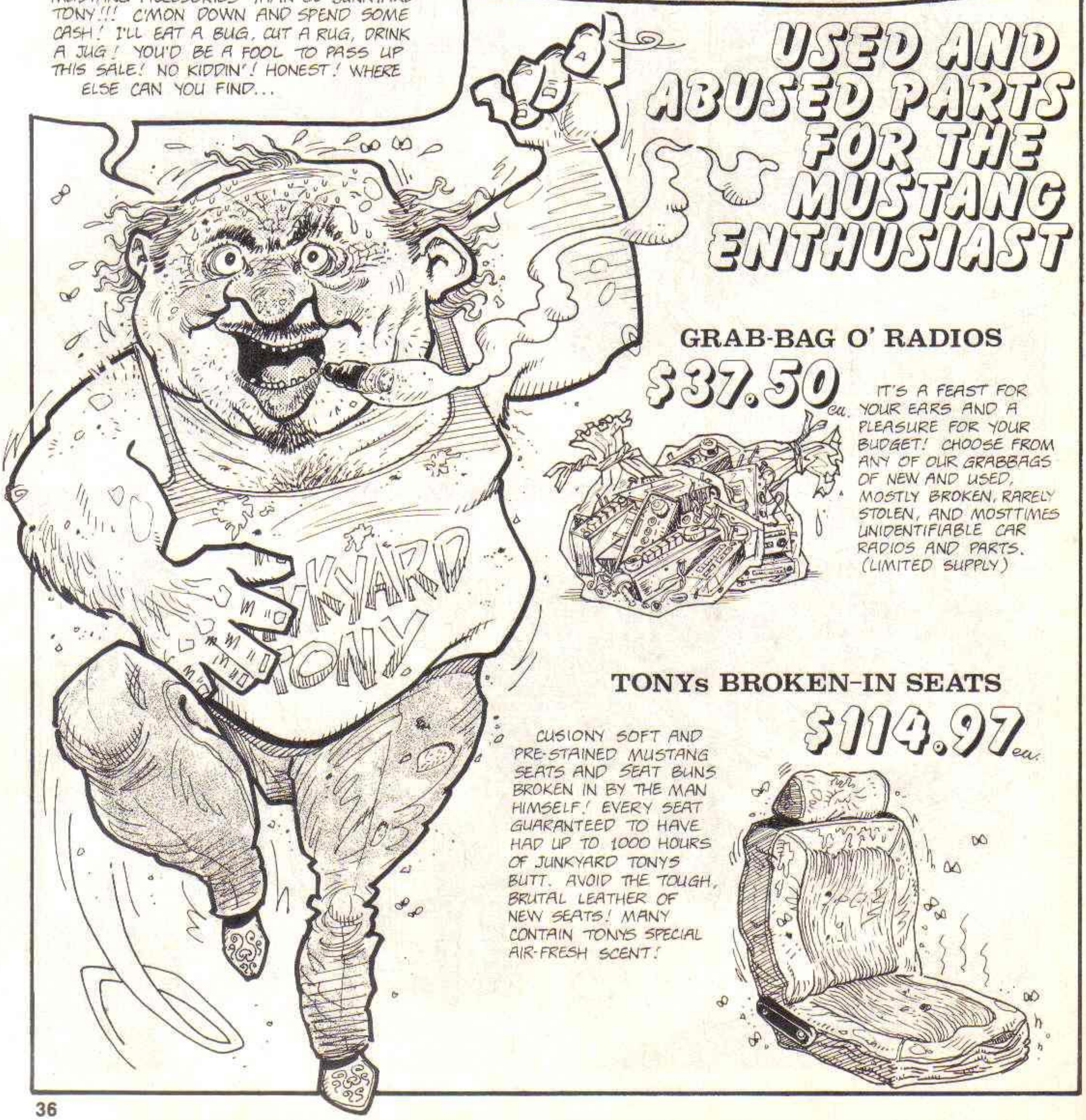


JUNKYARD TONY'S

Mustang Accessories SALE!

TOM MARNICK

HEYA FOLKS! IT'S ME, JUNKYARD TONY! AN' I'M DOING A JIG OVER MY NEW SALE! =ARF-ARF= C'MON DOWN TO 39TH AND NORTON, JUST UP THE STREET FROM 'ELLROYS BAR-B-Q SHORT RIBS'. CHECK OUT MY MONSTER MUSTANG PARTS SALE! SAVE THOUSANDS OF CENTS ON EVERY PURCHASE! WHY BOTHER WITH REPUTABLE PARTS SHOPS AND DEALERSHIPS? C'MON FOLKS, I NEED THE BUCKS! I GOT ALIMONY PAYMENTS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! STOP BY THIS WEEK AND ALL THE KIDDIES GET A FREE DEFLATED MUSTANG BALLOON! HECK, STOP BY TONIGHT AND I'LL PERSONALLY KISS YOUR WIFE AND/OR DAUGHTER! WE GOT DEALS THAT'LL KNOCK YER SOCKS OFF, POP YER LUNGS OUT AND CLOG YER SINUSES! NOBODY, NO BODY, NO-BAA-DEE HAS MORE USELESS MUSTANG ACCESORIES THAN OL' JUNKYARD TONY!!! C'MON DOWN AND SPEND SOME CASH! I'LL EAT A BUG, CUT A RUG, DRINK A JUG! YOU'D BE A FOOL TO PASS UP THIS SALE! NO KIDDIN'! HONEST! WHERE ELSE CAN YOU FIND...



USED AND ABUSED PARTS FOR THE MUSTANG ENTHUSIAST

GRAB-BAG O' RADIOS

$37.50 ea.

IT'S A FEAST FOR YOUR EARS AND A PLEASURE FOR YOUR BUDGET! CHOOSE FROM ANY OF OUR GRABBAGS OF NEW AND USED, MOSTLY BROKEN, RARELY STOLEN, AND MOSTTIMES UNIDENTIFIABLE CAR RADIOS AND PARTS. (LIMITED SUPPLY)

TONYs BROKEN-IN SEATS

$114.97 ea.

CUSIONY SOFT AND PRE-STAINED MUSTANG SEATS AND SEAT BUNS BROKEN IN BY THE MAN HIMSELF! EVERY SEAT GUARANTEED TO HAVE HAD UP TO 1000 HOURS OF JUNKYARD TONYS BUTT. AVOID THE TOUGH, BRUTAL LEATHER OF NEW SEATS! MANY CONTAIN TONYS SPECIAL AIR-FRESH SCENT!

BROKEN MIRRORS

$23.44 ea.

REARVIEW, SIDES, GLOVE AND VANITY. ALL BROKEN, SHATTERED BEYOND REASON! *BAD LUCK* FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

CUSTOM GAS CAPS

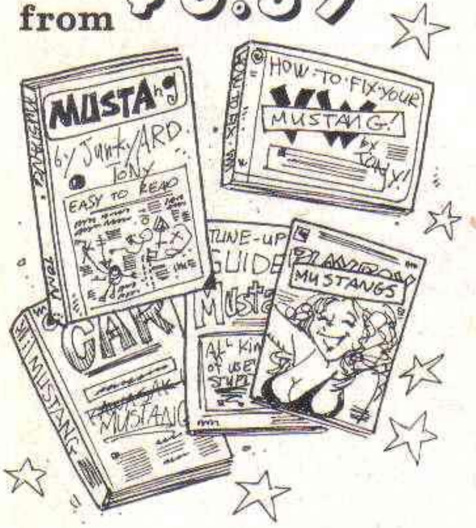
$9.00 ea.

FORD MUSTANG
MUSTANG
FORD MUSTANG

CUSTOM DESIGNED BY OL' TONY HIMSELF! JUNKYARD TONY "APPROPRIATED" SOME *TERRIFIC* GAS CAPS FROM OTHER MAKES + MODELS AND CUT THEM TO FIT *YOUR* MUSTANG! A MUST FOR ANY FAN OF JUNKYARD TONYS!

Mustang BOOKS!

from $6.89


MUSTAng
by Junkyard Tony
EASY TO READ
HOW TO FIX YOUR MUSTANG! by TONY!
TUNE-UP GUIDE Mustang ALL KINDS of USEFUL STUFF
PLAYBOY MUSTANGS
CAR MUSTANG
MUSTANG

DOING WORK ON YOUR 'STANG? WELL PICK UP ONE OR ALL OF JUNKYARD TONY'S *MUSTANG MANUELS!* ALTHO HE NEVER QUITE LEARNED HOW TO READ, TONY PICKED UP SOME CHEAP *VW, DODGE, CHEVEROLET* AND *KAWASAKI* HOW TO BOOKS AND... *"ADAPTED"* THEM FOR MUSTANGS! EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR CAR AND *LESS!*

CUSTOM JACKETS AND CAPS FROM FATAL ACCIDENT VICTIMS

under **$782.00** each

MUSTANG
MUSTANG

TONY'S GOT SOME FABULOUS MUSTANG JACKETS, CAPS, GLOVES AND ASSORTED APPAREL WITH ONLY MINOR DAMAGE! FRESH FROM *MAJOR COLLISIONS!* THESE WILL GO FAST! MOST ARE *PRE-STAINED!*

USED WINDSHEILD FLUID

JUNKYARD TONYS
Wipo-Stuff

TONY'S GOT BUCKETS OF USED WIPER FLUID AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES! SURE ITS A LITTLE GAMEY... SURE IT'S GOT *BUG GOO* AND ROAD SLUDGE IN IT, BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA *DRINK* IT ARE YOU?!! ASK ABOUT TONYS USED *RADIATOR WATER* AND *OIL* TOO!

MOLDY MUSTANG CARPET

DIRT CHEAP!

IT'S FOR MUSTANGS, IT'S CHEAP AND IT'S *REALLY MOLDY!* GREAT FOR GIVING YOUR 'STANG THAT RANCID MILDEWY STENCH. GOOD FOR *MUSHROOM* FARMING!

BRING THIS COUPON TO THE JUNKYARD TONY'S NEAREST YOU FOR A ***FREE*** MUSTANG AIR FRESHENER!

LIMIT 45 PER CUSTOMER!

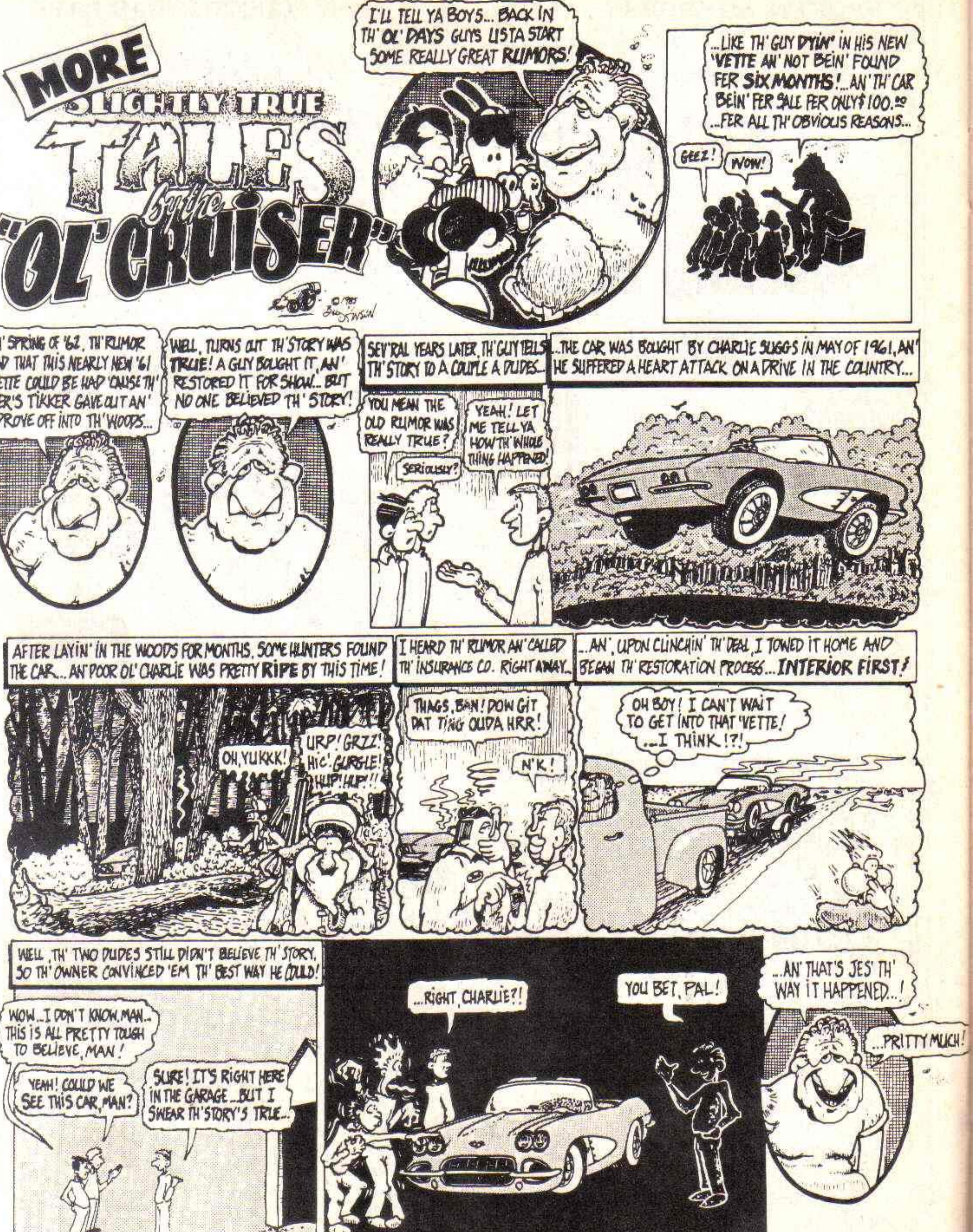
OFFER EXPIRES FEB 31, 2082

GOOD FOR ONE MUSTANG AIR FRESHENER

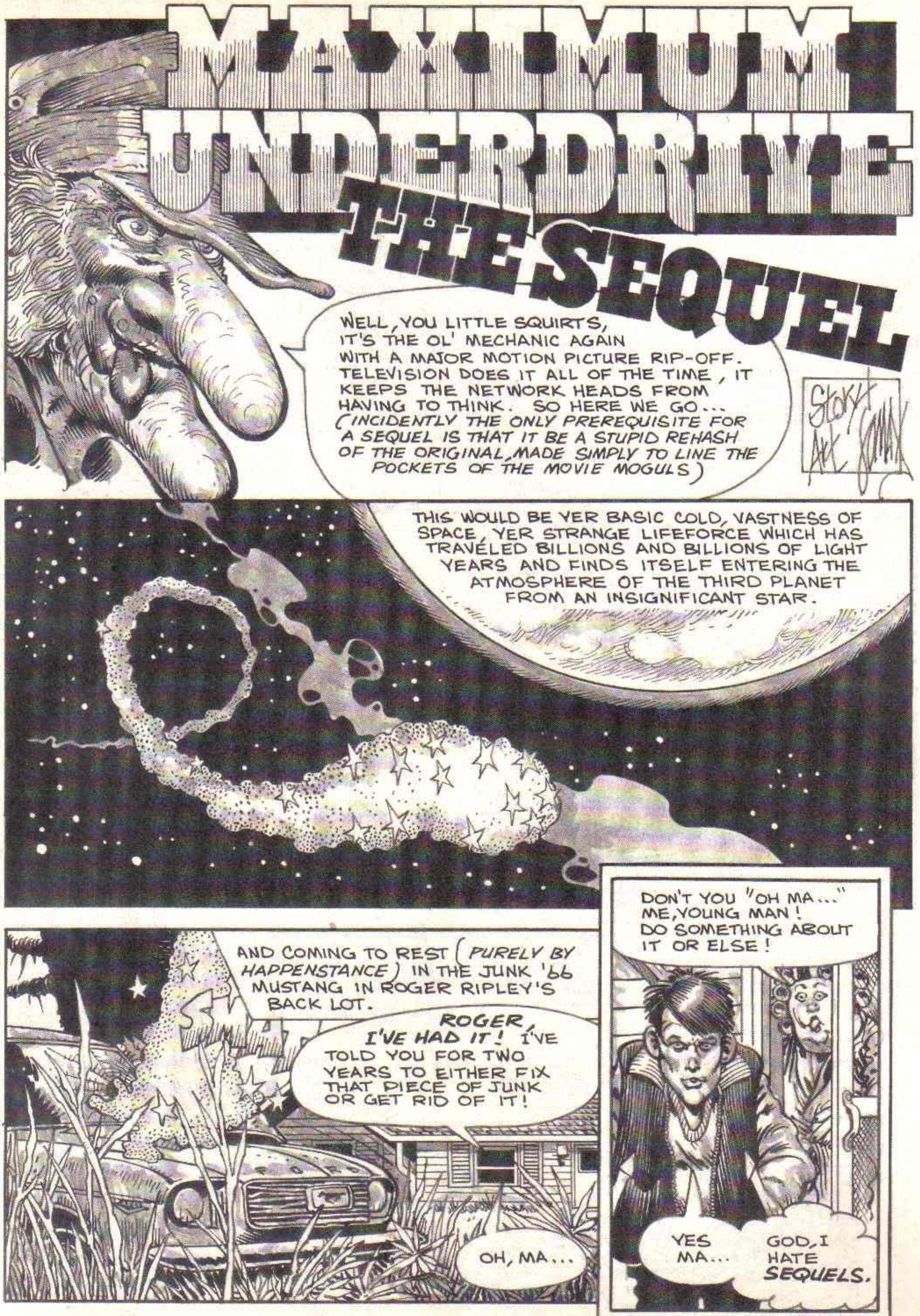
SMELLS LIKE A REAL MUSTANG!

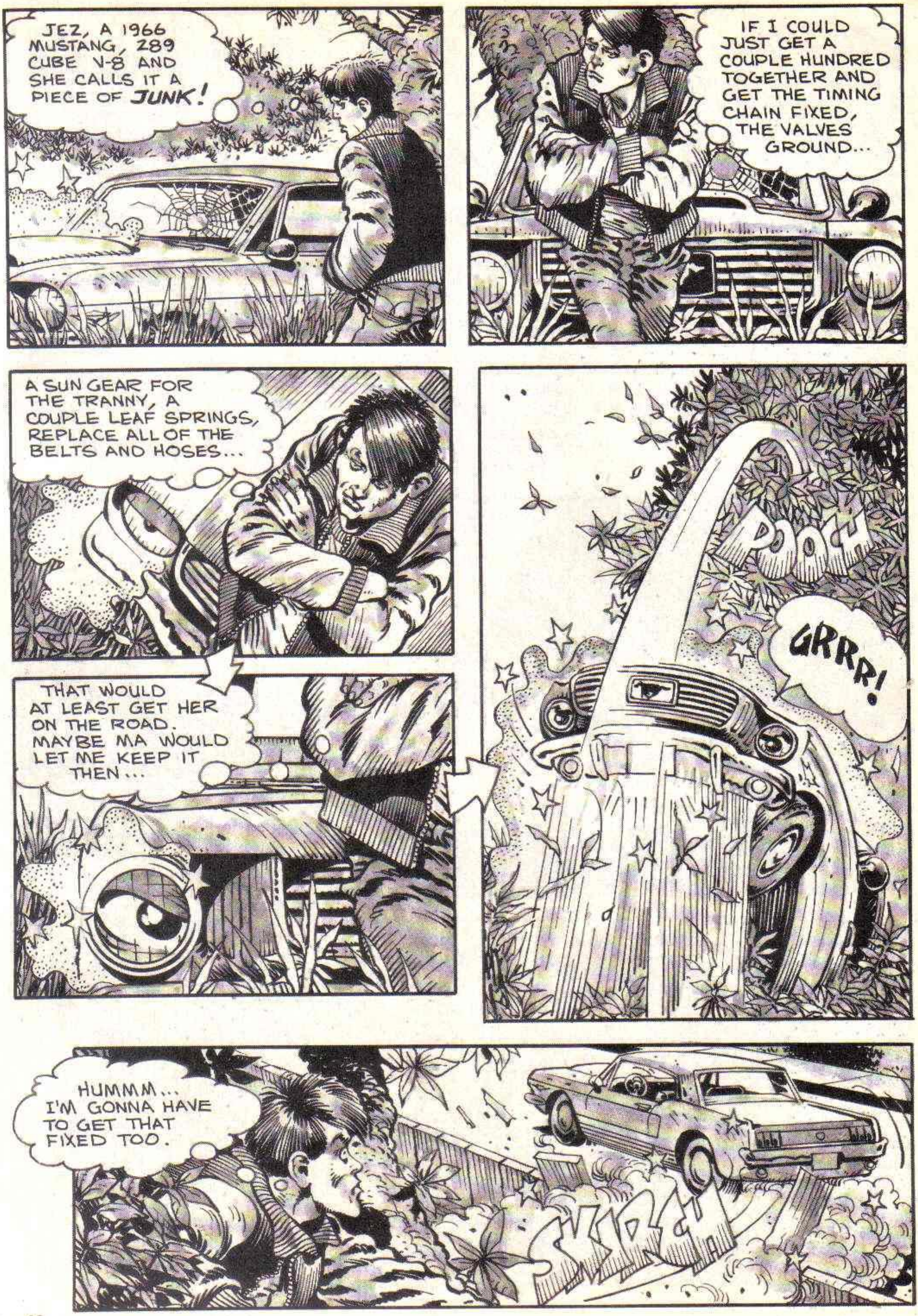
ONLY AT JUNKYARD TONYS

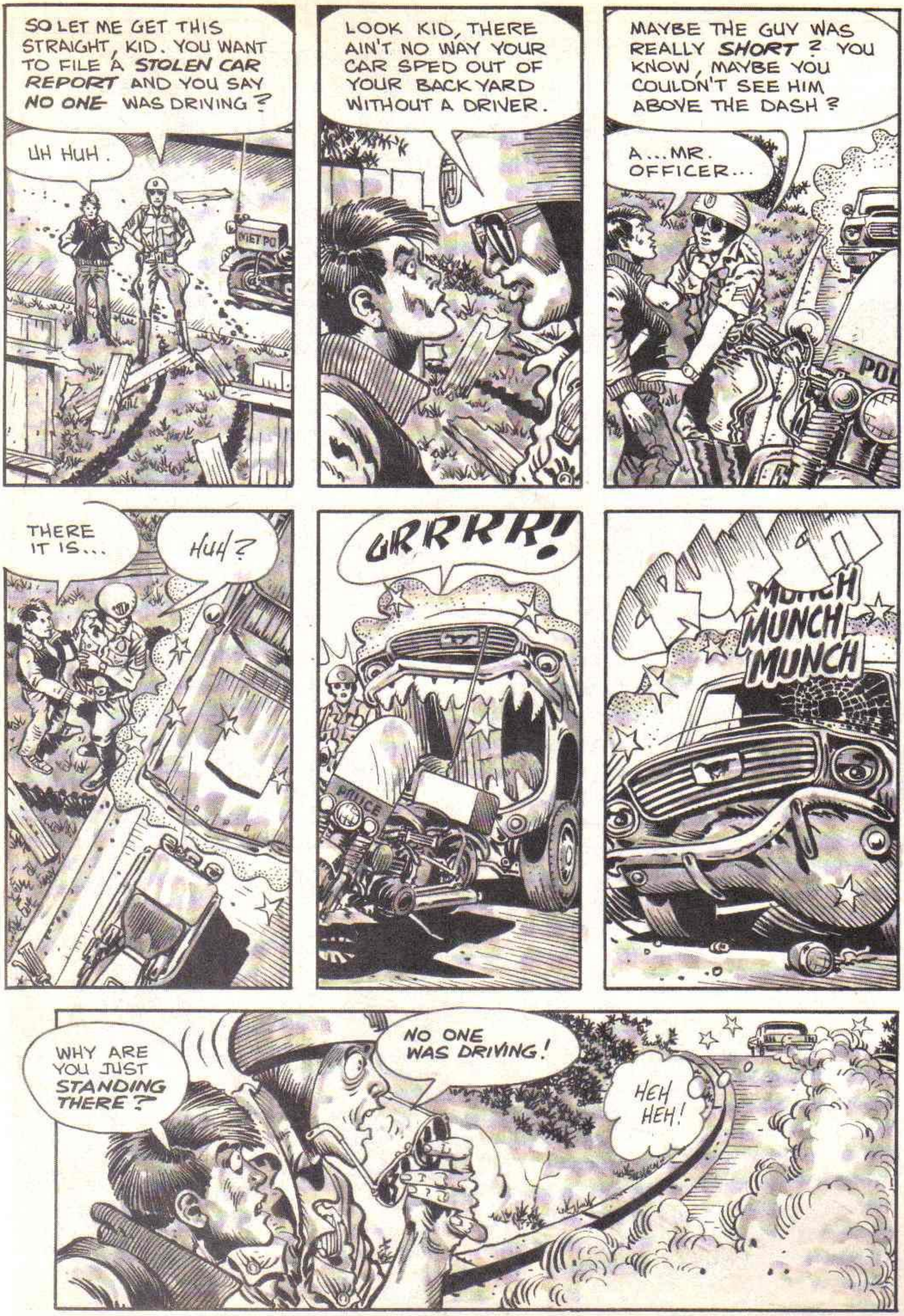
(THE HORSE, NOT THE CAR!)

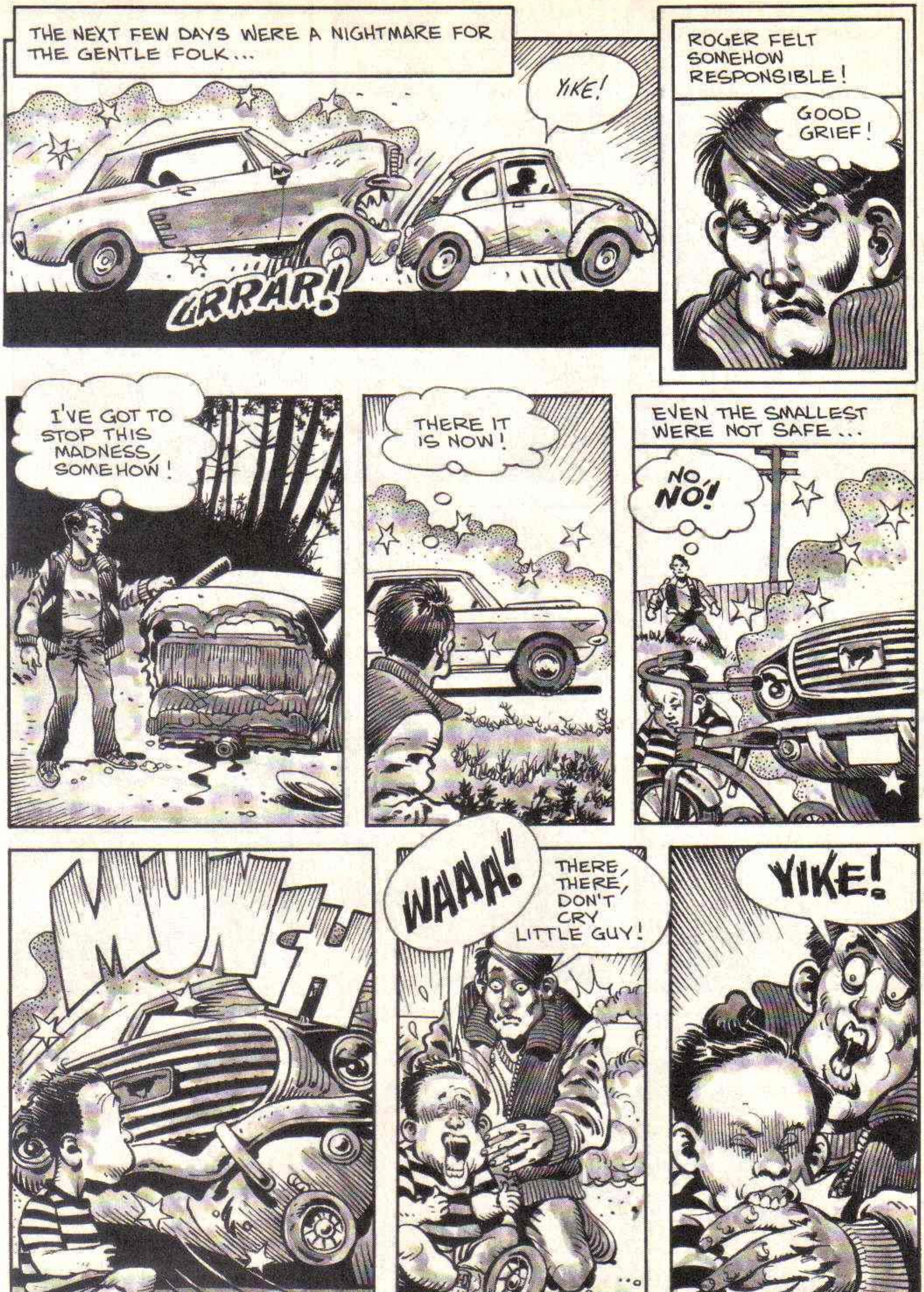

MORE SLIGHTLY TRUE TALES by the "OL' CRUISER"
© 1985 Bill Johnson
I'LL TELL YA BOYS... BACK IN TH' OL' DAYS GUYS USTA START SOME REALLY GREAT RUMORS!
...LIKE TH' GUY DYIN' IN HIS NEW 'VETTE AN' NOT BEIN' FOUND FER SIX MONTHS!...AN' TH' CAR BEIN' FER SALE FER ONLY $100.00 ...FER ALL TH' OBVIOUS REASONS...
GEEZ!
WOW!
IN TH' SPRING OF '62, TH' RUMOR SPREAD THAT THIS NEARLY NEW '61 CORVETTE COULD BE HAD 'CAUSE TH' OWNER'S TIKKER GAVE OUT AN' HE DROVE OFF INTO TH' WOODS...
WELL, TURNS OUT TH' STORY WAS TRUE! A GUY BOUGHT IT, AN' RESTORED IT FOR SHOW... BUT NO ONE BELIEVED TH' STORY!
SEV'RAL YEARS LATER, TH' GUY TELLS TH' STORY TO A COUPLE A DUDES...
YOU MEAN THE OLD RUMOR WAS REALLY TRUE?
SERIOUSLY?
YEAH! LET ME TELL YA HOW TH' WHOLE THING HAPPENED!
...THE CAR WAS BOUGHT BY CHARLIE SUGGS IN MAY OF 1961, AN' HE SUFFERED A HEART ATTACK ON A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY...
AFTER LAYIN' IN THE WOODS FOR MONTHS, SOME HUNTERS FOUND THE CAR... AN' POOR OL' CHARLIE WAS PRETTY RIPE BY THIS TIME!
OH, YUKKK!
URP! GRZZ! HIC! GURGLE! HUP! HUP!!
I HEARD TH' RUMOR AN' CALLED TH' INSURANCE CO. RIGHT AWAY...
THAGS, BAN! DON GIT DAT TING OUDA HRR!
N'K!
...AN', UPON CLINCHIN' TH' DEAL, I TOWED IT HOME AND BEGAN TH' RESTORATION PROCESS... INTERIOR FIRST!
OH BOY! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET INTO THAT 'VETTE! ...I THINK!?!
WELL, TH' TWO DUDES STILL DIDN'T BELIEVE TH' STORY, SO TH' OWNER CONVINCED 'EM TH' BEST WAY HE COULD!
WOW...I DON'T KNOW, MAN... THIS IS ALL PRETTY TOUGH TO BELIEVE, MAN!
YEAH! COULD WE SEE THIS CAR, MAN?
SURE! IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THE GARAGE... BUT I SWEAR TH' STORY'S TRUE...
...RIGHT, CHARLIE?!
YOU BET, PAL!
...AN' THAT'S JES' TH' WAY IT HAPPENED...!
...PRITTY MUCH!

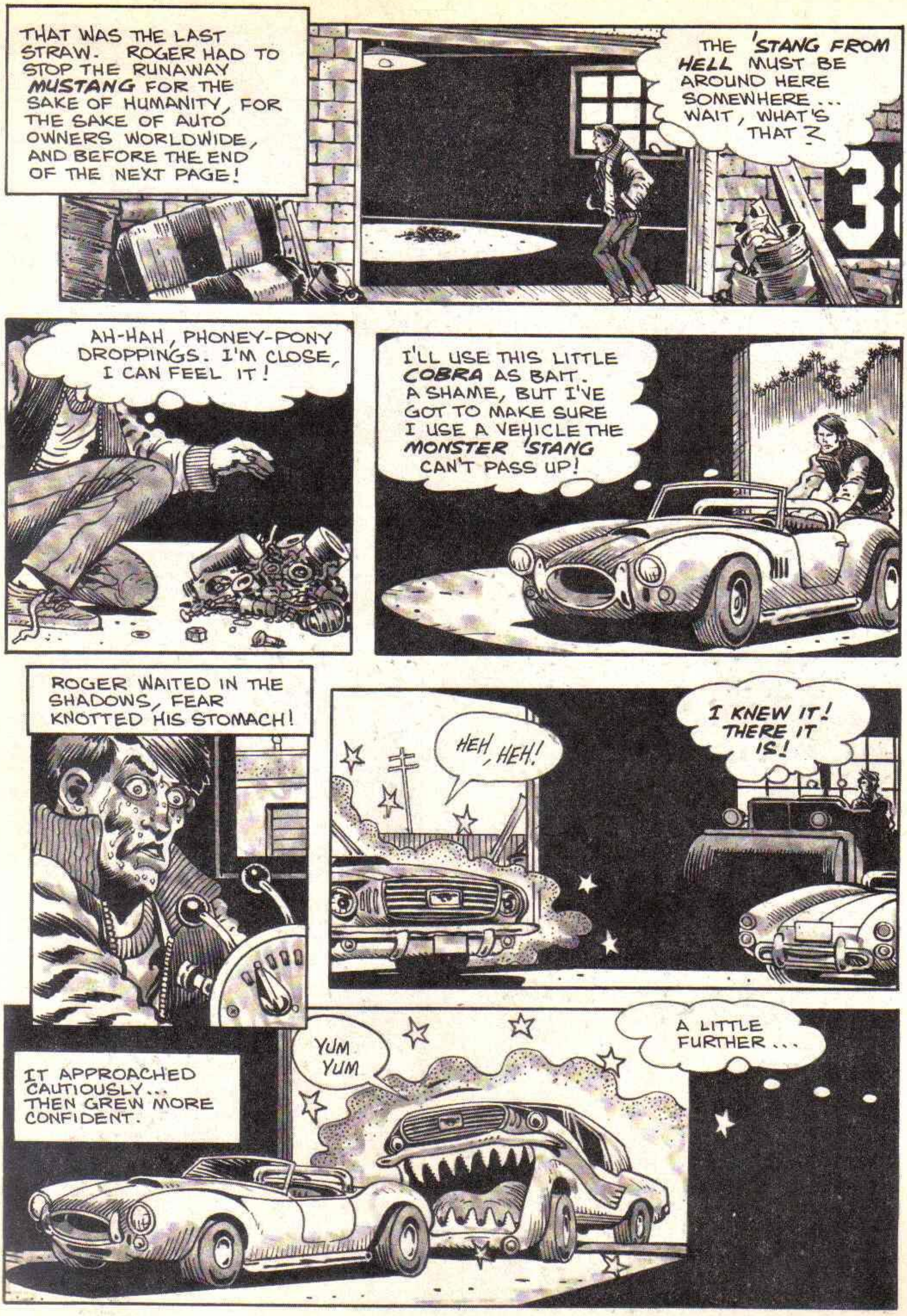
MAXIMUM UNDERDRIVE
THE SEQUEL

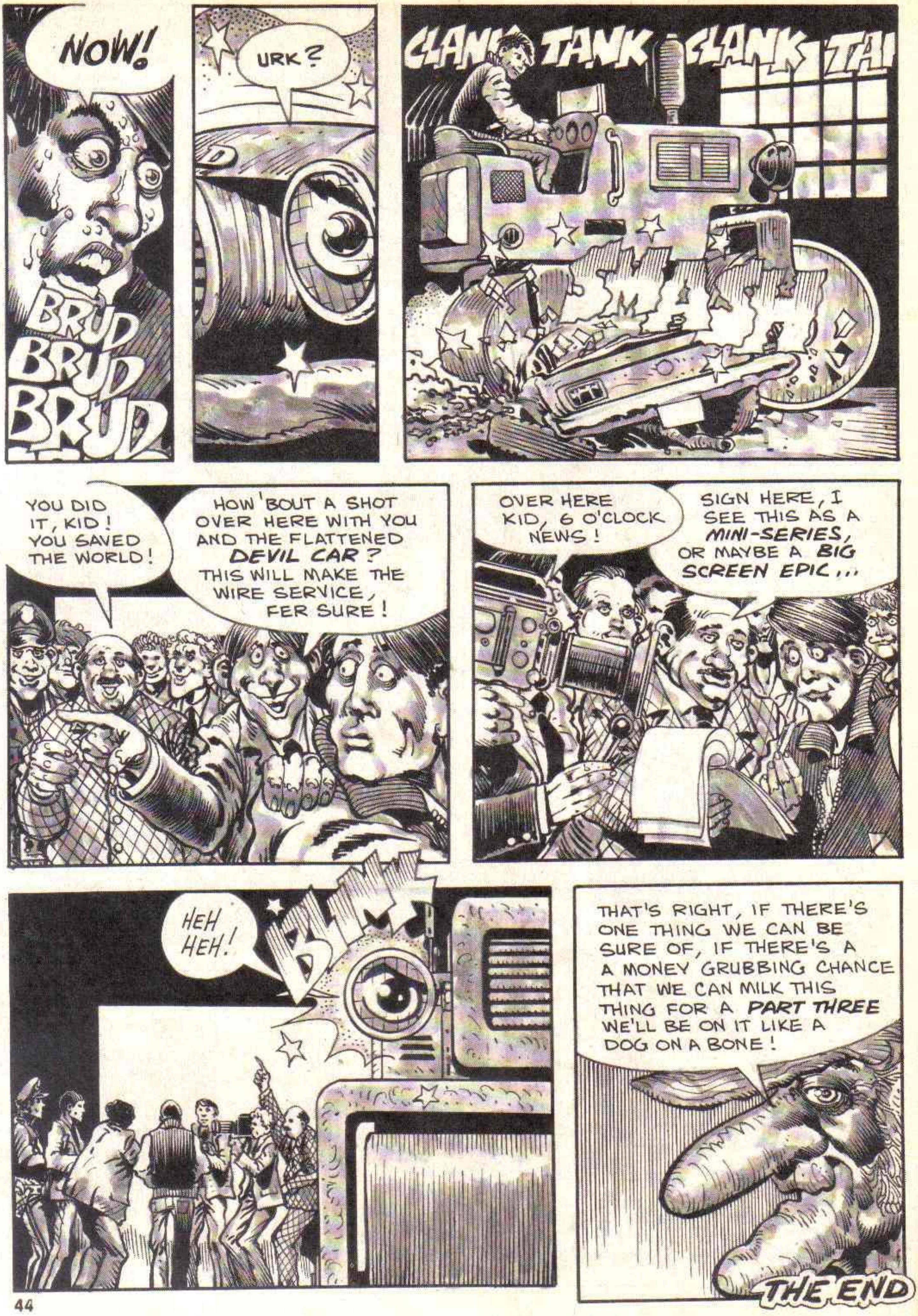

WELL, YOU LITTLE SQUIRTS, IT'S THE OL' MECHANIC AGAIN WITH A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE RIP-OFF. TELEVISION DOES IT ALL OF THE TIME, IT KEEPS THE NETWORK HEADS FROM HAVING TO THINK. SO HERE WE GO... (INCIDENTLY THE ONLY PREREQUISITE FOR A SEQUEL IS THAT IT BE A STUPID REHASH OF THE ORIGINAL, MADE SIMPLY TO LINE THE POCKETS OF THE MOVIE MOGULS)
Story + Art
THIS WOULD BE YER BASIC COLD, VASTNESS OF SPACE, YER STRANGE LIFEFORCE WHICH HAS TRAVELED BILLIONS AND BILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AND FINDS ITSELF ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE THIRD PLANET FROM AN INSIGNIFICANT STAR.
AND COMING TO REST (PURELY BY HAPPENSTANCE) IN THE JUNK '66 MUSTANG IN ROGER RIPLEY'S BACK LOT.
ROGER, I'VE HAD IT! I'VE TOLD YOU FOR TWO YEARS TO EITHER FIX THAT PIECE OF JUNK OR GET RID OF IT!
OH, MA...
DON'T YOU "OH MA..." ME, YOUNG MAN! DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT OR ELSE!
YES MA...
GOD, I HATE SEQUELS.


JEZ, A 1966 MUSTANG, 289 CUBE V-8 AND SHE CALLS IT A PIECE OF **JUNK**!
IF I COULD JUST GET A COUPLE HUNDRED TOGETHER AND GET THE TIMING CHAIN FIXED, THE VALVES GROUND...
A SUN GEAR FOR THE TRANNY, A COUPLE LEAF SPRINGS, REPLACE ALL OF THE BELTS AND HOSES...
THAT WOULD AT LEAST GET HER ON THE ROAD. MAYBE MA WOULD LET ME KEEP IT THEN...
POOCH
GRRR!
HUMMM... I'M GONNA HAVE TO GET THAT FIXED TOO.
SKRCH


SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, KID. YOU WANT TO FILE A **STOLEN CAR REPORT** AND YOU SAY **NO ONE** WAS DRIVING?
UH HUH.
MET PO
LOOK KID, THERE AIN'T NO WAY YOUR CAR SPED OUT OF YOUR BACK YARD WITHOUT A DRIVER.
MAYBE THE GUY WAS REALLY **SHORT**? YOU KNOW, MAYBE YOU COULDN'T SEE HIM ABOVE THE DASH?
A... MR. OFFICER...
POL
THERE IT IS...
HUH?
GRRRR!
POLICE
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
WHY ARE YOU JUST **STANDING THERE**?
NO ONE WAS DRIVING!
HEH HEH!

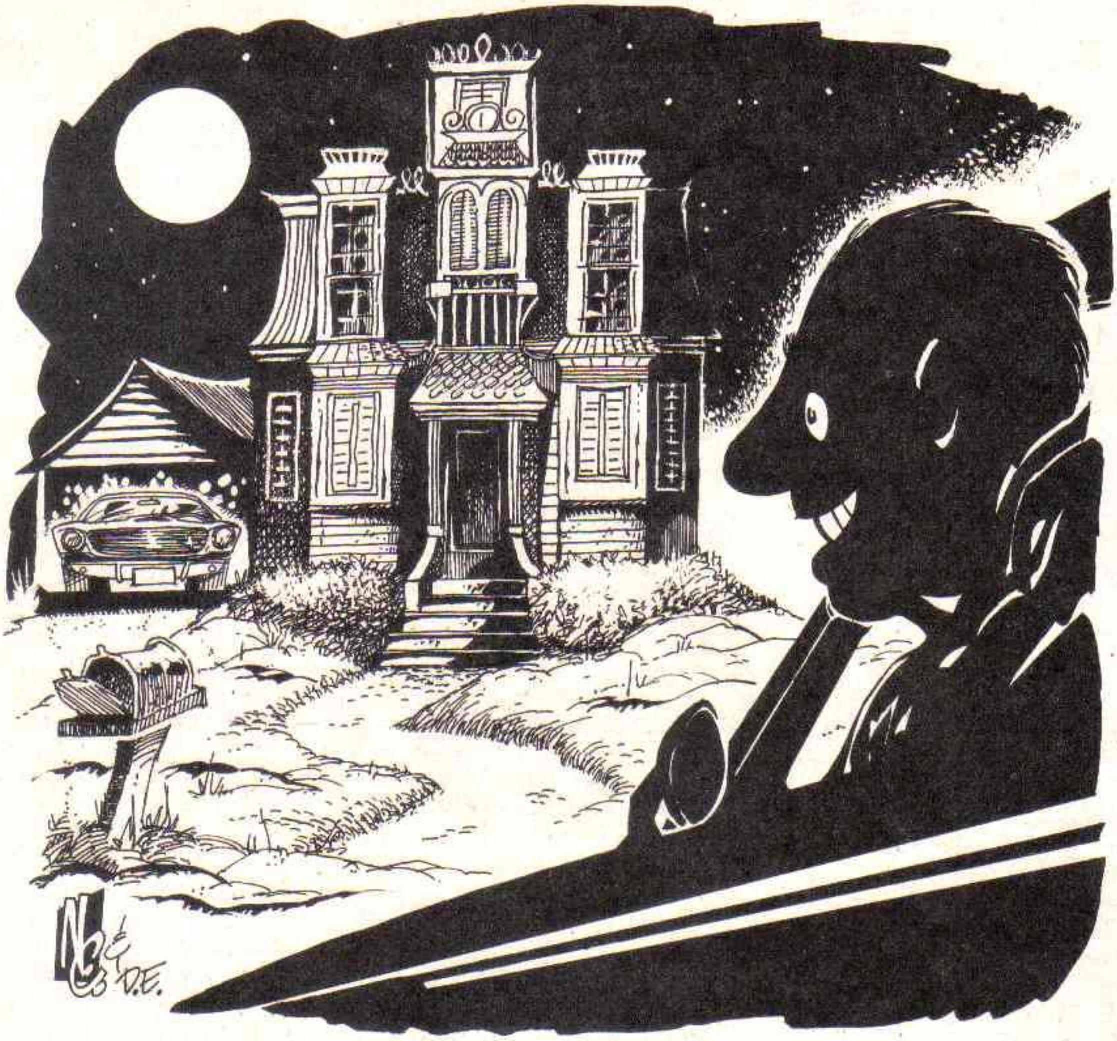

THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE A NIGHTMARE FOR THE GENTLE FOLK...
YIKE!
GRRAR!
ROGER FELT SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE!
GOOD GRIEF!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS MADNESS, SOMEHOW!
THERE IT IS NOW!
EVEN THE SMALLEST WERE NOT SAFE...
NO, NO!
MUNCH
WAAA!
THERE, THERE, DON'T CRY LITTLE GUY!
YIKE!


THAT WAS THE LAST STRAW. ROGER HAD TO STOP THE RUNAWAY *MUSTANG* FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY, FOR THE SAKE OF AUTO OWNERS WORLDWIDE, AND BEFORE THE END OF THE NEXT PAGE!
THE '*STANG FROM HELL* MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE ... WAIT, WHAT'S THAT?
3
AH-HAH, PHONEY-PONY DROPPINGS. I'M CLOSE, I CAN FEEL IT!
I'LL USE THIS LITTLE *COBRA* AS BAIT. A SHAME, BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE I USE A VEHICLE THE *MONSTER 'STANG* CAN'T PASS UP!
ROGER WAITED IN THE SHADOWS, FEAR KNOTTED HIS STOMACH!
HEH, HEH!
I KNEW IT! THERE IT IS!
IT APPROACHED CAUTIOUSLY... THEN GREW MORE CONFIDENT.
YUM YUM
A LITTLE FURTHER ...


NOW!
BRUD BRUD BRUD
URK?
CLANK TANK CLANK TAI
YOU DID IT, KID! YOU SAVED THE WORLD!
HOW 'BOUT A SHOT OVER HERE WITH YOU AND THE FLATTENED *DEVIL CAR?* THIS WILL MAKE THE WIRE SERVICE, FER SURE!
OVER HERE KID, 6 O'CLOCK NEWS!
SIGN HERE, I SEE THIS AS A *MINI-SERIES,* OR MAYBE A *BIG SCREEN EPIC...*
HEH HEH!
BLAM
THAT'S RIGHT, IF THERE'S ONE THING WE CAN BE SURE OF, IF THERE'S A A MONEY GRUBBING CHANCE THAT WE CAN MILK THIS THING FOR A *PART THREE* WE'LL BE ON IT LIKE A DOG ON A BONE!
THE END

THE PONY BUG

by PHIL ROTH



TO THE READER
We have just received this letter from a former potential contributor, and we pass it on without further comment, in the hope it may be of some limited interest to our readers.

TO THE EDITOR

Dennis, you are probably wondering why I never submitted that article for your Mustang edition like I promised. Well, so am I. I meant to. I really did. I was really trying, but there were so many things that happened and it's all still so confusing, that I find it almost impossible to make sense out of the whole affair. I'll try. At least I will attempt to recall the sad and sordid events in the order they occurred, to the best of my ability. *IT'S NOT EASY!*

It all started a couple of months ago, during the big heat wave. Remember? The one where it felt like you were living inside a demented pizza oven and even the palm trees were drooping. Well, I'm moping around my steamy, dusty apartment, feeling down and blah. Things aren't going too well with my lady friend Crystal, that fox that works at the Comedy Club. I'm short on cash and my '70 Chevelle is making noises like it's got the flu. All in all, not a great time in my life. Suddenly the phone rings.

"Hi, is that you?" says the bored female voice on the other end.

"Yeah, it's me," I reply. I'm quick on the uptake and I like clever repartee.

"Well, Hi—this is Wanda, over at *CARtoons Magazine*, and I'm calling for Dennis Ellefson. He'd like to meet with you. Something about an assignment."

"Would you repeat that?" says I.

"Hi—this is Wanda—"

"No, not that part. The last part. Something about an assign—"

"Oh, an assignment?"

"That's the part," I say. "When?"

"When what?" she says. I think I'm losing her. This lady is definitely a candidate for Space-O-Rama City.

"When does Dennis want to see me?" I repeat. Then there's this long pause. Nothing. Silence. I wait. I listen closely for signs of life. Has she forgotten I'm here? Has she been kidnapped by Alien creatures from the planet Zorg? Then I hear it. Distant but distinct. It is the sound of a single page flipping. What is this? A call that can change my life and this chick is reading a book? Magazine? Tolstoy? Dickens? Hot Rod? The life of Amelia Earhart?

"What time does Dennis want to see me?" I repeat, trying to get her back in orbit.

"Oh—would noon tomorrow be allright?" she says.

"I'll be there," and I slam the phone down before I can confuse her further.

Oh, I can't tell you the emotions I was experiencing at that moment. Joy! Elation! Dennis Ellefson calling me. *ME! CARtoons!* The Magazine of the heavyweights. The mag of giants. This could be

Illustrations: Nickolas Cordero & Dennis Ellefson

it! Soon I would be in the company of the Olympians. Trosley—Kerri—Austin—Marnick. Yes, even the immortal Marnick, known to his small but loyal and fawning coterie of literary and sporting cronies as Marble-Eyes. So, they finally recognized my talent. My pungent, acerbic wit, my slashing prose style. It certainly wasn't my vast knowledge of automotive lore. I mean, open the hood of a car and I couldn't tell the difference between a camshaft and a fuel pump. Ah, But I could do research. Study. That's the ticket. Tomorrow I'd be joining the greats. Outside my window a bird sings. It seems a good omen. *LITTLE DID I KNOW.*

The next morning I decide to walk the few blocks to the Petersen Building through the heat and smog. By the time I get there I am sweaty and panting, but with spirits unflagged. I climb to the second floor and there she is. It has to be. Wanda, your secretary, her face is buried in a book—"The Mistress of Maidenhood"—one of those cheap, trashy, Paperback Romances—eating a chocolate fig-newton. I announce myself and without looking up she gestures toward your office at the end of a long corridor. Suddenly, I am rooted to the spot, enveloped by this weird spine chilling vibe. There was definitely something eerie in the air. At first, I figure it's my imagination, my mind playing tricks. After all, I am in overdrive. Then I hear it. A sort of low rhythmic moaning, like a chant. I listen. Then I make it out. Human voices. "Elvis—Elvis," the voices are intoning. I stand frozen.

Wanda doesn't even look up. "It's Elvis day," she murmurs.

Of course, that explains it all. I drag myself down the corridor toward your office, but as I pass the room from where the sounds are emanating, I stop and look in through the half-open door. A half-dozen people sit around a table that holds a single burning candle and a Ouija Board. Their fingers are touching. "Elvis . . . Elvis . . . Speak to us." *WHY DIDN'T I LEAVE THEN?*

I finally stumble into your office. Oh, how vivid is this moment in my memory! There you are, all six foot whatever, scrunched up in this beanbag chair, gnawing on a chicken leg out of a ziplock bag, sporting a pea-green T-shirt with a Point Yak-A-Wanka Light House logo and a grey vest made out of sun-dried Weasel pelts. You motion me into another beanbag with a wave of your drumstick.

"Have some chicken?" you ask.

"I'm not terribly hungry right now," I reply.

"My wife made it."

"I'm hungry," says I.

"Want a Cornburger on the side?"

"Your wife make that too?" I query.

"No . . . Trosley".

"The chicken'll be just fine."

About half a bird and a can of Whoopie Cola later, you peer at me through your tinted Aviator glasses, wipe the chicken fat off your fingers with a memorandum from Quick Irv, and pull out your Meerschaum pipe (the one with Mario Andretti's face carved on the bowl), point it at me and hiss, "Mustangs."

"You want me to do a piece on wild horses?" I ask.

"The Ford Mustang, you (expletive deleted) . . . One of the finest American cars ever conceived by mortal man." "The Stang. The Pony."

"Of course, only funnin," I retort quickly. "You want me to do a humor piece on the car."

"Machines aren't funny. People's reactions to machines are funny," you say.

I quickly scribble this golden nugget of wisdom on the back of a matchbook cover and file it for future reference. The chants of "Elvis" are getting louder now.

"Don't let it bother you," you say. "It's the anniversary of Elvis' death. Some of the staff are holding a little seance . . . Calling up his spirit. Know what I mean?" You get up, signifying the interview is at an end, and escort me to the door. "If you need anything—magazines, books, back articles, anything, let me know. I'll get it for you."

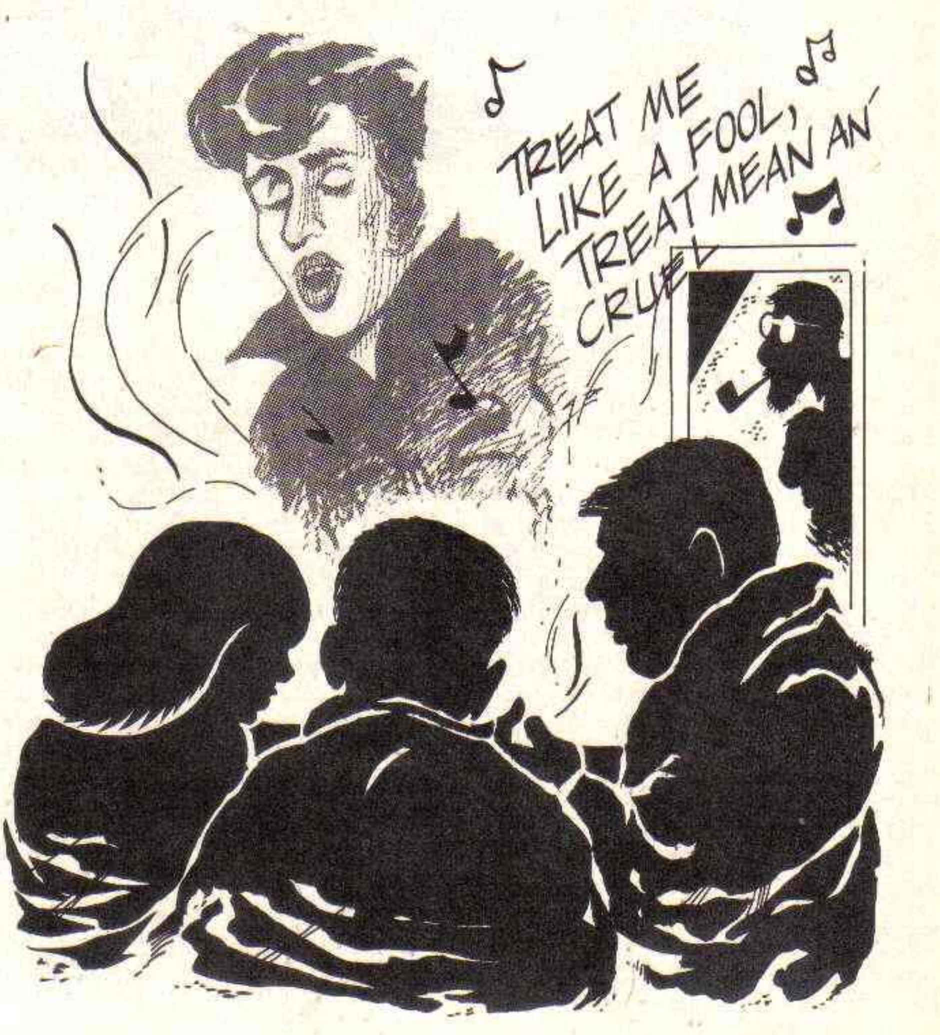
"How about a personal interview with Iacocca," I quip.

"That's not funny," you say. The sound of "Elvis . . . Elvis," are becoming insistent, hypnotic.

"Can you beat this?" you grumble, "I'm trying to get a magazine out and these jerks are trying to bring back a Ghost. How anyone with half an ounce of brains could spend one minute on this kind of stupid, infantile, kinky hokum is beyond my comprehension. Get this article to me as soon as possible and maybe we'll pay you something."

We're standing in the corridor now and Elvis sounds are echoing through the whole building. Then, I swear Dennis, you get the strangest look in your eyes, sort of intense and—wild. You lean in close to me, point your Andretti pipe at my chest, and whisper in a half-choked voice: "Maybe I better go next door and help 'em out. They may need an extra vibe. You never can tell." With that, you turn on your heels and scurry away to the seance, leaving me stranded there, jaws agape. *I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! I SHOULD HAVE CHUCKED IT THEN AND THERE!*

The next part is really hard to tell, man. Some parts are real vague and other moments stand out clear as the proverbial bell . . . *DING DONG BELL . . . THE MUSTANG IN THE DELL!* Sorry, Dennis, I didn't mean to meander here, but I find it hard to write or concentrate


TREAT ME LIKE A FOOL, TREAT MEAN AN' CRUEL

here. But *I DON'T BLAME YOU, MAN... NO SIR, ONLY MYSELF.*

Anyway, back to it. I throw myself into it all the way, just like I normally do. Back mags . . . articles . . . books. I quickly begin to pick up on the beauties and fathomless mysteries of the Holy Pony. To appreciate her varieties and many faces. The sleek and classic lines of those early '64 and '65 G.T. convertibles, with the 289 V8s raring to go. The sock-it-to 'em Shelby GT 500. The fab 70 Mach 1 with the Cobra Jet powerplant that you could die for. The Boss 302 . . . Mind boggling!

I delve into the history of the Princely Pony . . . How the whole concept of the Stang came to the sage Iaccoca in a flash of mystic revelation as he scarfed Blowfish sushi at a Club Med Barbecue in Antigua back in '63 . . . How she quickly became the pride of the company . . . The flagship of the fleet, as it were. Then—then—the shameful period of the seventies when the little, petty, venal, ant headed bureaucrats tried to take the great proud Pony and demote her. Kick her downstairs . . . Turn her into a poor stepdaughter . . . *IT MAKES ME MAD . . . I MEAN IT, DENNIS. HOW COULD THEY EVEN ATTEMPT IT? OH, THOSE MINDLESS, FOG BRAINED, GREEDY CORPORATE NERDOS!*

But it didn't work. Even when they tried to take her style away they couldn't completely hide her class and beauty.

And now she's back. Have you seen how Saleen can turn any model into a Musclecar? No! Probably not. *WHAT DO YOU CARE, SITTING IN YOUR BEANBAG CHAIR IN YOUR AIR CONDITIONED OFFICE, MUNCHING ON A CHICKEN LEG, WITH ALL THOSE TALENTED ARTISTS AT YOUR BECK AND CALL?* Sorry, Dennis, I didn't mean that. I'm only kidding. *I REALLY SHOULDN'T GET EXCITED . . . THEY SAY IT'S BAD FOR ME.* Okay . . . okay back to it. How about the new LX CONVERTIBLE? *THE GT GATORBACK? HOT!*

It was fun at first . . . the research. I get to the point where I'm getting knowledgeable. I can spot a Stang a half-block away and make a good guess at the specific year and model. Of course the classic ones, well, most of them aren't on the street. Oh no, they're sitting in a garage somewhere fully restored with stock parts by some mechanical minded whimpo who's too scared to drive it anyplace. Sure, maybe they trailer it to an Auto show or a swap meet . . . Maybe even cruise a couple of blocks to show that it runs . . . the Stang was made for *DRIVING*, man! *HARD, LOVING DRIVING! NOT SITTING AROUND! I MUST CONTROL MY ANGER.*

Then the dreams begin. Fantastic, recurring dreams, in Glorious Three-Strip Technicolor no less. Dig this one, man . . . I'm riding bareback on this wild horse across a grassy plain being chased by a bevy of Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders in miniskirts. Suddenly, the horse dissolves and I'm behind the wheel of a GT 350 Shelby Ragtop painted in Gulfstream Aqua, the top down, one of the Cheerleaderettes beside me, tooling up the Coast Highway with the ocean breeze wafting my face with it's cool caress—And this one . . .

It's the Academy Award night and I've been nominated for best screenplay. I'm with Crystal, the honey blond from the Comedy Club . . . You know, the waitress with the off beat sense of humor who wants to be a stand-up comedienne. You've met her. Anyway, I'm driving this fab 70 Mach 1 in Grabber Green with stock rear window louvers and original Magnum 500 wheels and we're pulling up to the ceremonies behind a long line of stretch Limos. In fact we're right in back of this silver Lincoln containing Michael J. Fox and Meryl Streep, but as soon as the parking attendants spot us with our shaker scoop decorated in black stripes and a chromed tip dual exhaust, they immediately desert Michael and Meryl and come running straight over to us, clapping and shouting "Ole." Photographers are snapping our pictures. The fans are applauding. The next thing, we're driving down the center aisle of the auditorium and up a ramp to the stage. The whole audience is on it's feet cheering as Robin Williams hands me the Golden Statuette. It was great, Man. Great! *CHECK OUT YOUR DREAMS, DENNIS. THE CLUE TO THE UNCONSCIOUS!*

I wake from these dreams as in a fever. Now it starts to get bizarre. I begin checking out Stang owners . . . Spot a Pony in a Mini-Mall Parking lot or in front of a store and track down the owner. Engage 'em in polite conversation . . . Mileage . . . How many previous owners. I become glib and fast talking. Sometimes I even get them to open the hood. It's disgusting how many people neglect their Stang because it's not a "classic" year. Cheap repaint jobs in noxious colors . . . tacky replacement parts. Don't they know that any Stang can be upgraded and brought to new heights of power and beauty? *FOOLS . . . INGRATES . . . VANDALS!*

I am incensed, Dennis. These are selfish people. A couple of times I have asked some of these yo-yos if I could drive their car around the block and they looked at me as if I were the freeway killer or something. But . . . I have my little ways of getting back.

Anyway, one day I'm driving around with Flotsky in his Jag. You know Flotsky don't you, the retired C.I.A. spook that works as a checker in Ralph's Market? Well, I spot this '77 Stang Hardtop parked in front of Dave's Video and the owner, some feeb in a Mohair T-shirt and designer Jeans, is starting to unlock his door. He's got the car painted in some hideous mustard color. I make Flotsky pull over and I jump out. "City Smog Inspector," I bark, flashing my library card at him real quick and official like. "Please open your hood, sir." The dude complies and I take one look. This cat has never even cleaned in there—forget about detailing. I take a quick glom at the front seat. Plastic seat covers, Dennis.

"Get this car in shape, man. Have you no pride?" Oh boy, I really ream him. "If I catch you on a City Street again with your machine in this kind of shabby condition it will be my duty and my pleasure to cite your fanny from here to City Hall and back again. Got It?"

"Yes sir," he says. And I leave him shame faced and broken. Oh, that was a delight.

Later, I'm sitting with Flotsky in Teddy's Kozy Korner Cafe venting my feelings. Like how neglecting your Mustang is the same as beating up on your wife and kids. Worse. Like being untrue to your school or selling out your country.

"Relax, man," he says. "Get hold of yourself. It's only a car." *ONLY A CAR.* He doesn't understand. Nobody understands. Don't you see, Dennis? I was coming down with a bad case of the Pony Bug and no one recognized the symptoms. That's all it was. A bad case of the Pony Bug, pure and simple . . . At least, that's what I think it was. Of course, when I remember that day in your office . . . the Elvis chants . . . you in your Weasel skin vest pointing that Andretti pipe at me . . . the odd look in your eyes . . . Could it be? *A HEX? A VOODOO-HOODO CURSE? NO! THAT'S CRAZY! WAIT A MINUTE . . . WHO AM I HERE? WE NEED SOME ORDER HERE!*

Okay! I'm back. Thought you lost me, didn't you? No sir, back to the tale. Anyway, what's happening at this point is that I'm moving into another level of being. Subtly, the desire to OWN a Pony has invaded my soul like the devilish creature from "Alien." To Own . . . To Possess . . . My hands on the wheel and its power under my control . . . This is the urge that's beginning to take me over without my even being aware.

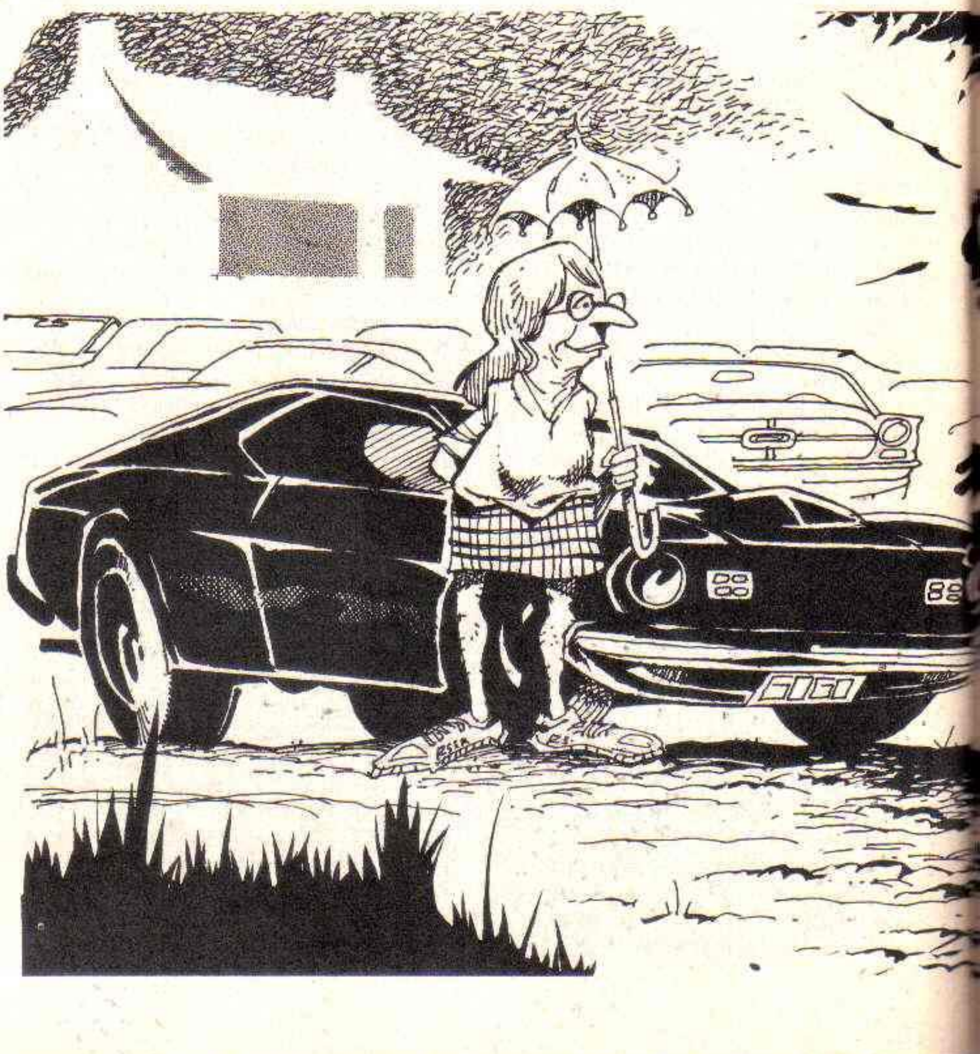
Now we come to the series of events that leads me directly to my current state of affairs. Oh, it's difficult to talk about, but I have to. I must come clean. "Disgraceful," you say. "Shameful." It's illogical . . . Irrational . . . Not sane. Listen pal, what has logic or sanity or rationality got to do with it when one is in the grip of a love . . . an Obsession . . . a Desire . . . a Need? Nothing matters but the fulfillment of that need.

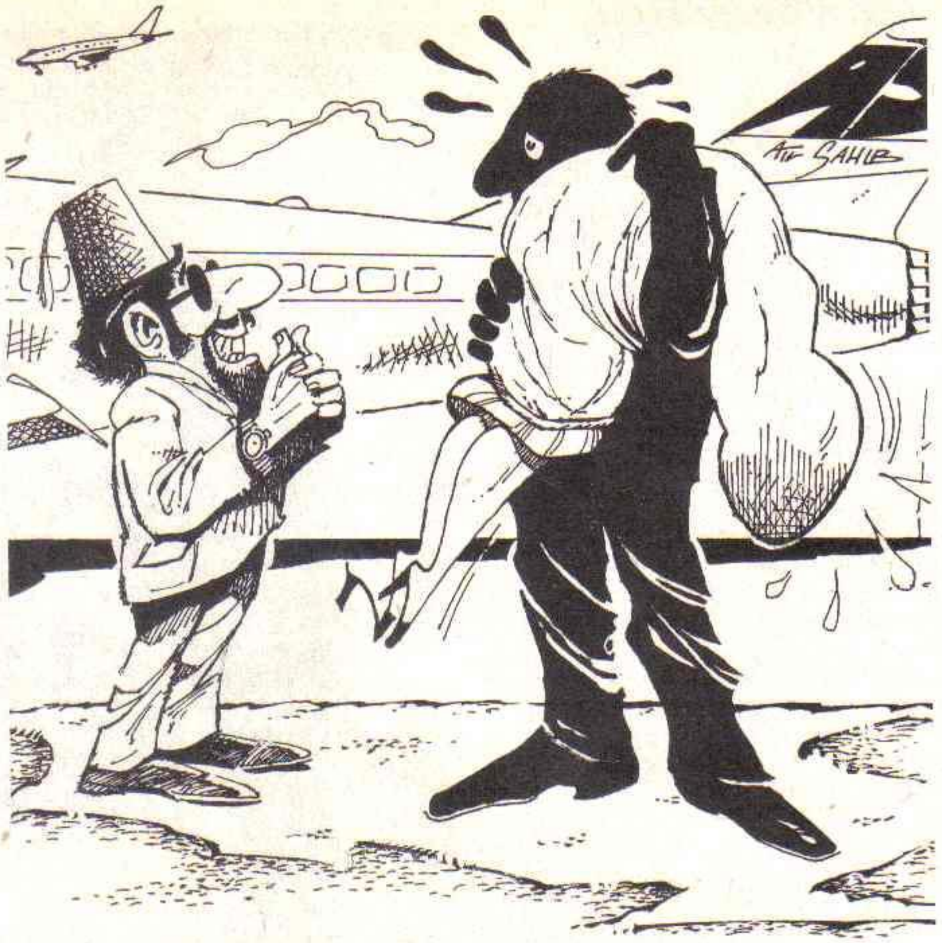
A little item in the paper catches my eye. A notification of the upcoming combination Auto-Show, Swap Meet, and Auction of the Pudenda Valley Ford Owners Club to be held in El Mordido a few miles north. This was the turning point. The final turn of the screw.

I manage to get up there on the last day, my Chevelle panting and wheezing. It is a bright, sun-dappled Sunday and before me is spread this brilliant panorama. A great green field alive with a happy milling throng. Brightly colored balloons drift in the air. Dwarves in Clown suits are busily hawking Strawberry Peanuts, Cornburgers, and Woopie Cola—and everywhere the eye can see—Stangs of every model and description. Oh, Dennis, it is like a dream, a fantasy, a beautiful hallucination. I wander dazed through the crowd, devouring with my eyes, caressing with my hands. A T5 . . . a Shelby Saleen . . . A Grande . . . Boss cars . . . Musclecars . . . Hardtops . . . Fastbacks . . . Ragtops. I am so overcome by beauty I almost faint. I am like a child in a candy store with nary a penny in his pocket, but I don't care. Then I see it.

It is a Mach 1, standing apart from the crowd, almost hidden under a giant Dogwood tree at the edge of the field. Under it's cheap, dull black paint job, I can see it's like an emerald covered with mud. My heart begins to beat faster and I hustle over. It's a '73. I note her twin shaker scoops and the three spoke steering wheel. My hands are sweating now. I introduce myself to the owner, a little white haired old lady from Habanera Heights, dressed in a pink gingham mini-skirt and white Reeboks, and carrying a red parasol. I ingratiate myself . . . treat her to a burger and cola and develop my information . . . second owner . . . only 18,000 miles on it and the V8's been rebuilt. She only uses it to drive the few miles to work at her boutique and once a week to the market. I check out the engine. Looks pretty good. Could use some work but that's okay. No noticeable body rust. Interior needs some revamping. Hopsack seat covers and a new carpet kit might do the trick. I see it has the folding rear seat. I could repaint her in Candy Apple Red or that Grabber Green like in my dreams. I am in love. The old lady quotes me a price. It's a fair one. Of course I don't have the money but I don't tell her that. Instead, I take her address and number and tell her I'll get back to her. I hang around till the end of the day to see if there are any buyers. None! Good! *I MUST HAVE THAT CAR!*

I drive back to L.A. in a frenzy, my mind racing a mile a minute. How am I going to get the bread to buy that car? I'm really tapped out. My few paltry shares in that Sorghum mine in Zambia have stopped paying dividends because of some war or revolution or something. There must be a way.





That night another little item in the paper catches my eye. It seems that Crown Prince Omar of El Fazool is coming town for a Dog Show or a Disco opening. I forget which. Anyway, this name really rings a bell. Then I remember. Of course, Crown Prince Omar of El Fazool! Used to be an old buddy of Flotsky's from his days as a C.I.A. Station Chief in the Persian Gulf. Why man, they used to fly to Rome and Paris together on weekends just to have a good meal and party and stuff. This Prince is loaded. We're talking a country floating Oil and a gorgeous Palace amid the desert sands. We're talking a private Lear Jet and luxury apartments in all the great capitols of the world and villas in Spain and the Riviera. This cat supports a half-dozen wives, 10 exes, and a Harem of dancing girls. The whole ball of wax. And Flotsky tells me that old Omar just loves Honey Blonds. Then an idea flares up in my mind like a blazing torch. *YES, I KNOW IT'S EVIL DENNIS! I ADMIT IT. BUT I WASN'T IN CONTROL. THE PONY BUG. REMEMBER? YOU MUST LEARN TO FORGIVE!*

I broach the subject to Flotsky the next day at Teddy's Kozy Korner and he looks at me with an expression of loathing in his eyes. "Are you kidding?" he says. "That's a terrible idea. Sell Crystal to Omar? She'll never go for it. She's your main squeeze."

"Look Flots, I need the money. It's very important to me," I reply. "Besides, she doesn't have to go for it. You know all those weird C.I.A. drugs. You set up a private dinner party. Just the four of us. We slip her a Mickey. When she passes out we bundle her onto Omar's jet. By the time she comes out of it, she's in Omar's Palace a thousand miles from nowhere."

"That is illegal, immoral, and down right unkind," he says. "No more."

"He treats 'em right doesn't he?" I plead. "When he's tired of 'em he lays a bundle on 'em right?" So what's the big deal? Cash . . . Furs . . . Jewels. He'll get tired of her real quick and ship her out. She's pretty but she's got a mean sense of humor and a big sarcastic mouth. Believe me, I know. Besides, she wants to do stand-up comedy. Think of all the material she'll have. So, where's the harm? She'll have it all. When this is over she'll not only be rich, but successful and famous too. She'll thank us for it, Flotsky."

"You are crazy," he says. "That is kidnapping and White Slavery. Bring it up again and I'll turn you over to the Thought Police."

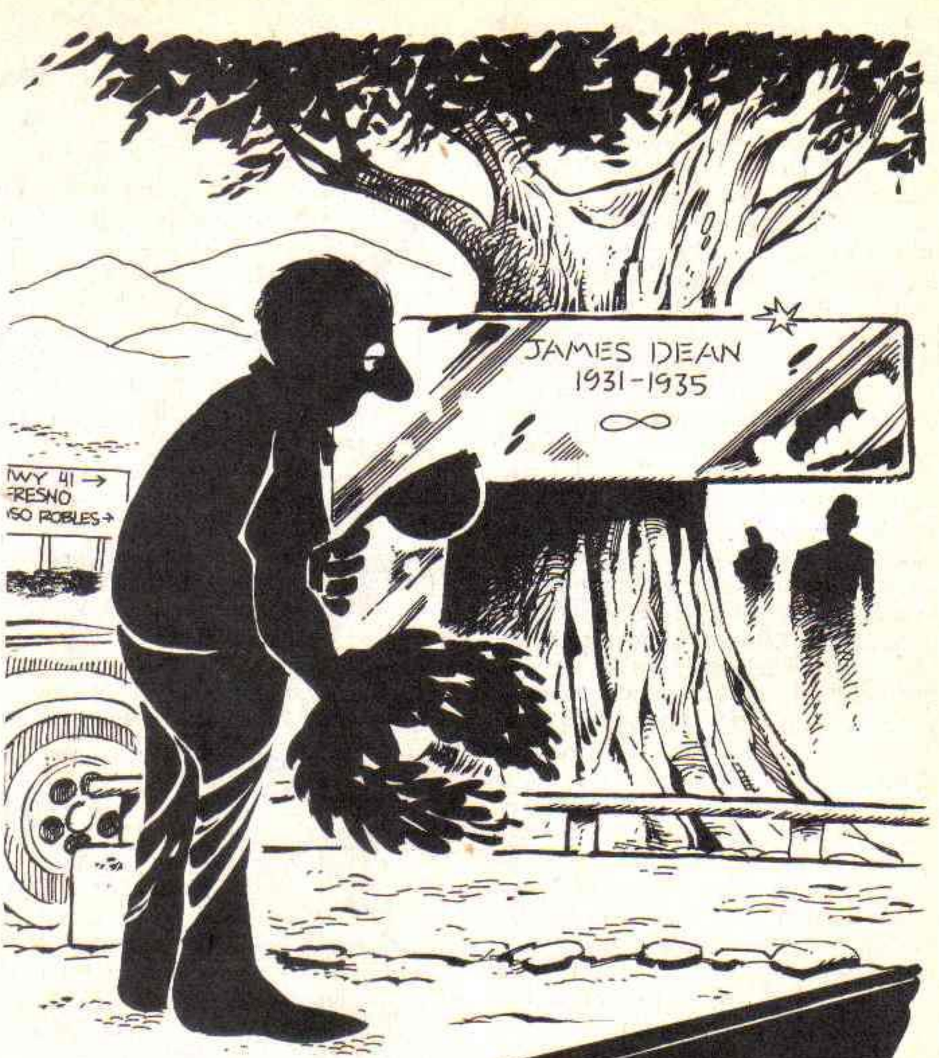
So much for that plan. *DO I GIVE UP? NO!* I quickly come up with another one. Even better. Forget about Crystal. Forget about magazine deadlines. The only thing that matters is I've got to possess this car . . . Handle her . . . Feel her out . . . Press down on that gas pedal out on the open road. Have her for myself—alone—even if only for a while. *NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP ME!*

I find the old lady's house on a cul-de-sac at the end of a quiet tree lined street in Habenera Heights. A pretty little cottage with a white picket fence and the garage facing the street. Perfect! The neighboring houses are few and far in between. Less prying eyes to observe my doings. No little kiddies playing in the street to nosey about. Man, I stake her out for a week just like in the movies. I sit patiently in my car, watching, making notes. She's like clockwork. Out of the house and drives to work—8am . . . back home by 6pm . . . Weekend she putters around her garden . . . Sunday a friend drops by and takes her out for the day. My coveted Mach 1 sits unused in the garage from Friday evening to Monday morning, just waiting for me.

On a Tuesday night I pull a dry run. All goes well. It's frightening but thrilling. I find out all I need to know. No barking dogs . . . the garage door rolls up noiselessly. Perfect. The car door is unlocked. *THE KEY IS IN THE IGNITION!* Oh, trusting, lovely, kindly little old lady!

The next few days are spent in feverish anticipation. On Friday night I know it's a Go. I double check everything out. My knapsack with some of my personal items . . . change of socks . . . toothbrush . . . soap and towel, etc. I stuff in a heavy sweater and roll up the blanket. I put on dark clothes and crepe soled shoes. All is ready. It's Now or Never. Do or Die!

By 10pm I'm parked a little way down



from her house. The lights are out but I give it an extra half-hour to make sure she's asleep. Then I move quickly and efficiently. On with the knapsack and blanket. Lock up the car then, with my heart pounding, adrenaline rushing, and the sweat cool on my brow, I slip swiftly and stealthily through the still, soft night. I am not afraid. *I AM A NINJA—DILLINGER—JESSE JAMES.* Operation Mustang in progress.

I carry it off without a hitch. In and out. Within a half-hour I am on Route 1 heading north. North to adventure. She handles like a dream. The 4-speed is effortless. The engine sings on key like Springsteen belting out "Born To Run." The wheel responds to my every wish and fancy. She is truly my car for the moment. Alone on the open road, with the windows wide open, I am one with my beloved Mach 1. I step on the gas and kick her wide open. Joy! Elation!

At the first light of day I pull off the road into a secluded grove of pines. I watch the sun come up and dig on the great waves of the Pacific crashing on the rocks below. I wander the woods and drink from cool forest springs. The next few days I drive the highways and byways, places where tourists never go. Pantaloon Springs. Scorseseville. I pick wild berries and eat beans from a can. At Chalome I lay a wreath at the base of the James Dean Memorial. I fill up a book on the improvements I'm going to make on her when she's mine. New alloy wheels. Goodrich G.T. tires. At night I sleep in the car. I have never been happier.

Sunday evening I know I must return. Get the car back to the nice old lady before she has to go to work on Monday. It has to be done. It is a bittersweet drive back, but nobody can take away the last few days. Guilt? No, why should I feel guilt? *THE CAR RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO ME!* I am the only one that has the imagination and the capacity for care and tenderness that this baby needs. The only thing that stands between us is a few lousy bucks and a PINK SLIP.

When I get back to L.A. I pull into an All-Night Car Wash. I fill up the tank and change the oil. Check the tire pressure and the water. I have her steamed, washed, waxed and polished. She's in better shape than when I borrowed her. A little mileage maybe, but I blew out all that built-up carbon, didn't I?

Dawn is just breaking when I pull into the street that leads to the old lady's house. I don't see them till it's too late. The Black and White Police Cruiser darts out of a nearby driveway and blocks the street. I stop and put both hands on the steering wheel. "Hi guys," I say as the two grim faced Cops approach.

"Extenuating circumstances," my court appointed attorney pleads. But the Cops have nabbed me red handed. The old lady doesn't want to press charges. The judge is confused. The lawyers huddle and whisper . . . then they huddle and whisper some more. A comprise is reached. Voluntary self-commitment—thirty days for observation—and all charges will be dropped. No record. A clean slate. I agree. What choice did I have? But I was sane. *IT WAS THE PONY BUG THAT DID IT.*

So here I am, and that's the reason I didn't get that article to you. Anyway, I . . . Wait a minute . . . I hear somebody in the corridor. It must by Tony, the Night Attendant, with my medication. That's another reason I can't concentrate in here. They keep giving me stuff. Anyhow, they say I'm almost cured now, and I should be going home in a matter of weeks, and I'm mucho anxious to get back to work. What I'd really like is to get another crack at a writing assignment from you. Whatta ya say? When I get back to town I can give you a call or maybe just drop by your office and we could talk it over. Whatta ya say, huh, Dennis old buddy? I think I could do a bang-up job for you. Just one thing. *PLEASE, . . . DENNIS, NO MORE STANGS, HUH? NO MORE PONYS!* Oh yeah, one more thing, if you want to send me a package—mags, fruit, cookies, or anything, please don't hesitate. *AFTER ALL, YOU OWE ME SOMETHING!* You can mail to me right here—C/O Trocadero State Hospital For The Temporarily Confused/Room 411. Looking forward to seeing you soon.

Sincerely
Kaycee Phil

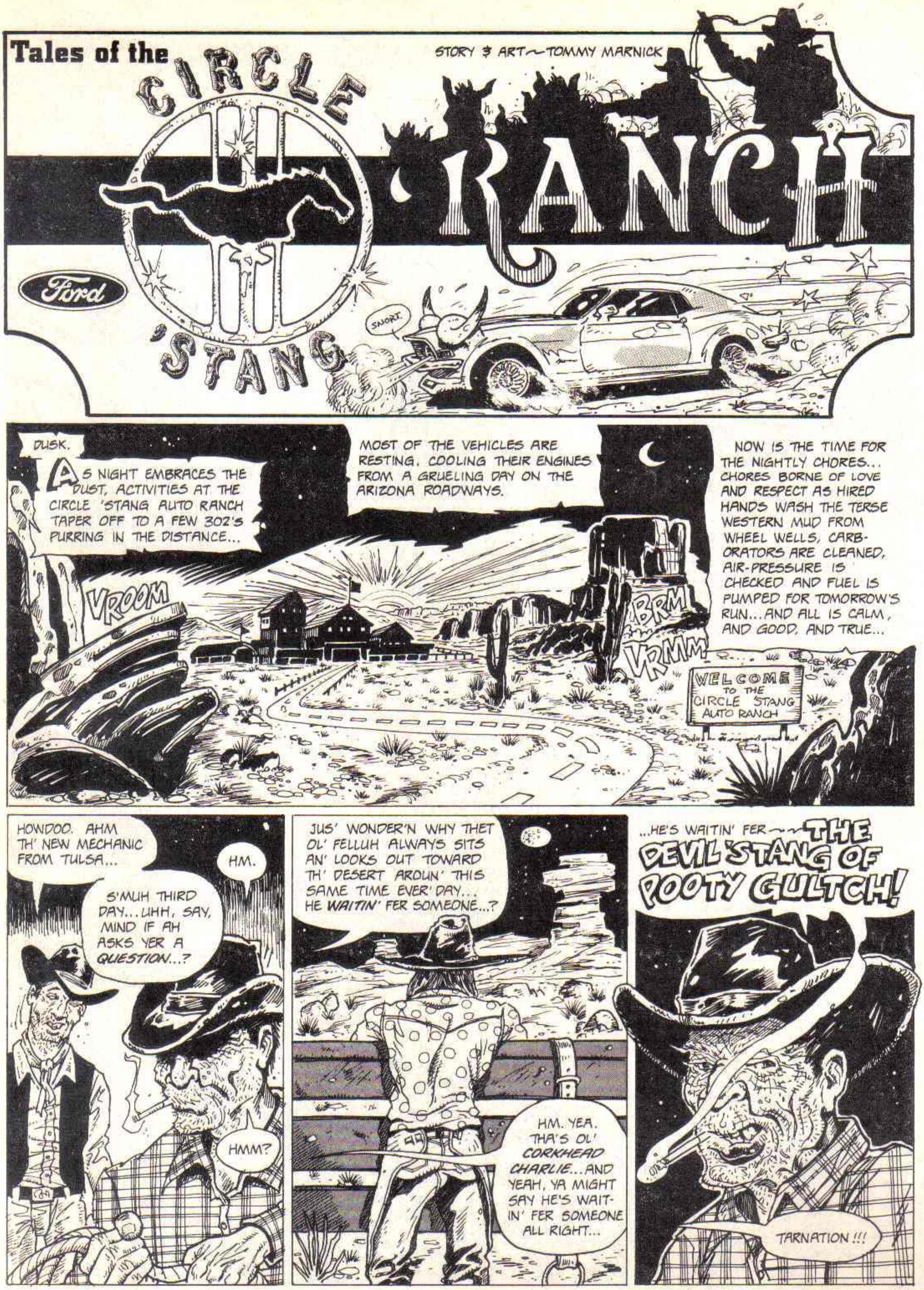
P.S. I wonder if the old lady still has that Mach 1

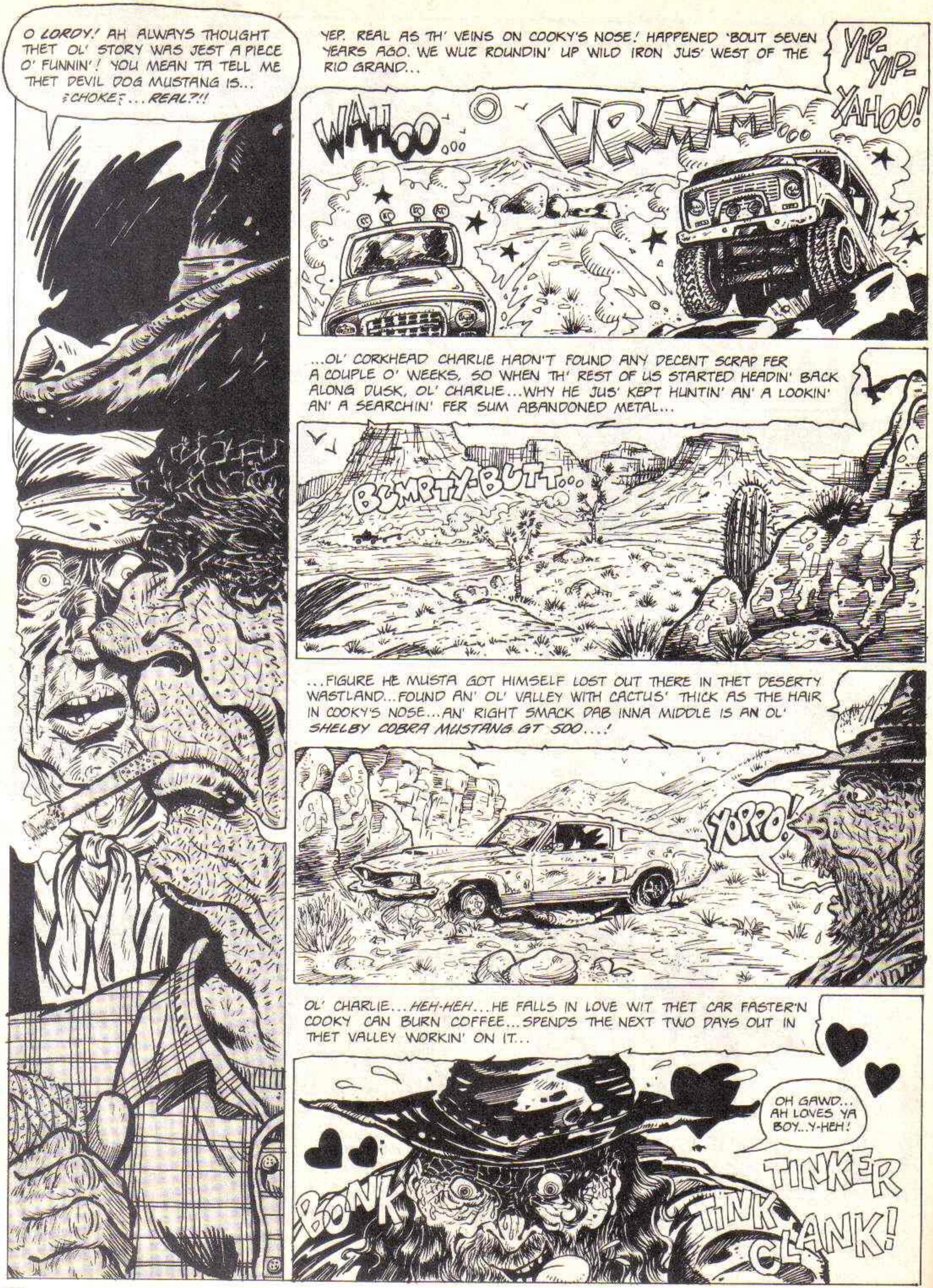
FROM THE EDITOR

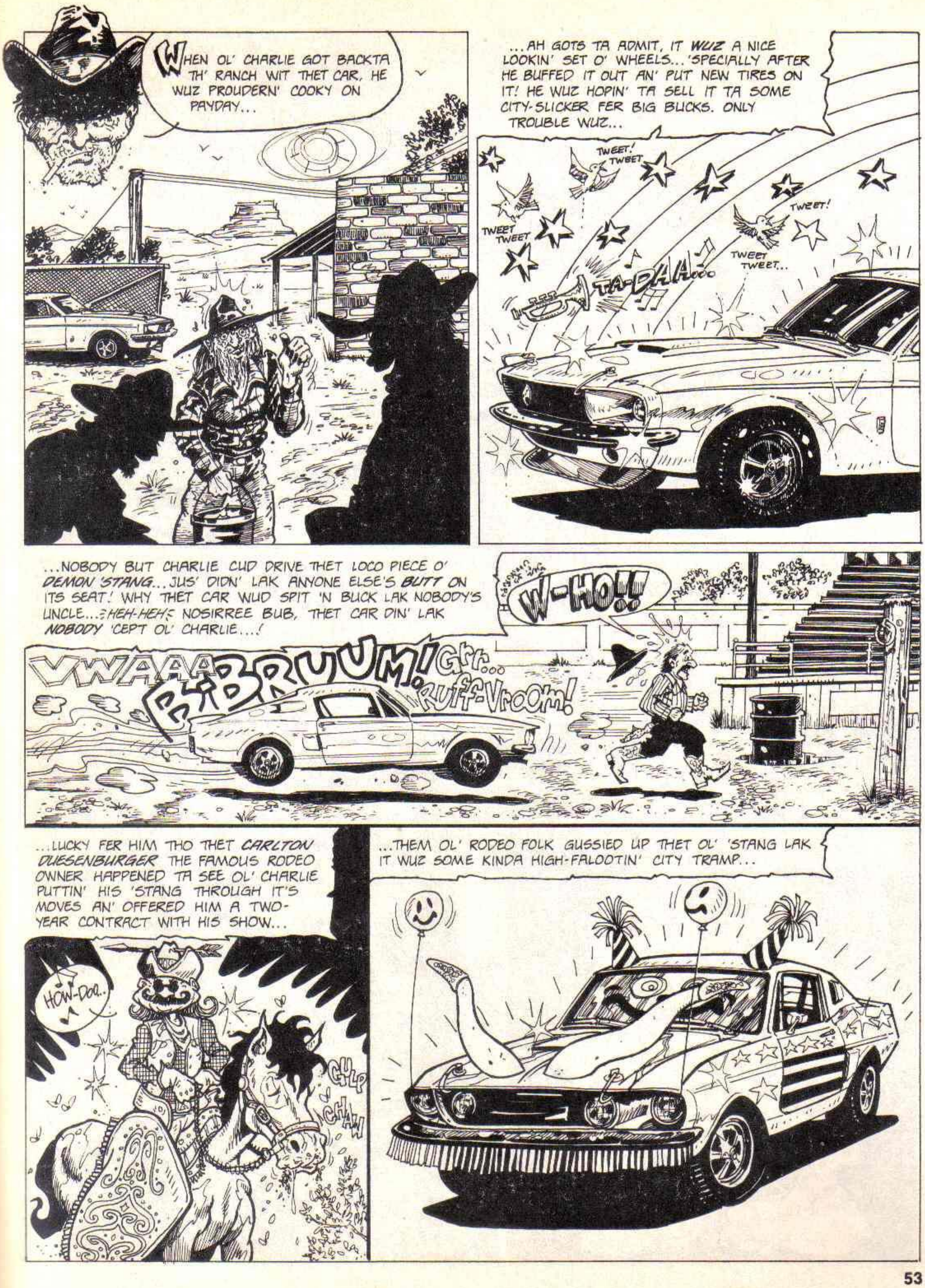
Dear Kaycee.

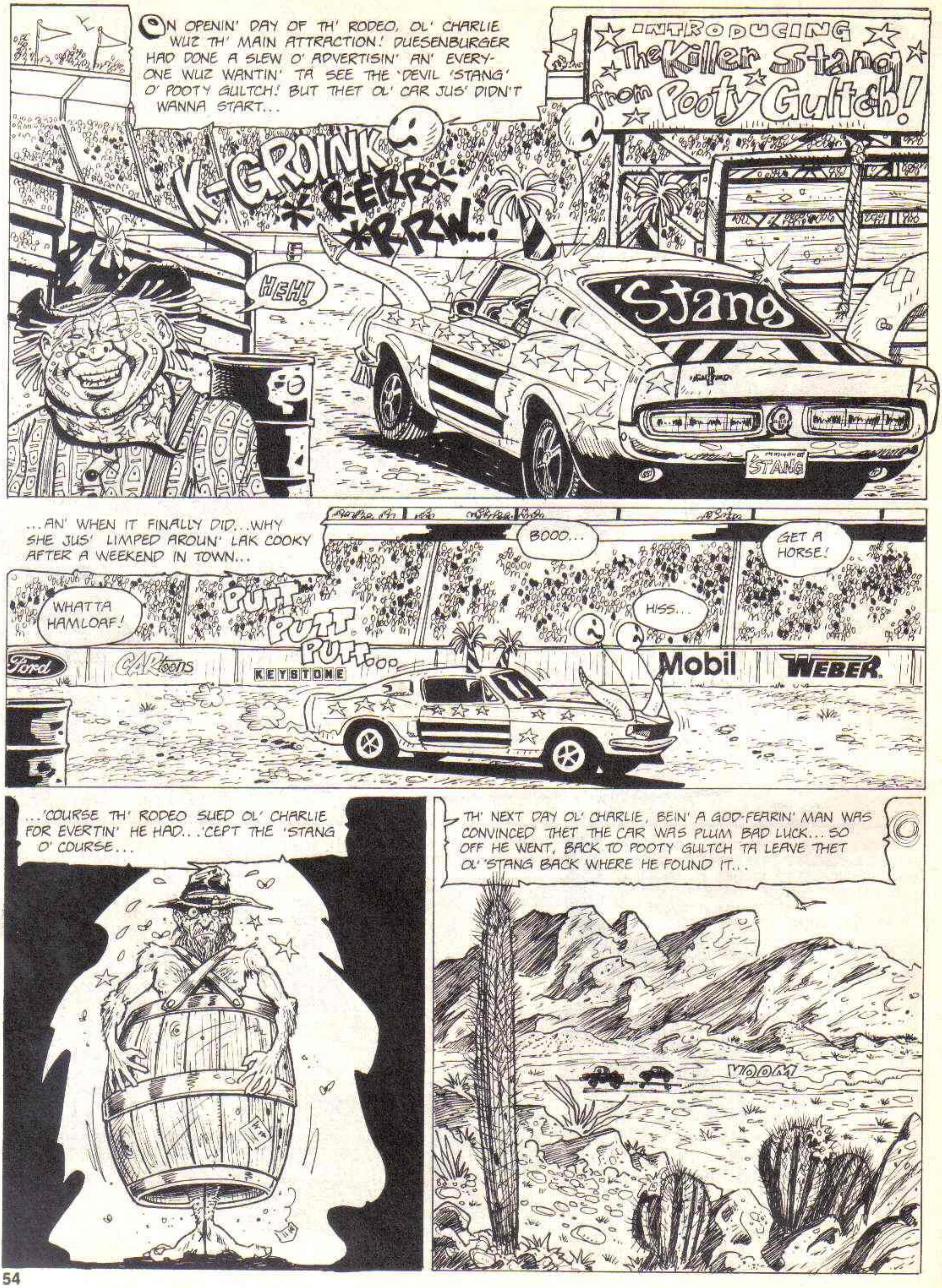
Thanks for your letter. Unfortunately we are in the process of moving our Editorial Offices to a new and as yet undetermined location, so you needn't bother calling us or dropping by. However . . . if something comes up, We'll call you.

Sincerely
Dennis Ellefson


Tales of the
CIRCLE 'STANG
RANCH
STORY & ART~TOMMY MARNICK
Ford
SNORT.
DUSK.
AS NIGHT EMBRACES THE DUST, ACTIVITIES AT THE CIRCLE 'STANG AUTO RANCH TAPER OFF TO A FEW 302'S PURRING IN THE DISTANCE...
MOST OF THE VEHICLES ARE RESTING, COOLING THEIR ENGINES FROM A GRUELING DAY ON THE ARIZONA ROADWAYS.
NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE NIGHTLY CHORES... CHORES BORNE OF LOVE AND RESPECT AS HIRED HANDS WASH THE TERSE WESTERN MUD FROM WHEEL WELLS, CARBORATORS ARE CLEANED, AIR-PRESSURE IS CHECKED AND FUEL IS PUMPED FOR TOMORROW'S RUN... AND ALL IS CALM, AND GOOD, AND TRUE...
VROOM
BRM
VRMM
WELCOME TO THE CIRCLE 'STANG AUTO RANCH
HOWDOO. AHM TH' NEW MECHANIC FROM TULSA...
HM.
S'MUH THIRD DAY... UHH, SAY, MIND IF AH ASKS YER A QUESTION...?
HMM?
JUS' WONDER'N WHY THET OL' FELLUH ALWAYS SITS AN' LOOKS OUT TOWARD TH' DESERT AROUN' THIS SAME TIME EVER' DAY... HE WAITIN' FER SOMEONE...?
HM. YEA. THA'S OL' CORKHEAD CHARLIE... AND YEAH, YA MIGHT SAY HE'S WAITIN' FER SOMEONE ALL RIGHT...
...HE'S WAITIN' FER ~~ THE DEVIL 'STANG OF POOTY GULTCH!
TARNATION!!!


O *LORDY!* AH ALWAYS THOUGHT THET OL' STORY WAS JEST A PIECE O' FUNNIN'! YOU MEAN TA TELL ME THET DEVIL DOG MUSTANG IS... ≷CHOKE≷... *REAL?!!*
YEP. REAL AS TH' VEINS ON COOKY'S NOSE! HAPPENED 'BOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO. WE WUZ ROUNDIN' UP WILD IRON JUS' WEST OF THE RIO GRAND...
YIP-YIP-YAHOO!
WAHOO...
VRMMM...
...OL' CORKHEAD CHARLIE HADN'T FOUND ANY DECENT SCRAP FER A COUPLE O' WEEKS, SO WHEN TH' REST OF US STARTED HEADIN' BACK ALONG DUSK, OL' CHARLIE... WHY HE JUS' KEPT HUNTIN' AN' A LOOKIN' AN' A SEARCHIN' FER SUM ABANDONED METAL...
BUMPTY-BUTT...
...FIGURE HE MUSTA GOT HIMSELF LOST OUT THERE IN THET DESERTY WASTLAND... FOUND AN' OL' VALLEY WITH CACTUS' THICK AS THE HAIR IN COOKY'S NOSE... AN' RIGHT SMACK DAB INNA MIDDLE IS AN OL' *SHELBY COBRA MUSTANG GT 500...!*
YOPPO!
OL' CHARLIE... *HEH-HEH*... HE FALLS IN LOVE WIT THET CAR FASTER'N COOKY CAN BURN COFFEE... SPENDS THE NEXT TWO DAYS OUT IN THET VALLEY WORKIN' ON IT...
OH GAWD... AH LOVES YA BOY... Y-HEH!
BONK
TINKER
TINK
CLANK!


WHEN OL' CHARLIE GOT BACKTA TH' RANCH WIT THET CAR, HE WUZ PROUDERN' COOKY ON PAYDAY...
...AH GOTS TA ADMIT, IT *WUZ* A NICE LOOKIN' SET O' WHEELS...'SPECIALLY AFTER HE BUFFED IT OUT AN' PUT NEW TIRES ON IT! HE WUZ HOPIN' TA SELL IT TA SOME CITY-SLICKER FER BIG BUCKS. ONLY TROUBLE WUZ...
TWEET! TWEET
TWEET TWEET
TWEET!
TWEET TWEET...
TA-DAA...
...NOBODY BUT CHARLIE CUD DRIVE THET LOCO PIECE O' *DEMON 'STANG*... JUS' DIDN' LAK ANYONE ELSE'S *BUTT* ON ITS SEAT! WHY THET CAR WUD SPIT 'N BUCK LAK NOBODY'S UNCLE... HEH-HEH NOSIRREE BUB, THET CAR DIN' LAK *NOBODY* 'CEPT OL' CHARLIE...!
W-HO!!
VWAAA
B-BRUUM!
Grr...
Ruff-Vroom!
...LUCKY FER HIM THO THET *CARLTON DUESENBURGER* THE FAMOUS RODEO OWNER HAPPENED TA SEE OL' CHARLIE PUTTIN' HIS 'STANG THROUGH IT'S MOVES AN' OFFERED HIM A TWO-YEAR CONTRACT WITH HIS SHOW...
HOW-DOO..
GULP
CHAW
...THEM OL' RODEO FOLK GUSSIED UP THET OL' 'STANG LAK IT WUZ SOME KINDA HIGH-FALOOTIN' CITY TRAMP...



ON OPENIN' DAY OF TH' RODEO, OL' CHARLIE WUZ TH' MAIN ATTRACTION! DUESENBURGER HAD DONE A SLEW O' ADVERTISIN' AN' EVERYONE WUZ WANTIN' TA SEE THE 'DEVIL 'STANG' O' POOTY GULTCH! BUT THET OL' CAR JUS' DIDN'T WANNA START...

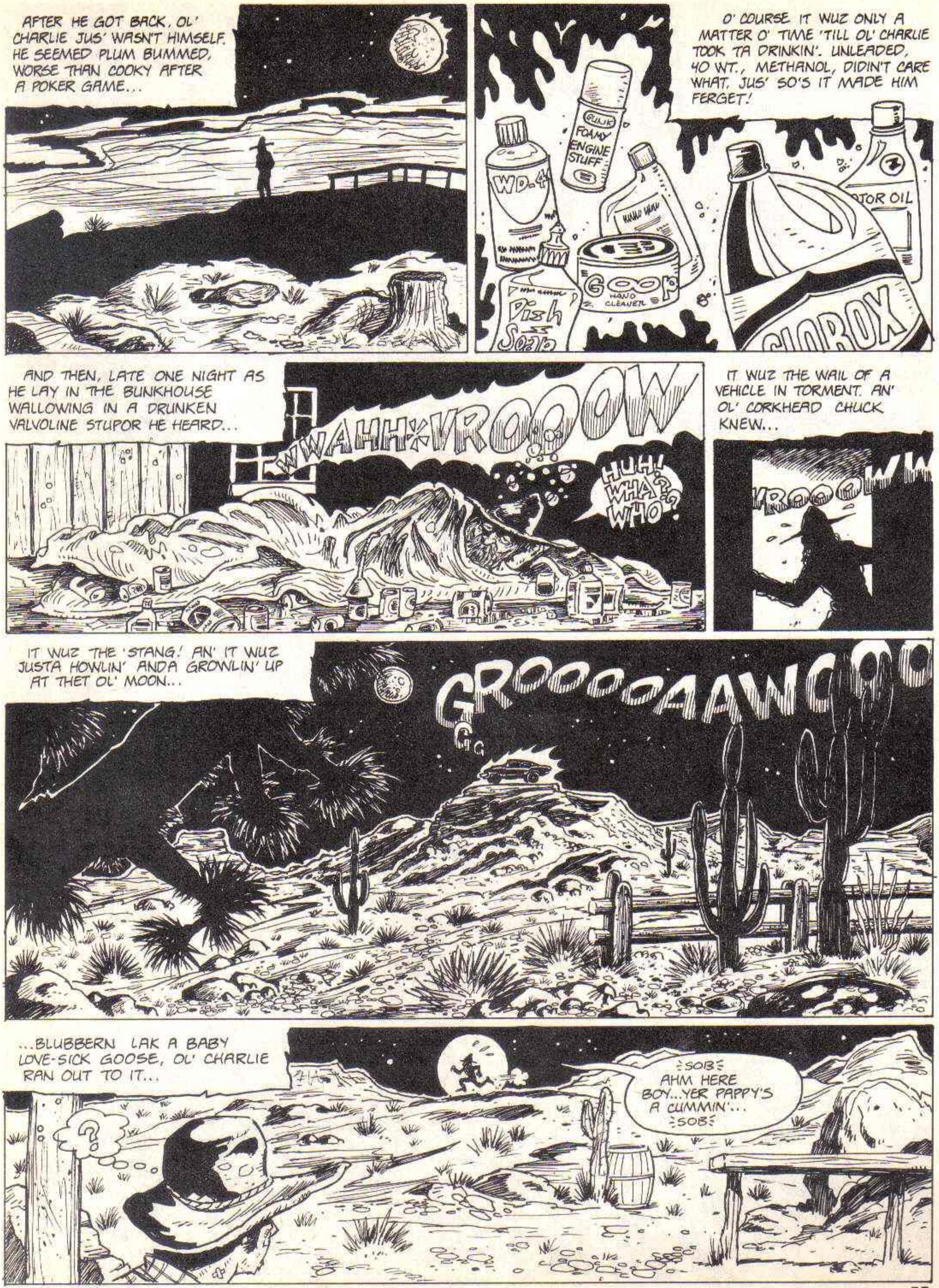
INTRODUCING
The Killer Stang from Pooty Gultch!
K-GROINK
R-ERR
*R-R-W...
HEH!
'Stang
STANG

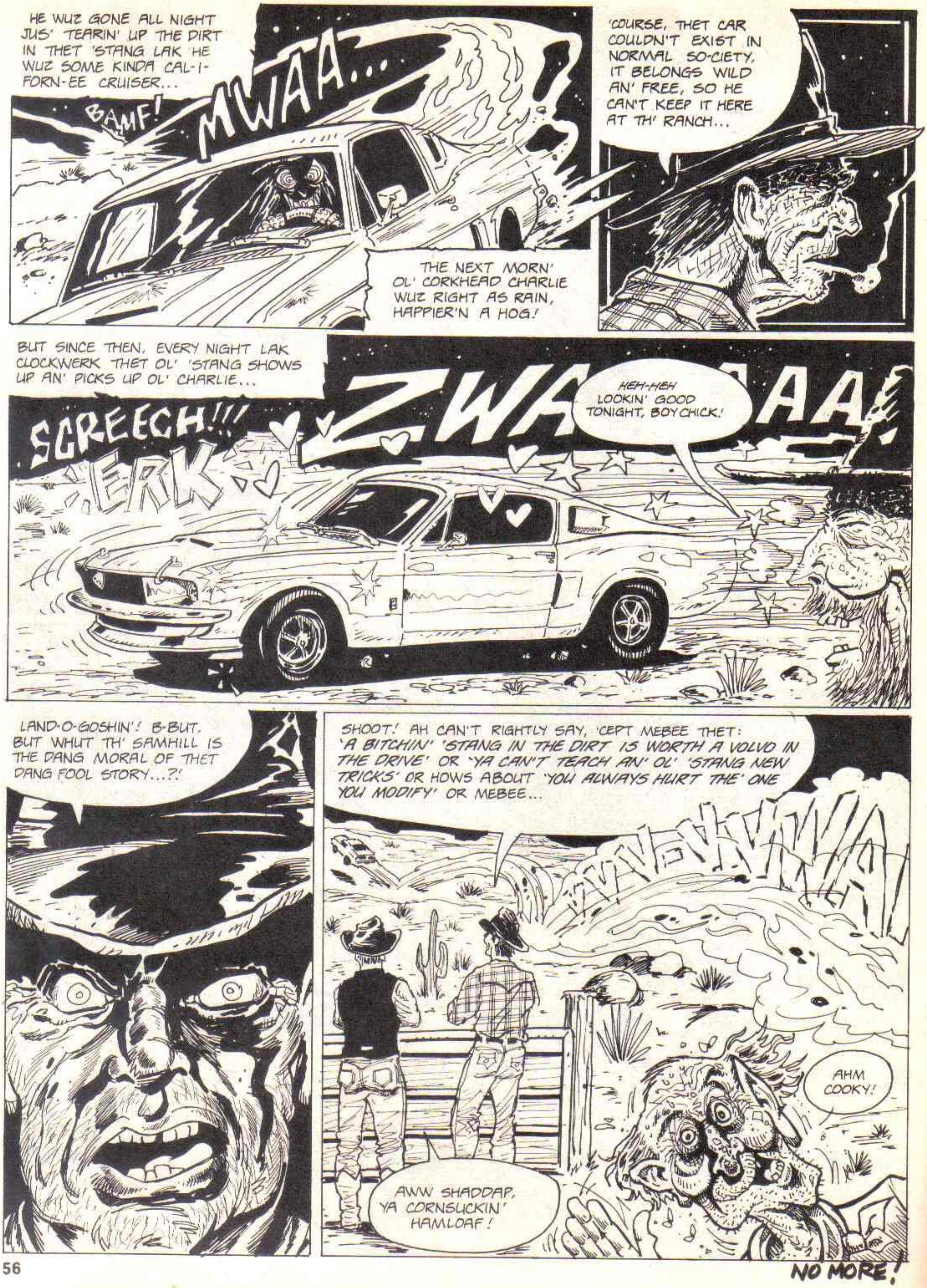
...AN' WHEN IT FINALLY DID...WHY SHE JUS' LIMPED AROUN' LAK COOKY AFTER A WEEKEND IN TOWN...

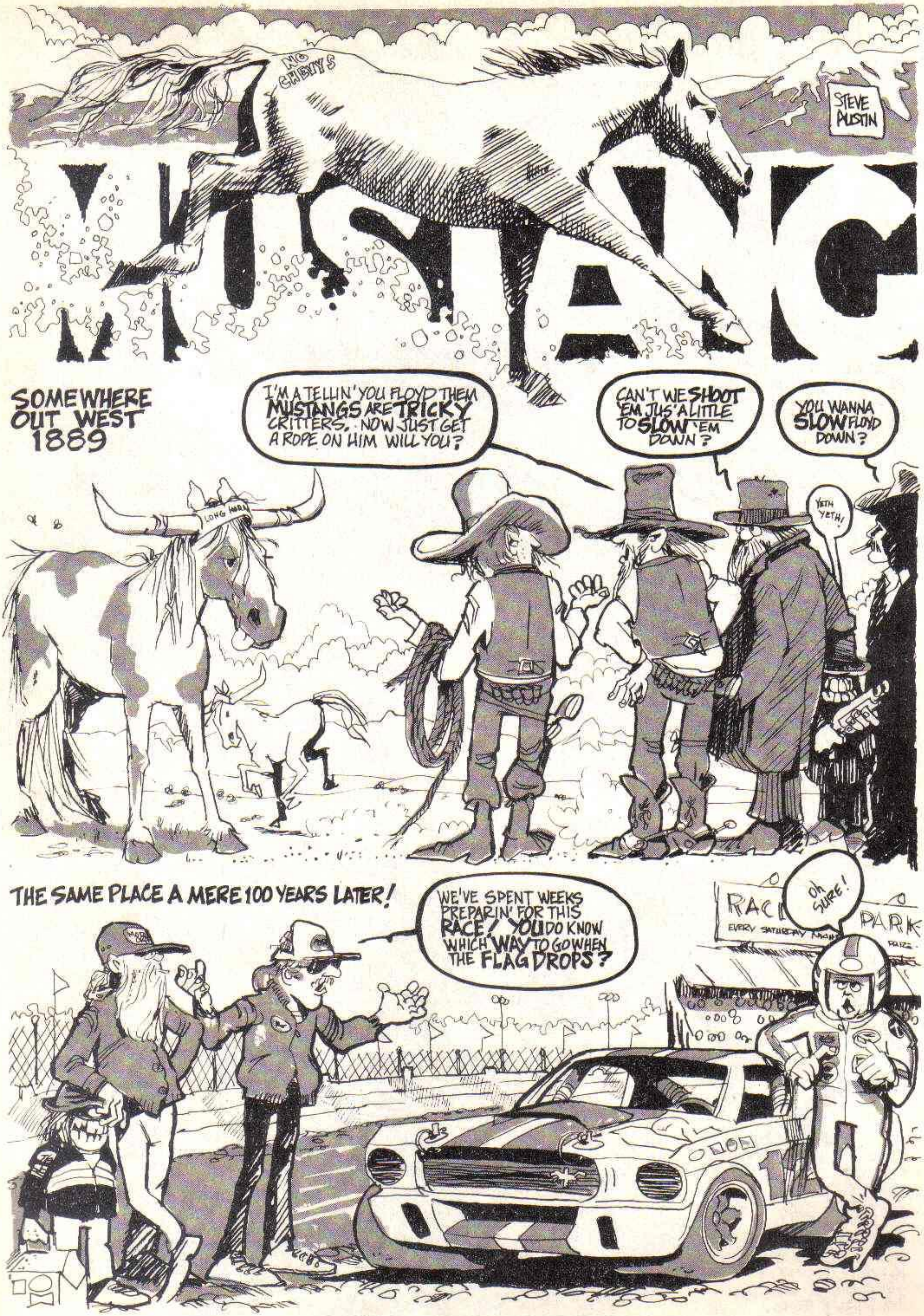
BOOO...
GET A HORSE!
WHATTA HAMLOAF!
HISS...
PUTT PUTT PUTT...
Ford
CARtoons
KEYSTONE
Mobil
WEBER

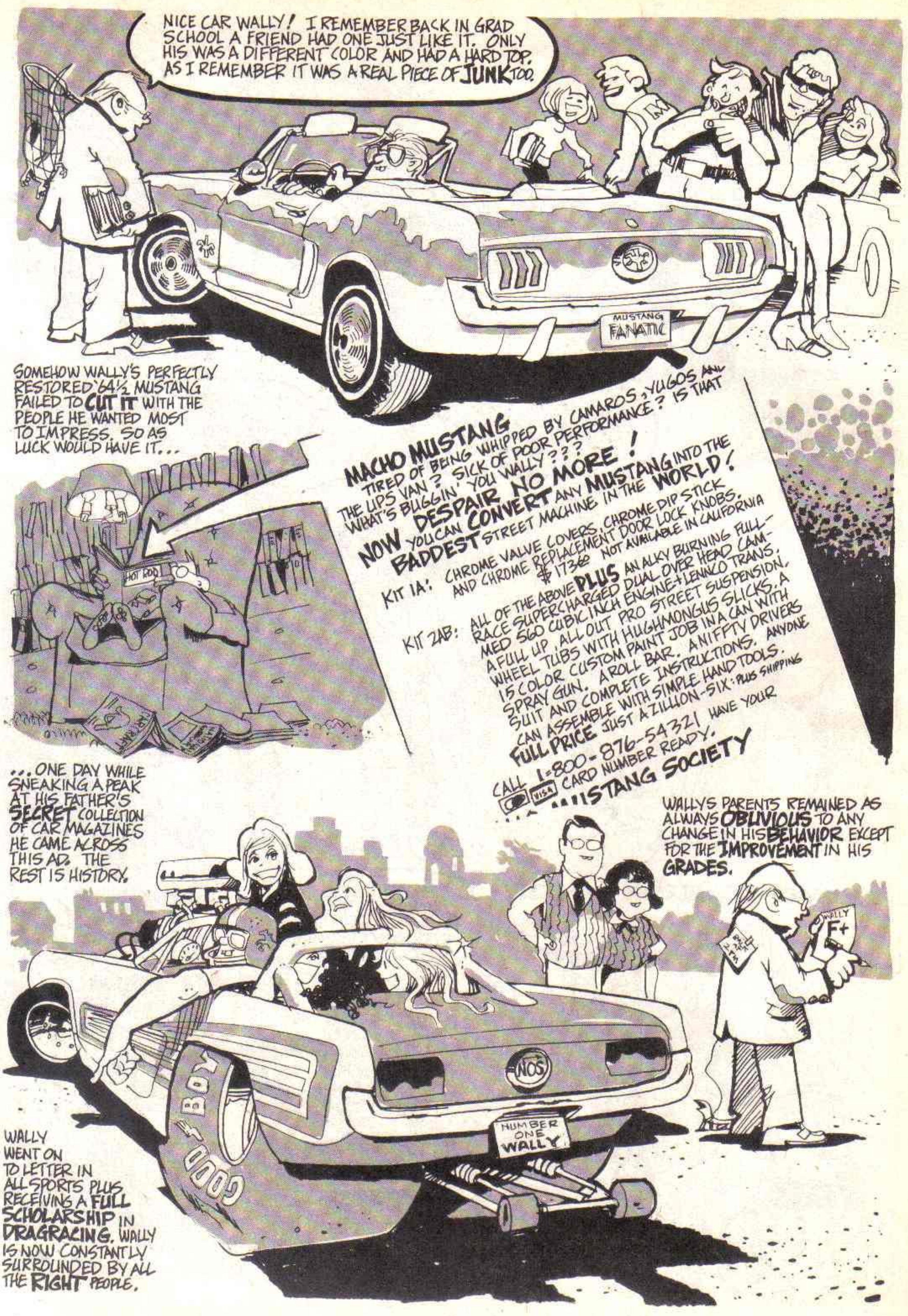
...'COURSE TH' RODEO SUED OL' CHARLIE FOR EVERTIN' HE HAD...'CEPT THE 'STANG O' COURSE...

TH' NEXT DAY OL' CHARLIE, BEIN' A GOD-FEARIN' MAN WAS CONVINCED THET THE CAR WAS PLUM BAD LUCK... SO OFF HE WENT, BACK TO POOTY GULTCH TA LEAVE THET OL' 'STANG BACK WHERE HE FOUND IT...

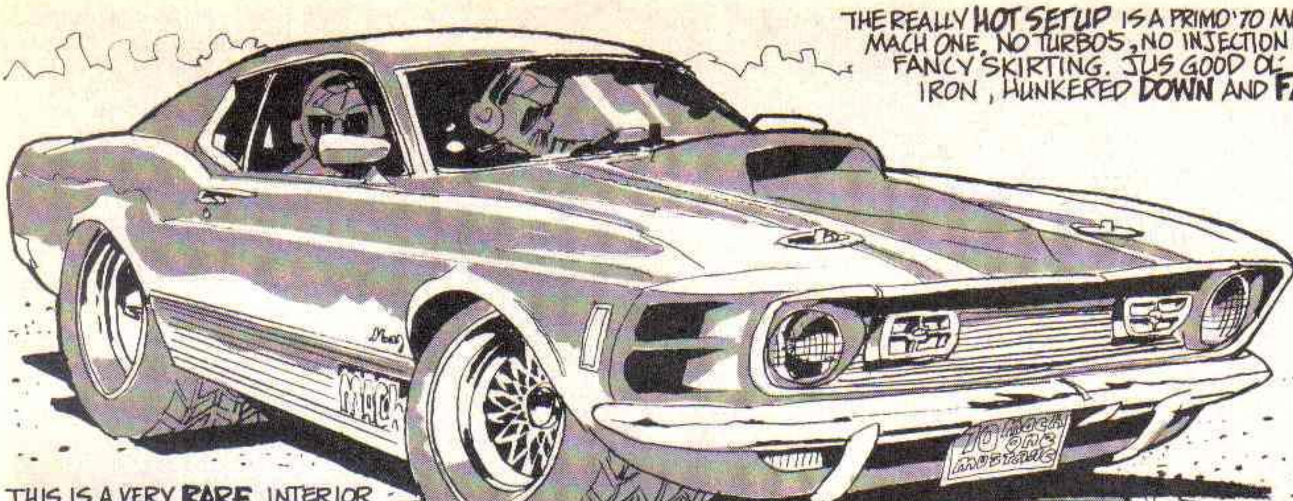

AFTER HE GOT BACK, OL' CHARLIE JUS' WASN'T HIMSELF. HE SEEMED PLUM BUMMED, WORSE THAN COOKY AFTER A POKER GAME...
O' COURSE IT WUZ ONLY A MATTER O' TIME 'TILL OL' CHARLIE TOOK TA DRINKIN'. UNLEADED, 40 WT., METHANOL, DIDIN'T CARE WHAT. JUS' SO'S IT MADE HIM FERGET!
WD-4
GUNK FOAMY ENGINE STUFF
Dish Soap
GOOP HAND CLEANER
CLOROX
OTOR OIL
AND THEN, LATE ONE NIGHT AS HE LAY IN THE BUNKHOUSE WALLOWING IN A DRUNKEN VALVOLINE STUPOR HE HEARD...
WWAHH*VROOOOW
HUH! WHA?? WHO
IT WUZ THE WAIL OF A VEHICLE IN TORMENT. AN' OL' CORKHEAD CHUCK KNEW...
VROOOOWW
IT WUZ THE 'STANG! AN' IT WUZ JUSTA HOWLIN' ANDA GROWLIN' UP AT THET OL' MOON...
GROOOOOAAWOOO
GGG
...BLUBBERN LAK A BABY LOVE-SICK GOOSE, OL' CHARLIE RAN OUT TO IT...
SOB AHM HERE BOY...YER PAPPY'S A CUMMIN'... SOB
?


HE WUZ GONE ALL NIGHT JUS' TEARIN' UP THE DIRT IN THET 'STANG LAK HE WUZ SOME KINDA CAL-I-FORN-EE CRUISER...
BAMF!
MWAA...
THE NEXT MORN' OL' CORKHEAD CHARLIE WUZ RIGHT AS RAIN, HAPPIER'N A HOG!
'COURSE, THET CAR COULDN'T EXIST IN NORMAL SO-CIETY, IT BELONGS WILD AN' FREE, SO HE CAN'T KEEP IT HERE AT TH' RANCH...
BUT SINCE THEN, EVERY NIGHT LAK CLOCKWERK THET OL' 'STANG SHOWS UP AN' PICKS UP OL' CHARLIE...
SCREECH!!!
ERK
ZWA AAA!
HEH-HEH LOOKIN' GOOD TONIGHT, BOYCHICK!
LAND-O-GOSHIN'! B-BUT, BUT WHUT TH' SAMHILL IS THE DANG MORAL OF THET DANG FOOL STORY...?!
SHOOT! AH CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY, 'CEPT MEBEE THET: 'A BITCHIN' 'STANG IN THE DIRT IS WORTH A VOLVO IN THE DRIVE' OR 'YA CAN'T TEACH AN' OL' 'STANG NEW TRICKS' OR HOWS ABOUT 'YOU ALWAYS HURT THE' ONE YOU MODIFY' OR MEBEE...
VVVVROOOMMM
AHM COOKY!
AWW SHADDAP, YA CORNSUCKIN' HAMLOAF!
NO MORE!

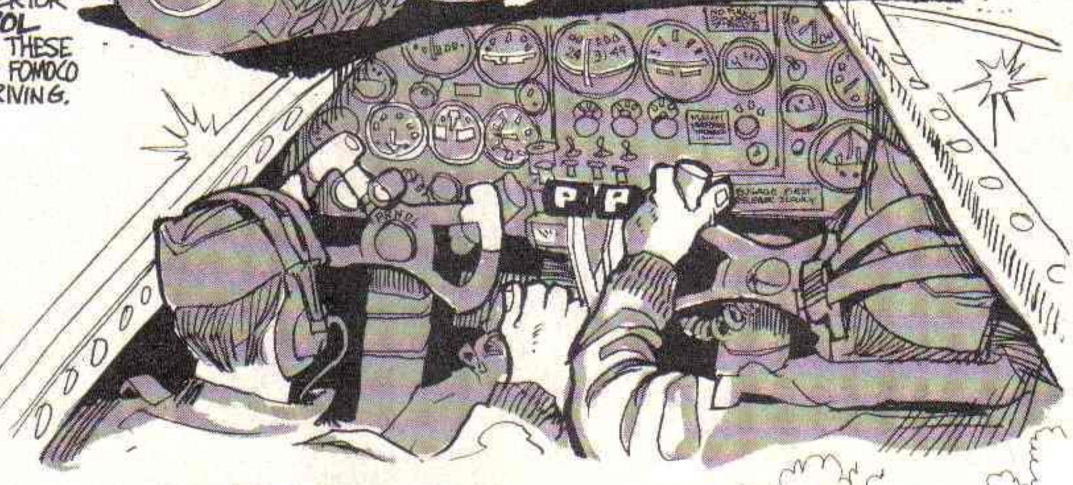
MUSTANG
NO CHEVYS
STEVE PUSTIN
SOMEWHERE OUT WEST 1889
I'M A TELLIN' YOU FLOYD THEM MUSTANGS ARE TRICKY CRITTERS. NOW JUST GET A ROPE ON HIM WILL YOU?
CAN'T WE SHOOT 'EM JUS' A LITTLE TO SLOW 'EM DOWN?
YOU WANNA SLOW FLOYD DOWN?
YETH YETH!
LONG HORN
THE SAME PLACE A MERE 100 YEARS LATER!
WE'VE SPENT WEEKS PREPARIN' FOR THIS RACE! YOU DO KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO WHEN THE FLAG DROPS?
Oh SURE!
RAC PARK
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT


NICE CAR WALLY! I REMEMBER BACK IN GRAD SCHOOL A FRIEND HAD ONE JUST LIKE IT. ONLY HIS WAS A DIFFERENT COLOR AND HAD A HARD TOP. AS I REMEMBER IT WAS A REAL PIECE OF JUNK TOO.
MUSTANG FANATIC
SOMEHOW WALLY'S PERFECTLY RESTORED '64½ MUSTANG FAILED TO CUT IT WITH THE PEOPLE HE WANTED MOST TO IMPRESS. SO AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT...
HOT ROD
MACHO MUSTANG
TIRED OF BEING WHIPPED BY CAMAROS, YUGOS AND THE UPS VAN? SICK OF POOR PERFORMANCE? IS THAT WHAT'S BUGGIN' YOU WALLY???
NOW DESPAIR NO MORE!
YOU CAN CONVERT ANY MUSTANG INTO THE BADDEST STREET MACHINE IN THE WORLD!
KIT 1A: CHROME VALVE COVERS, CHROME DIP STICK AND CHROME REPLACEMENT DOOR LOCK KNOBS. $17.36 NOT AVAILABLE IN CALIFORNIA
KIT 2AB: ALL OF THE ABOVE PLUS AN ALKY BURNING FULL-RACE SUPERCHARGED DUAL OVER HEAD CAMMED 560 CUBIC INCH ENGINE + LENNCO TRANS. A FULL UP, ALL OUT PRO STREET SUSPENSION. WHEEL TUBS WITH HUGHMONGUS SLICKS. A 15 COLOR CUSTOM PAINT JOB IN A CAN WITH SPRAY GUN. A ROLL BAR. A NIFFTY DRIVERS SUIT AND COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. ANYONE CAN ASSEMBLE WITH SIMPLE HAND TOOLS.
FULL PRICE JUST A ZILLION-SIX: PLUS SHIPPING
CALL 1-800-876-54321 HAVE YOUR VISA CARD NUMBER READY.
...USTANG SOCIETY
...ONE DAY WHILE SNEAKING A PEAK AT HIS FATHER'S SECRET COLLECTION OF CAR MAGAZINES HE CAME ACROSS THIS AD. THE REST IS HISTORY.
WALLYS PARENTS REMAINED AS ALWAYS OBLIVIOUS TO ANY CHANGE IN HIS BEHAVIOR EXCEPT FOR THE IMPROVEMENT IN HIS GRADES.
WALLY F+
NOS
GOOD BOY
NUMBER ONE WALLY
WALLY WENT ON TO LETTER IN ALL SPORTS PLUS RECEIVING A FULL SCHOLARSHIP IN DRAGRACING. WALLY IS NOW CONSTANTLY SURROUNDED BY ALL THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

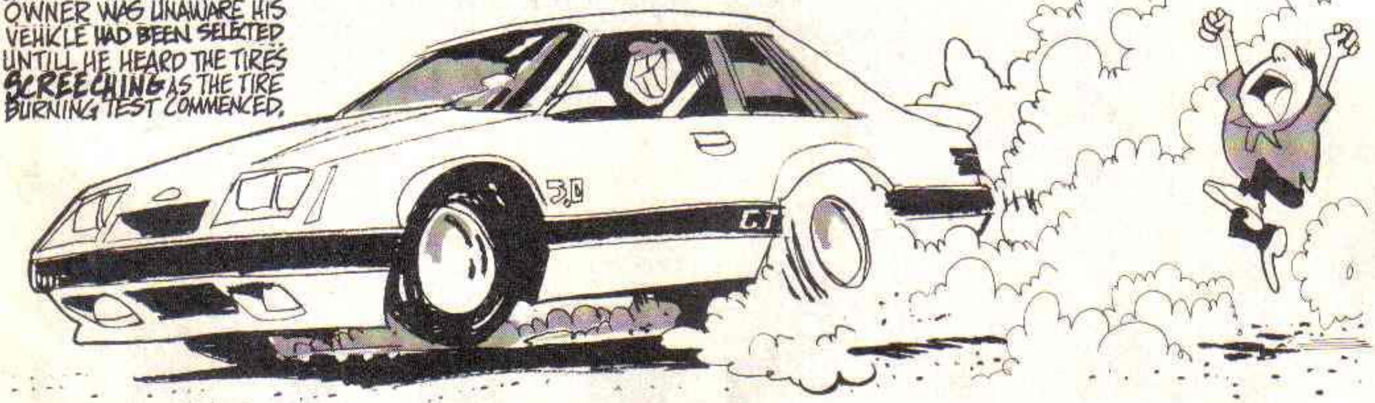
THE REALLY **HOT SETUP** IS A PRIMO '70 MUSTANG MACH ONE. NO TURBO'S, NO INJECTION, NO FANCY SKIRTING. JUS GOOD OL' CAST IRON, HUNKERED **DOWN** AND **FAST**!



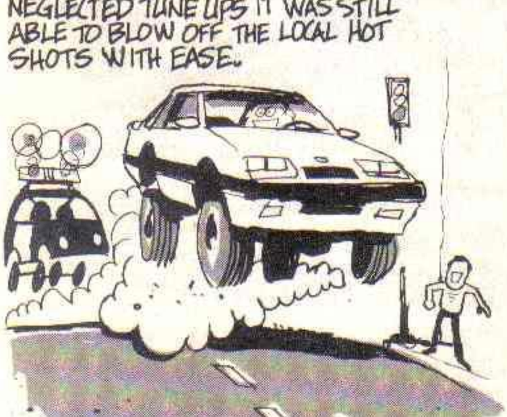
THIS IS A VERY **RARE** INTERIOR SHOT OF A **DUAL CONTROL** MODEL MACH 1 MUSTANG. THESE CARS WERE FOR TRAINING FOMOCO EXCECS IN PERFORMANCE DRIVING.



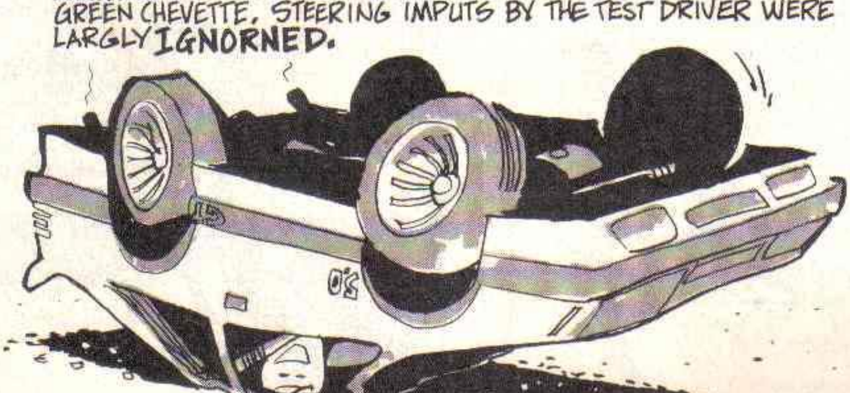
OUR STAFF WANTED TO **ROAD TEST** A MORE MODERN VERSION OF THE MUSTANG. IN CHOOSING A 5.0 LITER '85 MODEL OUR TEST VEHICLE REPRESENTS A CAR MORE LIKE A AVERAGE CITIZEN MIGHT BE DRIVING AS OPPOSED TO SOME UNREALISTIC **BRAND NEW** OR A **BUILT UP** MODEL. TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM A QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOORHOOD. THIS CARS OWNER WAS UNAWARE HIS VEHICLE HAD BEEN SELECTED UNTILL HE HEARD THE TIRES **SCREECHING** AS THE TIRE BURNING TEST COMMENCED.

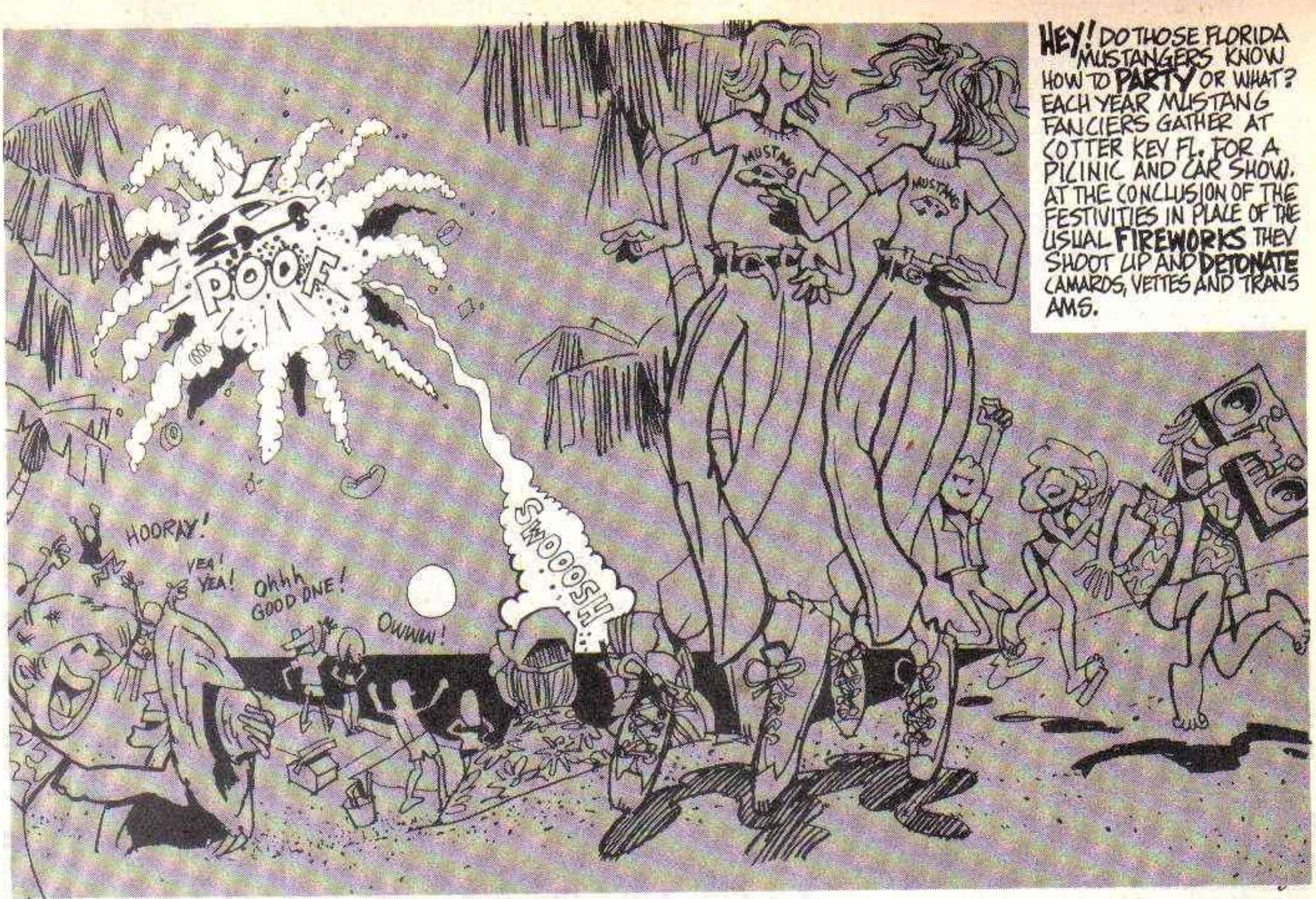


ALTHOUGH THE MUSTANG WE PICKED FOR OUR TEST HAD 87,000 MILES ON THE ODOMETER AND SUFFERED FROM NEGLECTED TUNE UPS IT WAS STILL ABLE TO BLOW OFF THE LOCAL HOT SHOTS WITH EASE.



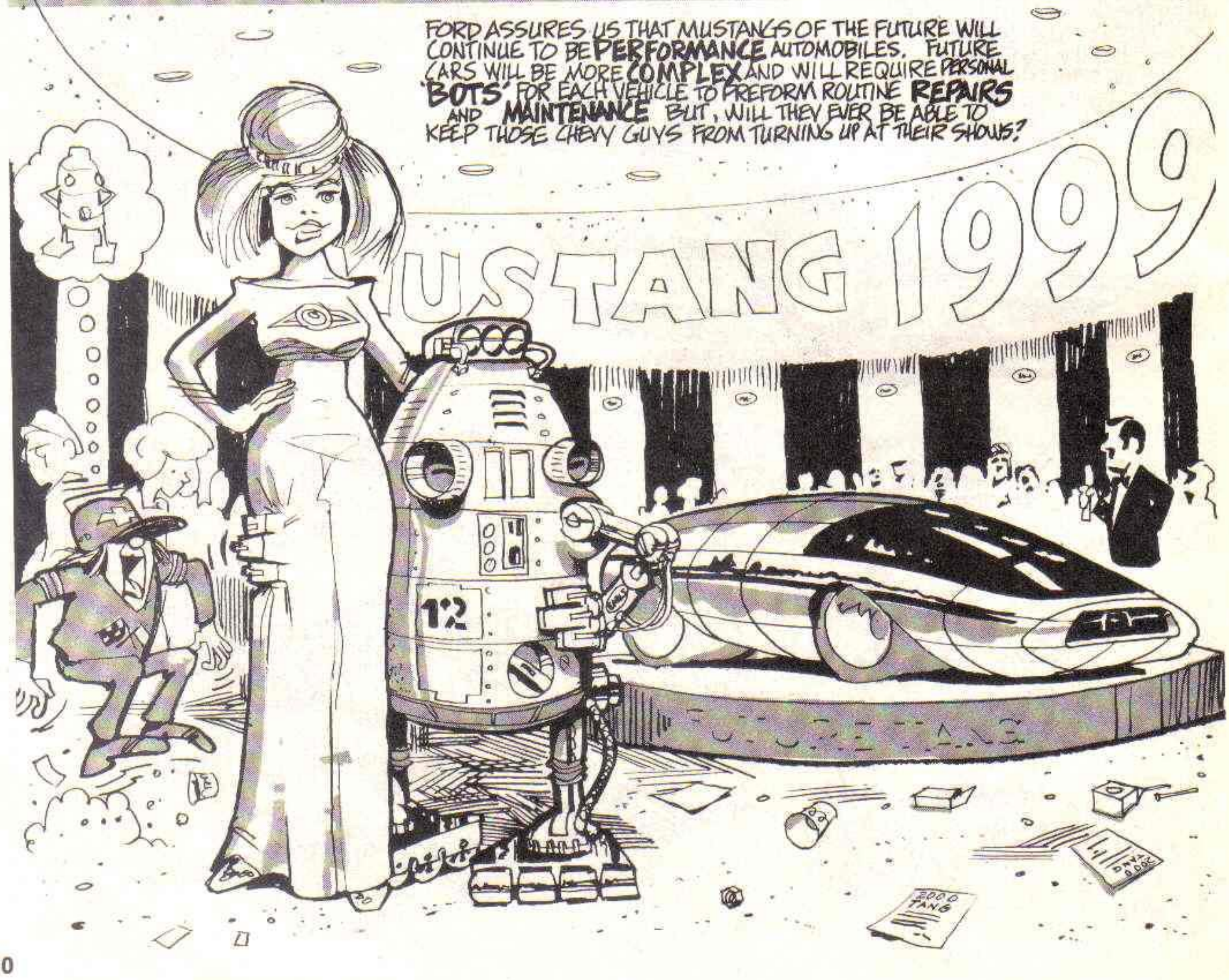
OVER THE YEARS WE'VE **TESTED** MANY **HIGH PERFORMANCE** CARS INCLUDING SOME SO CALLED **SPORTS CARS** AND IT SHOULD BE NOTED THIS MUSTANG WAS MOST RESISTANT TO ASSUME THIS POSITION. HOWEVER, ONCE IN THIS POSITION THE CAR PERFORMED **NO** BETTER THAN THE GREEN CHEVETTE. STEERING IMPUTS BY THE TEST DRIVER WERE LARGLY **IGNORNED.**





HEY! DO THOSE FLORIDA MUSTANGERS KNOW HOW TO **PARTY** OR WHAT? EACH YEAR MUSTANG FANCIERS GATHER AT COTTER KEY FL. FOR A PICINIC AND CAR SHOW. AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE FESTIVITIES IN PLACE OF THE USUAL **FIREWORKS** THEY SHOOT UP AND **DETONATE** CAMARDS, VETTES AND TRANS AMS.

POOF
SWOOOSH
HOORAY!
YEA! YEA!
Ohhh GOOD ONE!
OWWW!
MUSTANG
MUSTANG



FORD ASSURES US THAT MUSTANGS OF THE FUTURE WILL CONTINUE TO BE **PERFORMANCE** AUTOMOBILES. FUTURE CARS WILL BE MORE **COMPLEX** AND WILL REQUIRE PERSONAL **'BOTS'** FOR EACH VEHICLE TO PREFORM ROUTINE **REPAIRS** AND **MAINTENANCE** BUT, WILL THEY EVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE CHEVY GUYS FROM TURNING UP AT THEIR SHOWS?

MUSTANG 1999
12
FUTURETANG
2000 TANG

THE *kinda gnarly* MUSTANG QUIZ

BY PHIL ROTH

Okay Pony fanciers, here's a little game you can all play. Nothing serious, just a few simple questions about one of your favorite cars. You can take it by yourself or with your friends. If you want, you can cheat a little and look up the answers and then humiliate your pals with how much you know and what lame-brains they are. Believe it or not, this is easier than the stuff you get in school. Ready? let's go!

1. For the year 1971 there were 149,000 Mustangs assembled and of these, 60,455 were the snappy SportsRoof models. Got it? And out of these SportsRoofs, how many became Boss 351s?
A. 5,0042
B. 2,576
C. 12,345
D. 1,806
E. 2,574
F. 2 . . . both of them snapped up by Donna Summers.

2. Back in the 60s and 70s, nobody could match Carroll Shelby in his limited production, high-performance, factory endorsed variations on the Stang. Today, Saleen has taken up the torch. They are both auto greats but Saleen has a first name too, and it is . . . ?
A. Bill
B. David
C. Mike
D. Merle
E. Steve
F. Whoopie

3. In 1969 Ford introduced a super luxury hardtop that was continued on until 1973. It was called the Grande and besides its special insulation package and modified suspension, it's most distinguishing characteristic was . . .
A. Its leather covered Momo steering wheel.
B. Its black striped dual hoodscoops.
C. A Kenwood stereo with four speakers.
D. The vinyl top.
E. The 289 Hi-Po engine.
F. The swivel mounted, radar controlled, anti-aircraft cannon.

4. It looked like a Mustang and ran like a musclecar, but it's official name was the Ford T-5, indicating that it had been especially modified for . . .
A. SCAA Escort Edurance Series.
B. Trans-AM Series.
C. Export to West Germany.
D. Police duty.
E. Export to Sweden.
F. Anti-submarine patrol.

5. Okay, you spot a Mustang II T-roof convertible. The only full year of production for this particular baby was . . .
A. 1975
B. 1976
C. 1977
D. 1978
E. 1979
F. 2001

6. Talking about years and models, we all know, of course, that the 302 engine was first introduced in . . .
A. 1966
B. 1967
C. 1968
D. 1969
E. 1970
F. 302 B.C. naturally

7. Let's make this one really simple, gang. Back in 1964 you could pick up on a brand new Mustang convertible hot off the assembly line for approximately $1.07 a pound, right?
A. That's totally ridiculous but TRUE
B. That's totally ridiculous and FALSE

8. We all just love to read and decipher the code numbers on auto parts, right? It's so much fun. Okay, we have this 289 block and the code starts with C5AE. You follow so far? Right on! What does the E stand for?
A. The product line, which is Ford.
B. It's part of the manufacturing date—the fifth month, which is May.
C. The office responsible for the design.
D. The fifth design change.
E. The fifth day of the month.
F. It's part of Quick Irv's secret P.O. Box number.

9. Here's another simple true-false question, just so you won't have to think too hard and give yourself a headache. Same Mustang, same 289 block and the same code—C5AE. Read together, this indicates the Pony was manufactured in 1965.
A. Absolutely—'tis TRUE
B. 'Taint necessarily so—FALSE

10. You did just great, gang. Now, one last little piece of work. Look up the answers and count the number of questions you have answered correctly. This will give you your official Mustang Quiz Competency Score. Then Check below for your CARtoons Automotive Efficiency Category. Let's do it! How many did you get right?
A. 7 to 9 . . . You are ready to start work with Saleen immediately or to restore or upgrade your Pony singlehandedly, with no help from man or beast.
B. 5 to 7 . . . You are qualified to start work in your local garage, quit school, forget about college, and get used to eating fast foods as a regular diet.
C. 3 to 5 . . . You could get a job working with Krass and Bernie.
D. 1 to 3 . . . Get a Chevy
E. 0 to 1 . . . There's an immediate opening for you on the Editorial staff of Cartoons magazine.
F. Less than Zero . . . Enroll immediately in a Remedial Math course.

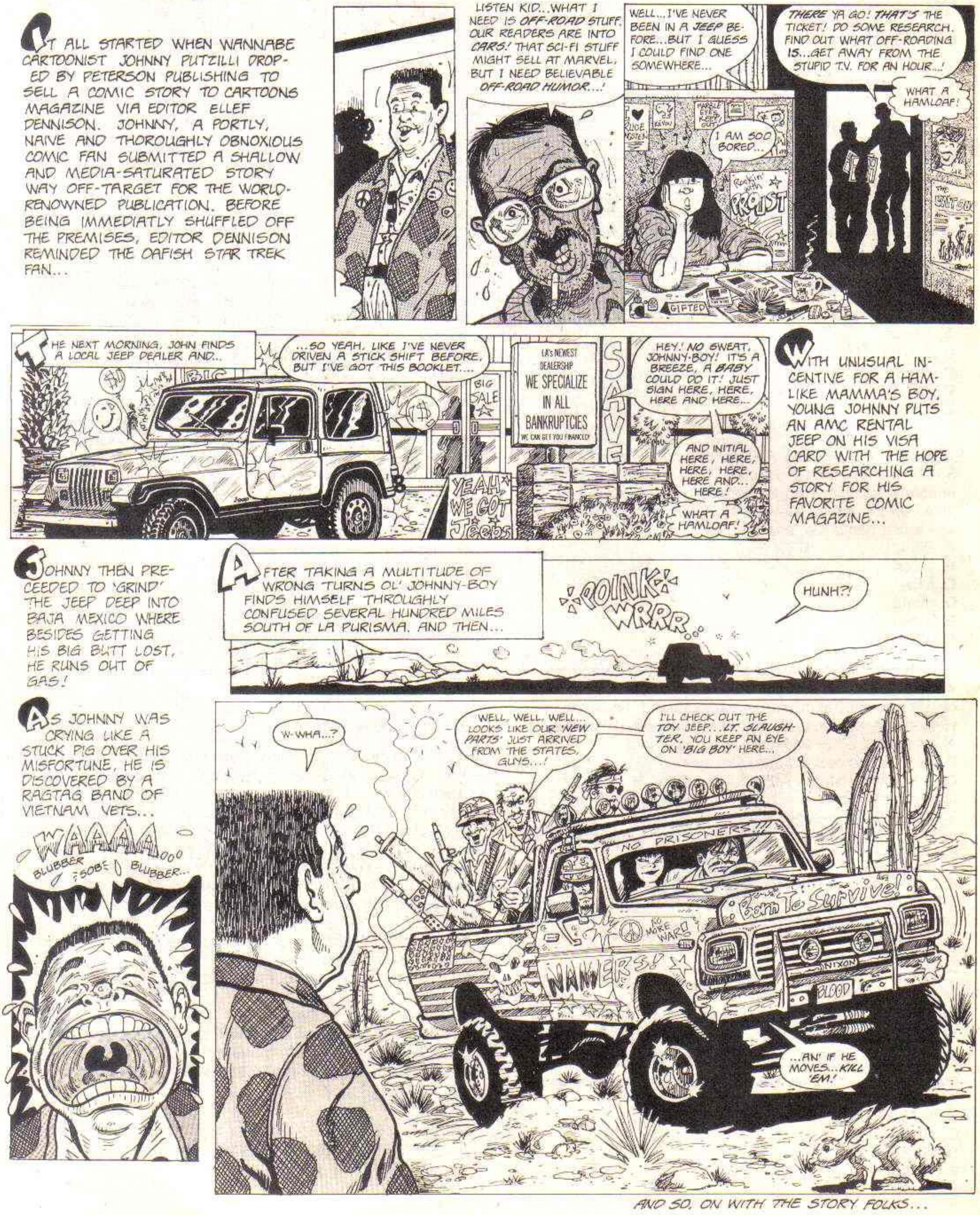
NOTE: The answers to this little quiz appear somewhere in this issue of CARtoons magazine. You job is to find them. Go to it! Good luck!

OFF-ROAD INSIGHT PART 2!

A Tale of Honor, Status and Growing Up

BUT FIRST...

A Recap of Part 1 From Last Issue—


IT ALL STARTED WHEN WANNABE CARTOONIST JOHNNY PUTZILLI DROPPED BY PETERSON PUBLISHING TO SELL A COMIC STORY TO CARTOONS MAGAZINE VIA EDITOR ELLEF DENNISON. JOHNNY, A PORTLY, NAIVE AND THOROUGHLY OBNOXIOUS COMIC FAN SUBMITTED A SHALLOW AND MEDIA-SATURATED STORY WAY OFF-TARGET FOR THE WORLD-RENOWNED PUBLICATION. BEFORE BEING IMMEDIATLY SHUFFLED OFF THE PREMISES, EDITOR DENNISON REMINDED THE OAFISH STAR TREK FAN...
LISTEN KID...WHAT I NEED IS OFF-ROAD STUFF. OUR READERS ARE INTO CARS! THAT SCI-FI STUFF MIGHT SELL AT MARVEL, BUT I NEED BELIEVABLE OFF-ROAD HUMOR...!
WELL...I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A JEEP BEFORE...BUT I GUESS I COULD FIND ONE SOMEWHERE...
I AM SOO BORED...
Rockin' with PROUST
GIFTED
THERE YA GO! THAT'S THE TICKET! DO SOME RESEARCH. FIND OUT WHAT OFF-ROADING IS...GET AWAY FROM THE STUPID T.V. FOR AN HOUR...!
WHAT A HAMLOAF!
THE NEXT MORNING, JOHN FINDS A LOCAL JEEP DEALER AND...
...SO YEAH, LIKE I'VE NEVER DRIVEN A STICK SHIFT BEFORE, BUT I'VE GOT THIS BOOKLET....
BIG SALE
LA's NEWEST DEALERSHIP WE SPECIALIZE IN ALL BANKRUPTCIES WE CAN GET YOU FINANCED!
SAVE
YEAH, WE GOT Jeeps
HEY! NO SWEAT, JOHNNY-BOY! IT'S A BREEZE, A BABY COULD DO IT! JUST SIGN HERE, HERE, HERE AND HERE...
AND INITIAL HERE, HERE, HERE, HERE, HERE AND... HERE!
WHAT A HAMLOAF!
WITH UNUSUAL INCENTIVE FOR A HAM-LIKE MAMMA'S BOY, YOUNG JOHNNY PUTS AN AMC RENTAL JEEP ON HIS VISA CARD WITH THE HOPE OF RESEARCHING A STORY FOR HIS FAVORITE COMIC MAGAZINE...
JOHNNY THEN PRECEEDED TO 'GRIND' THE JEEP DEEP INTO BAJA MEXICO WHERE BESIDES GETTING HIS BIG BUTT LOST, HE RUNS OUT OF GAS!
AFTER TAKING A MULTITUDE OF WRONG TURNS OL' JOHNNY-BOY FINDS HIMSELF THROUGHLY CONFUSED SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF LA PURISMA. AND THEN...
POINK WRRR...
HUNH?!
AS JOHNNY WAS CRYING LIKE A STUCK PIG OVER HIS MISFORTUNE, HE IS DISCOVERED BY A RAGTAG BAND OF VIETNAM VETS...
WAAAAA...
BLUBBER SOB BLUBBER...
W-WHA...?
WELL, WELL, WELL... LOOKS LIKE OUR 'NEW PARTS' JUST ARRIVED FROM THE STATES, GUYS...!
I'LL CHECK OUT THE TOY JEEP...LT. SLAUGHTER, YOU KEEP AN EYE ON 'BIG BOY' HERE...
NO PRISONERS!!!
Born To Survive!
NO MORE WAR!
NAMVETS!
NIXON
BLOOD
...AN' IF HE MOVES...KILL 'EM!

AND SO, ON WITH THE STORY FOLKS...

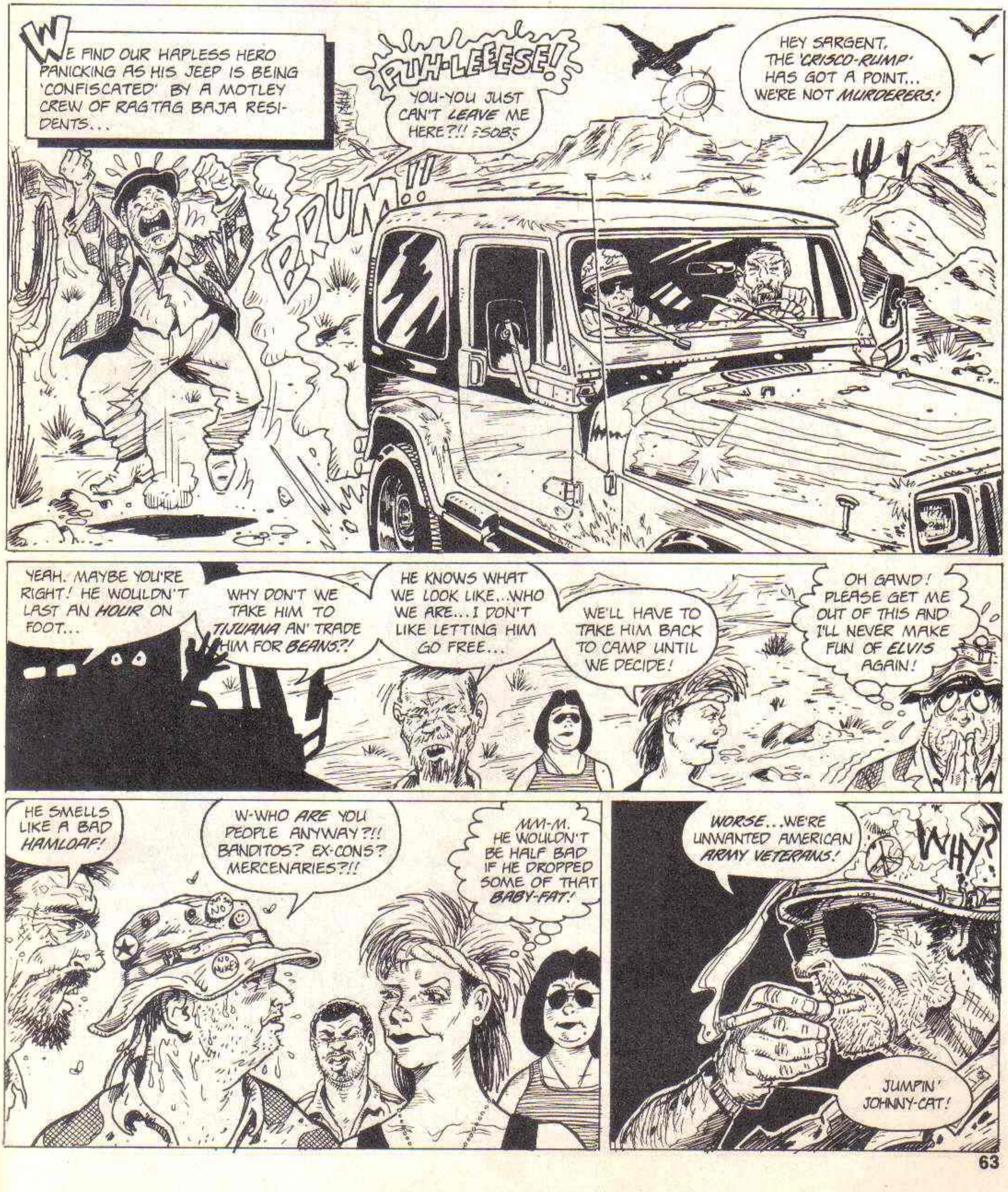
OFF-ROAD INSIGHT

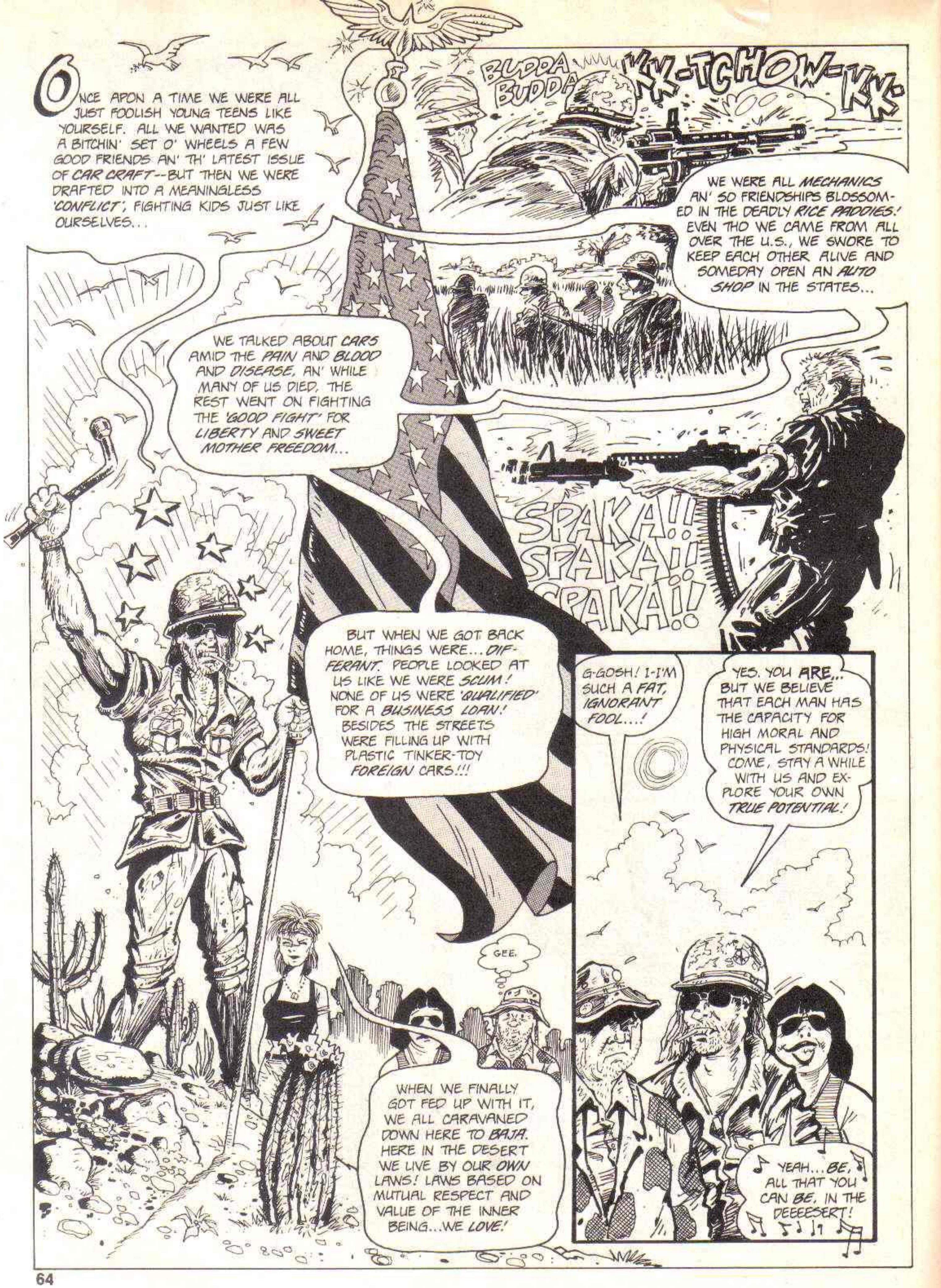
A Tale of Honor, Status and Growing Up

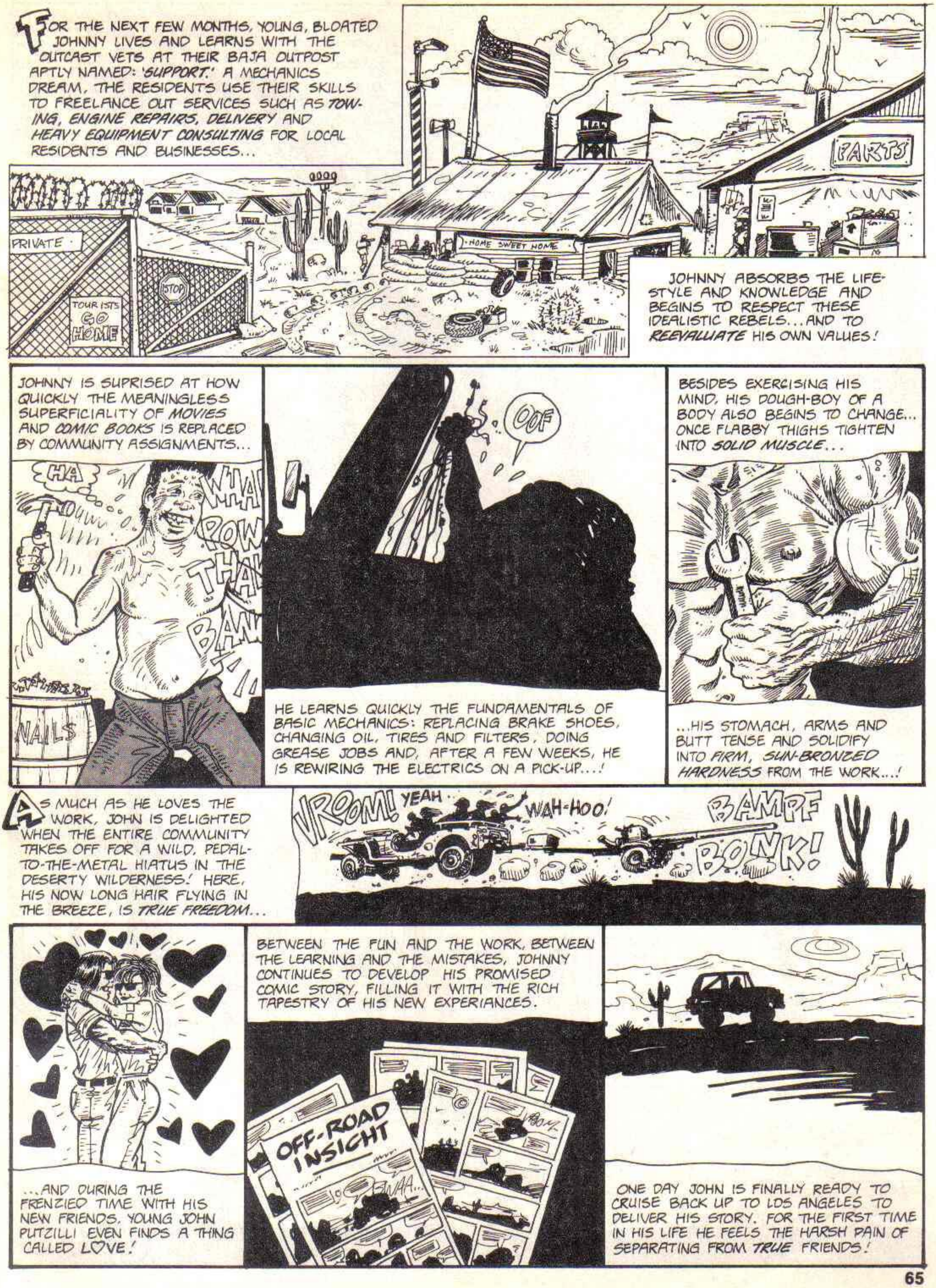
* CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE *

PART 2!

WORDS/ART MARNICK


WE FIND OUR HAPLESS HERO PANICKING AS HIS JEEP IS BEING 'CONFISCATED' BY A MOTLEY CREW OF RAGTAG BAJA RESIDENTS...
PUH-LEEESE!
YOU-YOU JUST CAN'T *LEAVE* ME HERE?!! SOB
HEY SARGENT, THE *'CRISCO-RUMP'* HAS GOT A POINT... WE'RE NOT *MURDERERS!*
BRUM!!!
YEAH. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! HE WOULDN'T LAST AN *HOUR* ON FOOT...
WHY DON'T WE TAKE HIM TO *TIJUANA* AN' TRADE HIM FOR *BEANS?!*
HE KNOWS WHAT WE LOOK LIKE...WHO WE ARE...I DON'T LIKE LETTING HIM GO FREE...
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP UNTIL WE DECIDE!
OH GAWD! PLEASE GET ME OUT OF THIS AND I'LL NEVER MAKE FUN OF *ELVIS* AGAIN!
HE SMELLS LIKE A BAD *HAMLOAF!*
W-WHO *ARE* YOU PEOPLE ANYWAY?!! BANDITOS? EX-CONS? MERCENARIES?!!
MM-M. HE WOULDN'T BE HALF BAD IF HE DROPPED SOME OF THAT *BABY-FAT!*
WORSE...WE'RE UNWANTED AMERICAN *ARMY VETERANS!*
WHY?
JUMPIN' JOHNNY-CAT!


ONCE APON A TIME WE WERE ALL JUST FOOLISH YOUNG TEENS LIKE YOURSELF. ALL WE WANTED WAS A BITCHIN' SET O' WHEELS A FEW GOOD FRIENDS AN' TH' LATEST ISSUE OF *CAR CRAFT*--BUT THEN WE WERE DRAFTED INTO A MEANINGLESS *'CONFLICT'*, FIGHTING KIDS JUST LIKE OURSELVES...
BUDDA BUDDA
KK-TCHOW-KK
WE WERE ALL *MECHANICS* AN' SO FRIENDSHIPS BLOSSOMED IN THE DEADLY *RICE PADDIES!* EVEN THO WE CAME FROM ALL OVER THE U.S., WE SWORE TO KEEP EACH OTHER ALIVE AND SOMEDAY OPEN AN *AUTO SHOP* IN THE STATES...
WE TALKED ABOUT *CARS* AMID THE *PAIN* AND *BLOOD* AND *DISEASE*, AN' WHILE MANY OF US DIED, THE REST WENT ON FIGHTING THE *'GOOD FIGHT'* FOR *LIBERTY* AND *SWEET MOTHER FREEDOM*...
SPAKA!! SPAKA!! SPAKA!!
BUT WHEN WE GOT BACK HOME, THINGS WERE... *DIFFERANT.* PEOPLE LOOKED AT US LIKE WE WERE *SCUM!* NONE OF US WERE *'QUALIFIED'* FOR A *BUSINESS LOAN!* BESIDES THE STREETS WERE FILLING UP WITH PLASTIC TINKER-TOY *FOREIGN* CARS!!!
G-GOSH! I-I'M SUCH A *FAT, IGNORANT FOOL*...!
YES. YOU **ARE**... BUT WE BELIEVE THAT EACH MAN HAS THE CAPACITY FOR HIGH MORAL AND PHYSICAL STANDARDS! COME, STAY A WHILE WITH US AND EXPLORE YOUR OWN *TRUE POTENTIAL!*
GEE.
WHEN WE FINALLY GOT FED UP WITH IT, WE ALL CARAVANED DOWN HERE TO *BAJA*. HERE IN THE DESERT WE LIVE BY OUR *OWN* LAWS! LAWS BASED ON MUTUAL RESPECT AND VALUE OF THE INNER BEING... WE *LOVE!*
♪ YEAH... *BE*, ALL THAT YOU CAN *BE*, IN THE DEEEESERT! ♪



FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, YOUNG, BLOATED JOHNNY LIVES AND LEARNS WITH THE OUTCAST VETS AT THEIR BAJA OUTPOST APTLY NAMED: '*SUPPORT.*' A MECHANICS DREAM. THE RESIDENTS USE THEIR SKILLS TO FREELANCE OUT SERVICES SUCH AS *TOWING, ENGINE REPAIRS, DELIVERY* AND *HEAVY EQUIPMENT CONSULTING* FOR LOCAL RESIDENTS AND BUSINESSES...

JOHNNY ABSORBS THE LIFESTYLE AND KNOWLEDGE AND BEGINS TO RESPECT THESE IDEALISTIC REBELS...AND TO *REEVALUATE* HIS OWN VALUES!

JOHNNY IS SUPRISED AT HOW QUICKLY THE MEANINGLESS SUPERFICIALITY OF *MOVIES* AND *COMIC BOOKS* IS REPLACED BY COMMUNITY ASSIGNMENTS...

HE LEARNS QUICKLY THE FUNDAMENTALS OF BASIC MECHANICS: REPLACING BRAKE SHOES, CHANGING OIL, TIRES AND FILTERS, DOING GREASE JOBS AND, AFTER A FEW WEEKS, HE IS REWIRING THE ELECTRICS ON A PICK-UP...!

BESIDES EXERCISING HIS MIND, HIS DOUGH-BOY OF A BODY ALSO BEGINS TO CHANGE... ONCE FLABBY THIGHS TIGHTEN INTO *SOLID MUSCLE*...

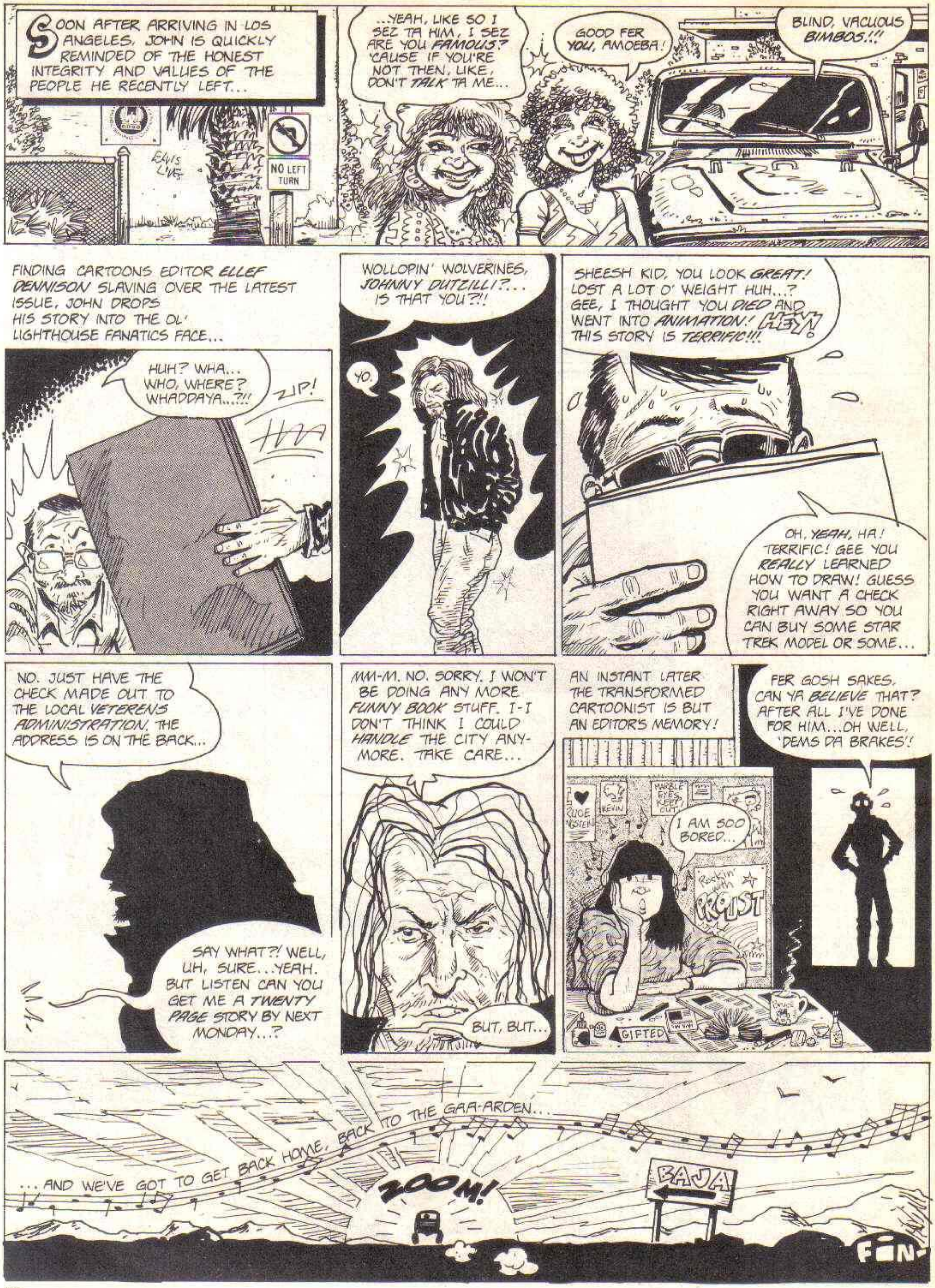
...HIS STOMACH, ARMS AND BUTT TENSE AND SOLIDIFY INTO *FIRM, SUN-BRONZED HARDNESS* FROM THE WORK...!

AS MUCH AS HE LOVES THE WORK, JOHN IS DELIGHTED WHEN THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY TAKES OFF FOR A WILD, PEDAL-TO-THE-METAL HIATUS IN THE DESERTY WILDERNESS! HERE, HIS NOW LONG HAIR FLYING IN THE BREEZE, IS *TRUE FREEDOM*...

...AND DURING THE FRENZIED TIME WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS, YOUNG JOHN PUTZILLI EVEN FINDS A THING CALLED LOVE!

BETWEEN THE FUN AND THE WORK, BETWEEN THE LEARNING AND THE MISTAKES, JOHNNY CONTINUES TO DEVELOP HIS PROMISED COMIC STORY, FILLING IT WITH THE RICH TAPESTRY OF HIS NEW EXPERIANCES.

ONE DAY JOHN IS FINALLY READY TO CRUISE BACK UP TO LOS ANGELES TO DELIVER HIS STORY. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE FEELS THE HARSH PAIN OF SEPARATING FROM *TRUE* FRIENDS!


SOON AFTER ARRIVING IN LOS ANGELES, JOHN IS QUICKLY REMINDED OF THE HONEST INTEGRITY AND VALUES OF THE PEOPLE HE RECENTLY LEFT...
ELVIS LIVES
NO LEFT TURN
...YEAH, LIKE SO I SEZ TA HIM, I SEZ ARE YOU *FAMOUS?* 'CAUSE IF YOU'RE NOT THEN, LIKE, DON'T *TALK* TA ME...
GOOD FER *YOU*, AMOEBA!
BLIND, VACUOUS *BIMBOS!!!*
FINDING CARTOONS EDITOR *ELLEF DENNISON* SLAVING OVER THE LATEST ISSUE, JOHN DROPS HIS STORY INTO THE OL' LIGHTHOUSE FANATICS FACE...
HUH? WHA... WHO, WHERE? WHADDAYA...?!!
ZIP!
WOLLOPIN' WOLVERINES, *JOHNNY DUTZILLI!?*... IS THAT YOU?!!
YO.
SHEESH KID, YOU LOOK *GREAT!* LOST A LOT O' WEIGHT HUH...? GEE, I THOUGHT YOU *DIED* AND WENT INTO *ANIMATION!* *HEY!* THIS STORY IS *TERRIFIC!!!*
OH, *YEAH*, HA! TERRIFIC! GEE YOU *REALLY* LEARNED HOW TO DRAW! GUESS YOU WANT A CHECK RIGHT AWAY SO YOU CAN BUY SOME STAR TREK MODEL OR SOME...
NO. JUST HAVE THE CHECK MADE OUT TO THE LOCAL *VETERENS ADMINISTRATION*. THE ADDRESS IS ON THE BACK...
SAY WHAT?! WELL, UH, SURE...YEAH. BUT LISTEN CAN YOU GET ME A *TWENTY PAGE* STORY BY NEXT MONDAY...?
MM-M. NO. SORRY. I WON'T BE DOING ANY MORE *FUNNY BOOK* STUFF. I-I DON'T THINK I COULD *HANDLE* THE CITY ANY-MORE. TAKE CARE...
BUT, BUT...
AN INSTANT LATER THE TRANSFORMED CARTOONIST IS BUT AN EDITOR'S MEMORY!
MARBLE EYES KEEP OUT
KEVIN
I AM SOO BORED...
Rockin' with PROUST
GIFTED
FER GOSH SAKES, CAN YA *BELIEVE* THAT? AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR HIM...OH WELL, 'DEMS DA BRAKES'!
...AND WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK HOME, BACK TO THE GAA-ARDEN...
ZOOM!
BAJA
FIN

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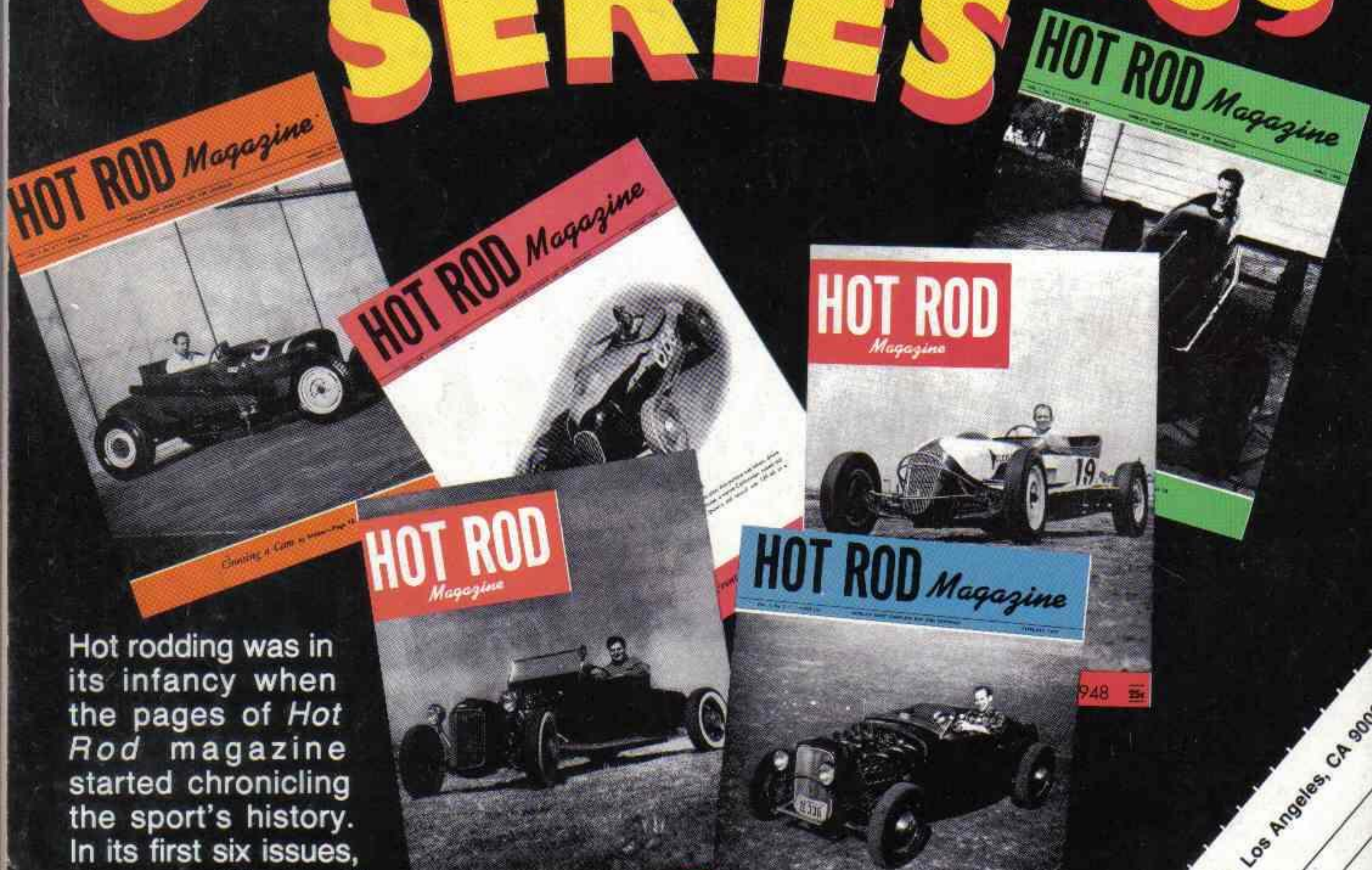
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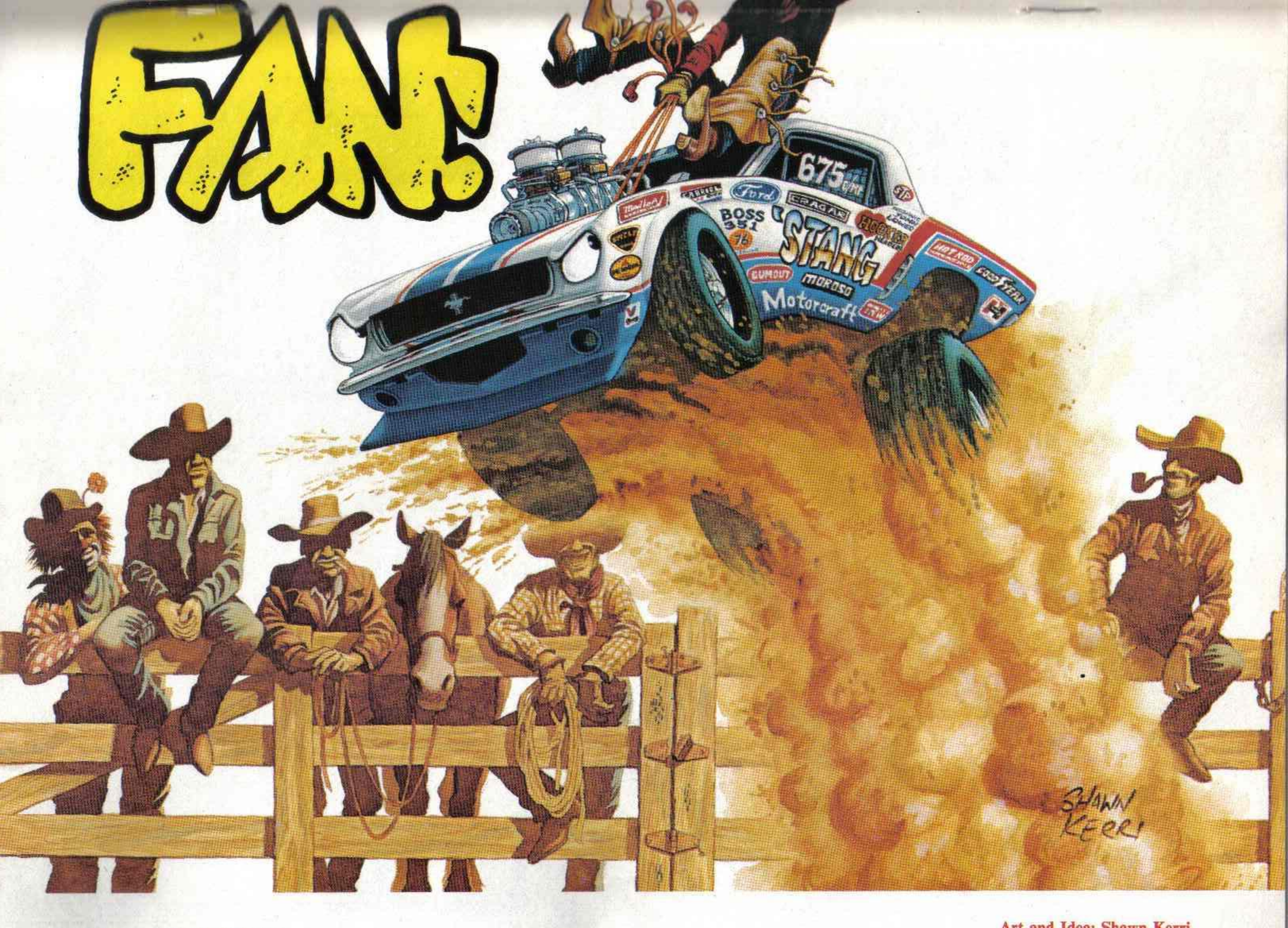
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